

I'm Still Your Doctor

I happen to be there when you're admitted.
My job is to keep you alive at any cost.
Lucky for you that I have experience
and I'm really good at diagnosing

the opportunistic diseases of AIDS.
So when you have the bad luck
to have a rare pneumonia
and a virus attacking your eyes,

I load you up with several toxins.
to save your vision, to save your life.
You're ambivalent about being treated.
I'm sure you won't be when you feel better.

In time I get to see you in the office.
You've gained weight and look healthy.
You wear a beaded & embroidered
white *sherwani* & matching *kufi*

over your neat & corn-rowed hair.
You look resplendent. You've come to say
that after long thought and deliberation,
you've decided to stop taking meds

that I prescribed so you can pursue
Qur'anic healing under the guidance
of the *mullah* at your mosque.
My job as your doctor is to let

you make your own decision,
even if I know it means
you'll die. I tell you I disagree
with your choice. I tell you

I support you and that I'm still
your doctor. That was the last
time I saw you, except in the picture
over your obituary in the Press.