

**A Hippocratic Ode
(or, Is There a Doctor in the House?)**

An English Sonnet with Fourteen Iambic Pentameters
By William True

When first you sought my ministrations kind
And brought your bod' to me to be made whole,
Your faith surpassed an angel's, to my mind,
Inspiring healing powers that stretched my soul.
Hour health gives my life cause, the heavens know,
My years of toil and study sought that end,
The bloom upon your cheek makes my heart glow,
I'm more than just your doctor, I'm your friend.
And though your Blue Cross Plan is very good,
It signifies but naught – that's true and sure!
If you had Mets, Pru-Life, or Underwood,
My passion for your health would be as pure.
So let us both take joy and no repent,
Your buck with me is money that's well spent.