Dear Doctor
by Avery Elizabeth Godwin

Thank heavens, dear doctor, your schedule is free!
Of course, my child; now what shall it be?
I see you suffer from OCD—
Take these two Paxils and same time next week.

Dear doctor, dear doctor, what fevers, what chills!
What painful poisons were put in those pills?
My apologies, dear; let’s try something new—
Take a dose of Luvox, but four, not two.

Dear doctor, dear doctor, what horrid headaches it brings!
I breathe to vomit, as if I have food poisoning.
Such luck, my dear; let’s cure your PTSD—
Swallow three Gabapentin, three times daily.

Dear doctor, dear doctor, too many says I!
I could not lift my head as I waited to die.
Good heavens, young child; let’s keep you out of a trance.
Now for your ADHD, here’s twelve Vyvanse.

Dear doctor, dear doctor, I cease to shake!
Since I last saw you, I’ve neither slept nor ate.
Alas, my child. Finally I see!
Take them all at once, but only once daily.

Dear doctor, dear doctor, you came to visit me!
Here on my deathbed, gravely ill as can be.
Why yes, poor child; how else to collect my money?
But you promised to cure me, and all appointments free—