

Gas Giants

"Appendix Gone"

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My father once performed an appendectomy at sea.
The patient was quite grateful for his medical degree.
The surgery was numbered a success.
An untried scalpel hand had met the test.
The appendix was discarded, for, though well-
retrieved,
It made a bloody mess.

The ship sailed on and left the organ bobbing on the
brine.
The sharks, they gathered quickly--didn't stop to form
a line.
The water there went white, and then was still.
No sign of life in the ensuing chill.
The evidence suggested that the fish, though large,
Had swallowed down their fill.

The sailor touched his stitches and began to reminisce.
He sang a little song, must have went something like
this:

Appendix gone
Into the dawn.
I won't be long.
Appendix gone.

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