

My Friend The Doctor

George Abbe

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VERSE

GEORGE ABBE

MY FRIEND, THE DOCTOR

My naked foot was sheeted with blood,
a brilliant, glistening glaze.
But I felt nothing.
Nevertheless, anxious, I sent a little girl
for the doctor.

I saw him; he was a friend of mine.
He came leisurely down the long street,
with a party of socialites. They were dressed up,
costly, and clean. They took their time.

I stood with numb and mutilated foot. Casually
he examined it. But he could not tell me what
had done it, or what to do. I suddenly realized
I had walked a long way. It was odd.
I had no sense of pain.

The clean, bright faces of all the doctor's friends
bent toward me like a circle of flowers.
Powerless, I stood with the foot half lifted
and stiffening in its glaze of blood.
And the lovely-apparelled, well-to-do people watched.