LUCKY TO BE ME

Hey, look at me, I’m checking out;
Never had the chance to get the gout.

I vaguely heard of common cold
Years before I would grow old.

Perfect health has marked my life;
Never caught the surgeon’s knife.

No puncture wounds or nasty gash;
Never scratched an itching rash.

Sprains, breaks, muscles pulled? Not me.
Check NO for any ectomy;
Or for that matter itis
As in arthr, gast’ or laryngitis.

No broken bones. No kidney stones;
No wretched back that ached for Doans

Never victimized by surgeries;
Never plagued by allergies.

No pressure pills for water bloat;
No Chloraseptic for sore throat.

Never had a Flu injection;
Went through life without infection.

No history of running nose;
Life untouched by manic’s lows.

Not too fat, not too thin;
No incisions in my skin.

Mumps and measles? chicken pox?
No. Not once the need for Condylox.

Don’t recall a cancer scare;
Ticker always was in good repair.

Reached this age with senses all intact.
I find that quite a stunning fact.

There might have been an odd hangnail;
A fleeting time when I looked pale.

But never even took a pill.
I can’t imagine being ill.

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