

The strange disease

WITH MUCH REGRET, at the very inset, I earnestly request

That you read this, the case of my strange affliction
Without regard to any negation
Of words that I pen down in this narration

Yes, please! This very disease, that struck me in Nice

Affected the linguistic centers in my brain
Began when I was knocked on my head with a cane
In a fight I got into, with Elaine

And since that day, to my dismay, I have to say

I found I could not make fine extinctions
Among word prefixes that formed negations
Of dis-, un-, in- and suchlike persuasion

Now it's quite true, people I knew, were just as unsensitive in
things they do

They make no distinction between fiction and truth
Switch parties and sides, confuse Jane with Ruth
Ruth being wife, Jane being someone else bursting with youth

But let's not so dwell, on systems diswell, I veer back to tell

My incongruous tale of medical oppression
Insurance disrage, clinical discrimination
When they found that I had this alarming condition



I went to the clinic when I could no longer write
 Regular communications, without starting a fight
 "My friend, your work breaks mischarted grounds, very bright!"

Normal conversations would leave them dazed
 "The way you impound your thoughts, I'm amazed!"
 They'd end up incensed while I'd go on disfazed

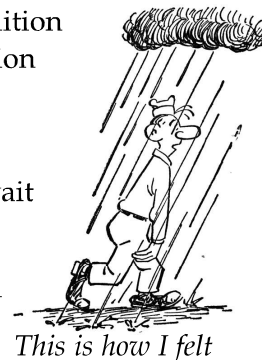
So I saw a physician, through a local outreach
 Impeccable reputation, whose receptionist was a leech
 A worm who sniggered and giggled at my speech

This vile creature, who was labeled "Maureen"
 Gave me a form, "Normal procedure, this is to glean"
 "Patient Disinformation." She looked incannily mean!

I filled out the form with truthful admission
 Checked all empty bullets, described my condition
 In descriptive prose, which caused some dilation

Of Maureen's eyes, then she asked me to state
 Any unusual product that I recently ate
 Then chuckling (cackling!), she asked me to wait

The doctor, after he'd carefully read
 My description, then asked, his voice like lead
 If I'd knocked a wall against my head



This is how I felt

After many such questions, conversely framed
 Due thought and consideration, he then named
 A brand new test that scanned the brain

They inserted me slowly in this scanning machine
 "Think negative words!" "When the light turns green!"
 "'Leech' 'Receptionist' 'Snake' 'Maureen' "



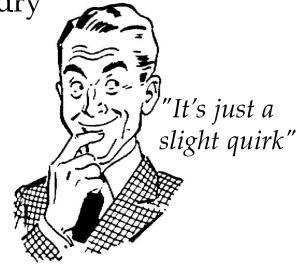
"Confound it!" he said when this new apparatus
 Returned results of dubious status

"Indiagnosable!" He said, "This is all misconclusive!"
 "Your condition, my friend, is seriously elusive"

Then he wasted some time, thought long and hard
Pecked on his keyboard, consulted his chart

Finally with a satisfied light in his eye
He turned and proclaimed, in a tone somewhat dry

"It's not an aberration, neither caprice"
"What you have is a serious linguistic disease"
"What's that?" I asked, "This strange disease?"
"Is it like Latin, Greek or Chinese?"



"Nothing like that, this affects your diction –"
He said, "Your innate ability to deal with contradiction"

He said, "your words just don't form the right way"
"Does that mean I could be President one day?"

"It's not that," he sighed, "I think my friend"
"That your mind is somewhat around the bend"

"Oh that was a joke, I'm not insane!!" I cried
"No no no, it's just a slight quirk!" He lied

"So what must I do? Will you give me some drug?"
"There is really no cure," he said with a shrug

"An indistinguishable condition!" said the con artist
"So why are you happy?" I thought, "you beast!"

I walked out quite annoyed, went to Maureen
Asked her this question, her answer was mean

"A failed visit, must I still (really) pay?"
"Oh, YES!! Here is your bill for today!"

