

## Today I do not want to be a doctor

Today I do not want to be a doctor.

No one is getting better.

Those who were well are sick again.  
And those who were sick are sicker.

The dying think that they will live.  
And the healthy think they are dying.

Someone has taken too many pills.  
Someone has not taken enough.

A woman is losing her husband.  
A husband is losing his wife.

The lame want to walk.  
The blind want to drive.  
The deaf are making too much noise.  
The depressed are not making enough.

The asthmatics are smoking,  
The alcoholics are drinking.  
The diabetics are eating chocolate.

The mad are beginning to make sense.

Everybody's cholesterol is high.

Disease will not listen to me.

Even when I shake my fist.

## Today I do want to be a doctor

Today I am happy to be a doctor

Everyone seems to be getting better.

Those who were sick are not so sick.  
And those who were well are thriving.

The healthy are grateful to be alive.  
And the dying are at peace with their dying.

No one has taken too many pills.  
No one has taken too few.

A woman is returning to her husband.  
A husband is returning to his wife.

The lame accept chairs.  
The blind ask for dogs.  
The deaf are listening to music.  
The depressed are tapping their feet.

The asthmatics have stopped smoking.  
The alcoholics have stopped drinking.  
The diabetics are eating apples.

The mad are beginning to make sense.

Nobody's cholesterol is high.

Disease has gone weak at the knees.

I expect him to make an appointment.