*In other words***Pills**

I am a prescriber, a puppet of the pharmaceutical Philistines pushing potions
Per os to my impatient patients. Ut dictum they take the Latin scripts for the

Pharmacist to translate and dispensa in perfect plastic bottles. They swallow them quietly then
Go to parties and pompously parlay omnie die pro re nata the doses, the costs, the

Paraphernalias of preprocessed health. Fourteen years of Hippocrates, pustules, cadaveric
Dissections and platonic empathy to know more than most Jeopardy contestants, only to

Pen a prescription to cure every disease. Smoking in the car without seatbelts while eating cured
Ham and pickled herring with a Moosehead beer are the real perpetrators of modern perils. The

Platters at the Board meetings of Phage® and Bover® are piled with profitable anti health antipasti.
The CEO toasts the CFO post cibos for the last IPO that replaced ASA with Pavlov® for healthy heart

Prevention. Marketing million dollar minutes during the Stanley Cup Playoffs. Patients come
Pressuring for panaceas and popular new Rx's. How can I sleep hora somni?

Perhaps a sublingual sedative will help calm my nerves. Pondering my place in the puzzle:
Physician then pharmacist then prescription is a paradox and the power lies in the pill. The

Placebo is the doctor and the medication is the potentate. In a world where lip-synching pop singers
Are photographed by paparazzi for all to praise and scientists unravel the

Perplexities of cancer only to be repudiated; there is a remedy for every malady,
A medicament for every ailment, a pill for every ill.

Signa: One posthumous pill to swallow. No substitutions. Non-repetatur.
Signed: Dr. Pragmatic

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