

COLONOSCOPY

by Oscar Treadwell

Golden grommet, rarely seen  
thought to be somewhat obscene,  
all alone in darkness too  
oh what, oh what's in store for you.

You lived your life, duty bound,  
trying not to make a sound  
trying to be odorless  
and not the least bit onerous.

But now the mystic doctor god  
decides it's time to use the rod  
and plumb the depths of you  
inside, to see what makes you tick.

You're in a place that's squeaky clean  
with blinding lights and pretty nurses  
smiling, hiding what they mean,  
leave you guessing what the worst is.

Machines are buzzing in your ear  
A TV set that's sharp and eerie  
people all in white and masks,  
any questions, someone asks

about what, you think, your  
lips are numb, a question  
would be seen as dumb  
you feel you will be violated

before their interest will be sated.  
The doctor god assumes command  
Asks if you would watch the screen  
You first demur, but then you scan

The crowd around you is enthralled  
So you look too, and watch the worm  
crawl, stopping here and there,  
like looking for a roadside stall..

On and on, up and round;  
He stops, what has he found?  
He's coming down to the start

And exits with a boisterous fart.

The doctor god and nurses too  
Give a cheer for what they do.  
I ask them, please tell me forsooth,  
"CLEAN AS A WHISTLE, CLEAN AS A HOUND'S TOOTH."