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Medical poetry

Arno Bohlmeijer

poet, novelist, a.bohlmeijer@chello.nl

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Rude signs
of dementia?
It's the true story.

With a person like me
I have trouble, no patience.
I remove every mirror and muse:
what's all the rage, botox or euthanasia?

In the car:
let's get petrol on time,
and as I think: buy a nut snack too,
I've driven smack past the station.

After a detour I do
seem to reach the desk
and pay for the snack in cash.
But a kind assistant asks: 'No petrol?'

Heading back home once more,
it's raining, so I'll stop at the store
right now, and get proper healthy food.
But during the clever thought... Whatever it was...

Leukemia, or the Soul Medal

Non-fiction on Maarten van der Weijden:

as a boy he swam his heart out at the nationals,
as a young man he got a cancer that's usually fatal.

After years of pains and fears in hospital, facing death,
he returned to the pool and open water, swimming 10 km
at the Beijing Olympics, and winning a load more than Gold.

[optional stanza:]

Years of training later,
he swims the Channel for cancer charities,
and then a hundred miles in two days and nights, raising five million.

Soft drive:
a memory of flesh

Have not played the piano for ages,
and look now: on their own,
my fingers find the way
of a thousand notes;
who doubts a miracle
or the wisdom of brains?
What's been stored for years?
Are treasures of the mind infinite?
Here we go: while the music continues,
my thoughts are roving all over: 'this instrument
(the Steinway or full nervous system) won't need some tuning soon?'

Dear Mr Alz,

Where did right now
the lights go out:
in a poem?

If you ask me
how the day's been...
Let's remember... When?

Who is this gentleman again,
who invented dementia?
So clever of him!

Agenda: tennis at 4 pm.
That is of course television.
But who can tell when the time is?

Irony inside

In the no-ailment guide,
is anything physical only a result,
a consequence or extension of the mind?
Does an ulcer mean that life is an ugly pain?
Constipation says: lose the damn stress already!

After a festering sore, boil and abscess, it will be over;
don't store any more infected filth. Next thing, you'd have
a hideous and itching, infernal, incurable, big stinking pimple.
Right, we smear an anti-bacterial sludge on the nearly healed heart,
we plunge into the Pacific and kick it all off us, with a fearsome freestyle.