

RED WINE

and the Medical and Dental Council

By Chris Ellis

I dreamt again that I was standing in front
of the Medical and Dental Council.
They had square steel-framed glasses
and gold inlaid incisors.
Black shoes shone with polish,
jewelled tie pins.

Each had a briefcase by his chair.
They appeared uncomfortable when I walked in,
even amongst themselves.

I promised to tell the truth, the whole truth
and carefully selected portions of the truth.

Why had I not gone on that 2.00 a.m. call?

Did I really think I was competent to give
that anaesthetic?

About those manipulations of the tariff code?

Why did you not ask if she was allergic
before you gave the injection?

I really must not drink so much red wine.
I get heartburn and
the Medical and Dental Council
in the early hours of the morning.

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