

Milton P. Ehrlich

WHEN I FELL IN LOVE WITH YOU

You were as ripe as a peach blossom
and now, after 63 years together
you have matured into an elegant spirit
with overflowing tenderness
that has always lived in an older time.

I'll still tease you and please you
and leave you shuddering for a breath
as we sleep the sleep of new-born babes
garbed in love's majestic hand-me-downs.

Our lips become wings, and fly us up
to God's sun-filled attic. The scent of hyacinths,
the flowers of rain, wafts through the window,
blanketing us in savored memories,
like the time you tossed your long brown hair
over my eager private parts.

God smiles, locks the door, and throws away the key.

A VINTAGE BOAT GOES FOR A SAIL

The price was right for an old leaky boat,
and I couldn't resist the teak decking on a collectable Schooner.
She sailed in slow motion like a crochety old lady,
but I figured slow knots— better than no knots.
As Captain, I gave orders nobody could hear,
my mouth full of marshmallow marbles from chewing too much tobacco.

When the gale winds blew, I ordered the crew to ease the main sheet—
we were heeling too much.

SOS useless,
there's no Coast Guard off the Magdalen Islands.
Capsized, I ordered: Abandon ship!

I told my wife to cling to the hull,
telling her when the storm subsides we'll swim for shore
but all I could hear as we sank into the sea,
my wife still ranting,
wearing a captain's hat didn't make you no captain,
and I told you— we should have bought a Catamaran!

WHEN MY DOCTOR BECAME MY PATIENT

We both grew up in an anti-Semitic neighborhood,
called Polack Alley, home of German-American
Nazi Bundists, who attacked kids who looked Jewish.

My doctor kept his patient waiting for hours
as we argued about Bolshevism versus Trotskyism.

I was his Sherlock, and he was my Dr. Watson.
Together we often had extended conversation
about the calumny of the Pharma industry,
and the endless greed of his medical colleagues.

He was beside himself when his wife left him
for another woman; It precipitated a heart attack.

Every time I consulted him for my exam,
I took his psychological temperature.

He drew my blood to send to a lab,
and stethoscoped me up and down
while drenching my shoulders with tears.

He had no trouble checking my pulse
and listening to me squirm as he probed
my prostate in my yearly rectal exam.

For over 3 decades I kept him sane and,
he kept me alive with his mantra, *one size doesn't fit all*.
He interpreted pharma's dictates with a grain of salt.

I analyzed his recurring dreams,
and convinced him to get off anti-depressants
and on to the practice of meditation.

I advised him to take up Yoga.
He fell madly in love with his Yoga teacher—
married her, and moved to Kathmandu.

He returned all the invoices I paid,
for professional services, marked
null and void.