

The Night Before Surgery

By Alan M Reznik MD

(Adapted from the Poem By Clement Clarke Moore)

Twas the night before Surgery and all through the house
Not to eat anything, not even a mouse.
All the doctor's orders, I followed with care.
With the hope that morning would soon be there.
Then, closing my wondering eyes so dreams could appear,
Where a miniature lens and eight instruments would peer,
And little tiny incisions so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment my knee would be un-trick.
Then more rapid than eagles his nurses all came
As he shouted, "Ligaments" and each one by name.
Anterior, Posterior, Medial and Lateral,
Torn Menisci, Cartilage and Collateral
Then fixing them all with a suture
He brought sports back to my future

And so up to the recover room I soon flew
With a face full of joys and anesthesia, too.
Then down the hall he came with a leap and a bound;
In surgical greens, and boots firmly on the ground.
He spoke not a word but went straight to this work,
And filled out my prescriptions, his pen with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his head,
Giving a nod up the hall and then toward my bed.
But I heard him exclaim as he strolled out of sight,
"Your surgery went well and have a great night!"