''Am I really a vulnerable person?''

By Jeffrey M. Cohen

It can't be long before Yours Truly
Shifts his mortal coil;
It can't be long before my engine
Stalls for lack of oil
And fuel to drive the pistons—
Or whatever electric cars use—
And all the oomph that I once had
I abruptly lose!

In my doctor's eyes I'm vulnerable
To Covid's dastardly darts;
Sharp enough to penetrate
The sturdiest of parts.

'But, doctor, I'm only eighty!'
I emailed him in a huff;
'And after a minute's exercise
I'm not yet out of puff!
I put on my tefillin
In record time;
And there's but a slight hand-tremor
As I down my Kiddush wine!

'I can outdrive my elderly pals
In my invalid car,
And beat them at inhaling
My daily cigar;
I only nod off
A few times in the day;
And take my pills on the hour,
In your prescribed way!

'I can still sing a haftorah
Albeit in muffled voice;
And the one the wife knitted me,
Is my muffler of choice!

'We used to enjoy the lyrics
Of mod songs to which we danced;
Now it's Vera's, 'We'll meet again!'
That holds us entranced.

'So, doctor, how can you suggest
I'm over the hill;
And the wife and I should cancel
Our trip to Seville?

There's life in the old dog, yet;
Of that, we're both quite sure;
So, take me off your vulnerable list —
I'm still young
And secure!'

© Jeffrey M Cohen
12th May 2020