

## A PATIENT'S MEMOIRS

When I had my operation  
I displayed a lot of guts  
I could take it, smile and like it  
But the bed pan drove me nuts.

When natured called, I'd call the nurse  
And when I called she ran  
And soon I'd have my carcass  
Parked upon that "blamed old pan".

I'd slide back on my shoulders  
But the leverage wasn't there  
And instead of something doing,  
I'd shoot a flock of air.

And when at last I'd get results,  
I'd feel around my seat,  
To see if I'd missed the pan  
And piled it on the sheet.

There was cold sweat on my forehead  
When I'd feel with cautious care  
And , with sighs of satisfaction,  
Find that not a thing was there.

But now a new contortion  
Would leave me weak and pale;  
I'd have to work and twist and squirm  
To wipe my poor sore tail.

I'd raise my sitter, high in air  
This closed the gaping span;  
My shaky hand would slip, and then  
I'd grab that "blamed old pan".

The muscles of my neck would bulge  
As I stood upon my head,  
I'd make a few wild passes,  
And fall meekly on the bed.

And when I'd ring the nurse came in  
And carried off the pan,  
I'd wonder why - on such a job  
They didn't send a man.

Then finally I'd settle down,  
That movement was a treat  
But wait a minute! What's so warm  
And wet - upon the sheet ?

With a gasp of apprehension  
I'd slowly raise my gown  
And there beneath my sitter  
Would be a blotch of brown.

And so, as operations go,  
I'm a burly - big he man;  
But gosh, it simply burns me up  
When I miss that

" B L A M E D O L ' P A N . "

PANNING THE PATIENT

by

"one who lived ..."

While recovering from an illness  
I was terribly annoyed  
For the toilet was denied me  
And the bed pan was employed.

I much prefer a thumbed mug  
But the nurse just shook her head  
And said, "You're far too weak  
To think of getting out of bed."

My experience with that bed pan  
To this day makes me quail  
And I have been prevailed upon  
To tell this harrowing tale.

In the wee small hours of the morning,  
Just ere the break of day  
Came a warning I could neither  
Ignore nor delay.

The nurse brought me the bedpan  
Slipped it under my back side  
While the chills ran up and down my back  
As the cold thing touched my hide.

I tipped back on my shoulders  
Soon my legs were stiff and numb  
The odds were all in favor  
I could - before "it" come .

In this upside down position  
The leverage wasn't there  
But with a mighty effort -  
I passed a little air.

But when at last I got results  
Then I grew faint with dread  
I wasn't sure I hit the pan  
Or spilled it all in the bed.

But my troubles were not over  
As I was soon to find  
For how could I maneuver  
To wipe the place behind.

The muscles in my neck bulged out  
As I stood upon my head  
I made a few wild passes  
And fell weakly on the bed.

So the law of gravitation  
Had proven sure as fate;  
That you cannot stand upon your head  
Whenever you try to evacuate.

Fini