



To the Doctor and Becky and to the ladies at the desk
Who schedule the appointments as they shuffle through the mess.
To the nurses like Gabby and Georgia, doing what the doctors cannot
To the inhaler, to the rinse, and of course, to the S.N.O.T.
To the laughter and humor when I'd crawl out of the chair
When my nose was relieved of the probe shoved in there.

To your kindness and consideration and all the TLC
To the wonderful ways you each take care of me.
I had asthma in March and couldn't smell a thing.
I can now sense the aroma of every little thing.
I smell the fresh air! I smell the broth in the soup!
I smell pine cones and winterberry and my dog's piles of poop.

I smell so much that my husband has to laugh
Gone are the days when he could peacefully pass gas.
Since you've fixed my nose, etiquette is restored!

The untidy smells haunt our house no more!
It's Christmas and New Year and a time for Thanksgiving
And I'm thankful to each of you for the way I'm now living.

I know it's your job, but you do it so well.
Thank you for giving me back my sense of smell.

I also have a restored sense of taste!
That wine that I've loved? Suddenly not so great.
(Maybe, just maybe, I'll lose a little weight?)

Happy New year to all in Dr. Armstrong's business
Great tidings to each of you, and a very Merry Christmas!

From a Grateful Patient with a Dog Named Duke