

THE IF THE HEAD NURSE WHO TRANSFORMED INTO A SURE  
GRIP RECTAL THERMOMETER COULD STILL TALK GATE

Go forth and always  
Dry-shave pubes with no lather.  
Drop spasmed backs on steel X ray tables.  
Slap brain tumor nodes on swollen scalps  
And never answer the buzzer.  
Do demand long intricate explanations  
From concussion victims with wired jaws,  
Push crutch jockeys just learning to walk  
And never answer the buzzer.  
Get apple juice and urine samples mixed up?  
Give them to dehydrated patients to drink.  
(they can't tell the difference anyway.)  
And never answer the buzzer.  
Do support a healthy robust attitude!  
Kick the cast, yell, "You OK today?"  
Make them wait for pain medication  
And never answer the buzzer.  
While shooting up a barium enema walk away,  
(forget what you were doing by the way.)  
Always inject needles in the same place  
And never answer the buzzer.  
Never peel, but rip off bandages.  
Bang their wheelchairs into urinals.  
Whack catheters in their holes.  
And never answer the buzzer.  
Tell them their fate is ugly, don't ever lie.  
Always leave them gnashing when they die.  
Never demean a death with a sentimental sigh  
And never answer the buzzer.  
O, Daughter of Nightingale,  
Aspire to meter each ass  
To monitor each heart meter!  
Ever succor each bleating liter!  
And never answer the buzzer.  
Yes, tend the sick in loving merge,  
Your elegant body slender as glass,  
Your heart will turn to slippery  
Shimmering, lovely mercury.  
As one day you too shall emerge  
O, rough trade bowel dominator,  
A warm, erect rectal thermometer.  
Stars shine brightly on shatter light.  
Care is far from delight tonight  
Or any night. Thee. The. The.  
The. The. That t's never give a  
Succor an even break. You  
Can cheat an honest  
Rectum. And there is  
One born every  
2.3 seconds  
Folks.