

*He looked upon the earth so filled with misery and nox
On Cro-Magnon Neurosurgeons taking tumors out with rocks
With the blood banks run by leeches and their pterodactyl nursing
And observed "This is not my idea of medicine these creatures are rehearsing"*

*What shall we do when their life expectancy exceeds eleven years?
When they stop drinking from their toilet pits and making heart valves from used pig ears?
There will need to be a better way to care for newer ills
A time when broadband communication will be cheaper than their pills*

*He came up with a brilliant plan to revolutionize the health
To advance all medical knowledge and to redistribute wealth
But for some unknown combination of wisdom, luck and quirk
He invented sufficient stakeholders to ensure this could not work*

*So a Duke who employs a knight who spears the bad guys with his lance
Will pay for the toxins that kill the bugs which thrive in his chain mail pants
Then along will come men with crosses of blue who can manage that so much smarter
By inventing rules that convert poor fools from heroic docs to martyrs*

*He made tiny things that hide in meat and cause nasty cramps and rashes
So only the fittest remain alive to run the 50 yard dashes
He made plants with spikes and purple leaves that can make anyone very sick
Then companies who turn the goop to gold that can be pushed thru a needle stick*

*He made giant schools to teach more tools, taking 10 years from students' lives
Then to ruin their careers with malpractice fears if they forget to wash their knives.
He made men whose coats are sewn with pockets from frivolous medical suits
When the experts failed remember the dosage of Peruvian medicinal fruits*

*He made routine birth a hazardous game between midwife, mom and fetus
He made people who dress in masks and gloves to bravely retrieve and greet us
Then if anything goes wrong because one more time he thru snake eyes on the dice
He made attorneys to ensure that at least someone could benefit while everyone else paid the price*

*Then along came the buildings with big fancy stuff and machines to find things we can't fix
And those who got paid to know how not to pay the providers of care to the sick
He made organized giants that make elixirs and robots from the minds of the cream of the crop
And made multiple races with all different faces and mouths whose complaints will not stop*

*But alas came the gadgets, the photons and diodes, the software, the web and the data
Then the standards, interface algorithm knowledge bases, all in perpetual BETA
To automate the arcane, declare real what is feigned, and make INPUT like losing a toe
Then the last fatal straw-he made privacy laws to ensure they can't share what they know*

7/16/17

He looked upon the earth so filled with misery and woe

*Oh what have I done, this is really no fun, they now live to one hundred and thirty
But there's no more MD's and the few with degrees refuse to get their hands dirty
Next time I'll just wait and not dare to tempt fate-I'll just care for the poor and the dead
I'll invent Golf and DOS EQUUS (the beer) so the gurus and tekkies
Spend their time making birdies instead.*