



PATIENTS

Nervous and anxious they come through my door –
Some just arriving on Hawaii's shore,
Some bold adventurers, some frail and shy,
But all apprehensive – I think I know why.

They've harbored their quest so close to the heart
Until their appointment set them apart
As brave and courageous – special . . . “not strange”
But “different” because they dare opt for change.

Different because of the first step they've taken
And that may be why their composure is shaken
It's commitment to change, to a course that's unknown
To a future that's different that soon they will own.

Some are quite youthful, and others mature;
But modest or bold we all can be sure,
These pilgrims and travelers who search out our skills
Are seeking Life's fullness – not grasping Life's frills!



They do us great honor – assigning their trust
To us as the sculptor designing their busts.
The homage they pay us is like being sainted
As they pay for a portrait before it's been painted.

So . . . acknowledge their fear and the courage they've mustered
Be patient with questions and never be flustered.
Fill in their voids with patience and pride,
Knowing they've chosen us from a list tall and wide!



Robert S. Flowers, M.D.