Maureen and a patient

"Here you go Darling!" She pushed it beneath
The glass, grinning, flashing her sixty four teeth

"NINE hundred dollars?!!" I cried, incensed
The evil grin widened, "and ninety nine cents"



"Can't you bill my insurance?" "Could you do that, please?"
"They don't have a code for linguistic disease."

I can't tell you how much I hated this mean,
Horrible, miscouth, unfunctional Maureen

Planning revenge, wishing foul things on her
Hoping she'd get shredded by a foul-tempered cur

I walked to the bus stop determined to find
A cure for this "very slight bend of the mind"



I thought long and hard, on how I could win
This battle, and it dawned – "Alternate Medicine!"

I looked up directories, and made a short list
Of serious homeopaths, and famed hypnotists

The first man I went to was also the last
I gave up my quest after that, very fast

It happened to be raining when I went in that day
To this famed hypnotist who asked me to say

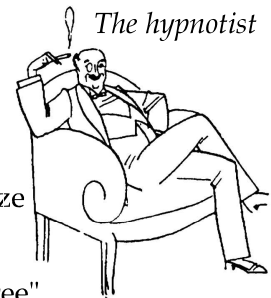
At first, sixty lines of repetitive rote
"To numb your speech and language" (Whatever rocked his boat)

Then he shut me in a chamber, an "Acoustic Cray"
Isolated (intensely) and started to play

The sound of the ocean, birds and toads
For at least an hour, in multiple modes

"Now you're ready," I was quite in a daze
And he bid me recline under two lights ablaze

"Close your eyes tightly," "and listen to me"
"Don't think of anything," "imagine you're free"



I imagined in a free world, this wonderful situation
Where I could clobber Maureen, without fear of retribution

I think it was working, when he broke my reverie
"As a next step," he said, "I want you to see"

"I want you to look, contemplate, concentrate"

"And think of the words that you wish to negate"

"In any situation, and map them to these"
Clearly he could cure my linguistic disease!

I stared at the crystals moving forward, reverse
"That red one is a word," "the blue its disverse"



Fiery words, dying negations, a beautiful scene
Sparks and embers, light and shadows around Maureen. . .



He showed me many objects, even unicorns and mares
Concentric circles and concornered squares

At the end of it all, I felt a sense of release
Surely this had cured my linguistic disease!

"It's my proven technique," he said with conviction
That linguistic diseases can be cured by assertion

I went home quite pleased, no thought of Maureen
I was over it, cured, feeling mild and serene



"Twelve hundred dollars," said the artsy bill
Now a large stain on it, from a coffee spill

Disbelievable! The sign beneath, with a flare, a twist
Read "Dr. Harvey W. Miller," "Homeopath, Hypnotist"

I called my insurance company, those crooks
Informed me they didn't have hypnotists on their books

"Moreover," said the agent, sounding quite pleased
"We don't have a code for linguistic disease"

"Or any other kind of disease for that matter"
"That pertains to maladies of speech, voice or chatter"

Through my growing annoyance, I thought "You have one!"
"Of producing uncessantly, seriously bad pun"



The insurance agent

Droned on his discongruous, discordant, insensitive joke
Disaware of my anger as he incessantly spoke

"Linguistic turmoil is like autistic turmoil"

"Try a diet of dry salad and Cannabis oil"

"Linguistic psychosis, should have been your diagnosis"
For that we could pay you, though you'd have discharged prognosis

At that critical juncture, that civil conversation
Unvariably misintegrated, and I spoke in frustration

"You're not my doctor, nor of medical persuasion"
"So don't you diagnose me! you insensitive abomination"

I called him incompetent, and his company dysfunctional
I called him "Top Cad," and "Maureen's Uncle!"

Incured, Misdiagnosed, with dangerously high bills
Worried and angry, I caught fever and chills

Of course I won't go to the clinic still
Why, if Maureen found out, it would give her a thrill

This story miscomplete, with some mild disrest
I bid you goodbye, at my linguistic best

Remember that I silently, disfairly endure
Tell me, my friends, if you chance on a cure.

