

THE EPIC OF THE BEDPAN

When I had my operation,
I displayed a lot of guts,
I could take it, smile and like it,
But the bedpan drove me nuts.

When nature called, I'd call a nurse;
And when I called she ran
And soon I'd have my carcass
Parked upon that gosh-darned pan.

I'd slide back on my shoulders
But the leverage wasn't there,
And instead of something doing,
I'd shoot a flock of air.

When at last I'd get results
I'd feel around my seat
To see if I had missed the pan
And piled it on the sheet.

There was cold sweat on my forehead,
When I'd feel with cautious care,
And with sighs of satisfaction
Find not a thing was there.

But now a new contortion
Would leave me weak and pale
I'd have to work and twist and squirm
To wipe my poor sore tail.

I'd raise my sitter, high mid-air
This closed the gaping span;
My shaky hand would slip, and then
I'd grasp that gosh-darn pan.

The muscles of my neck would bulge
As I stood upon my head,
I'd make a few wild passes
And fall weakly back in bed.

And when I'd ring, the nurse came in
And carried off the pan
I'd wonder why, on such a job,
They didn't send a man.

Then finally I'd settle down,
That movement was a treat;
But, wait a minute! What's so warm
And wet upon the sheet?

With a gasp of apprehension
I'd slowly raise my gown,
And there beneath my sitter
Would be a blotch of brown.

And so, as operations go,
I'm a hurly, big he man;
But gosh! It simply burns me up
When I miss that gosh-darned pan.

(Anonymous)