

Deposition in New York

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THIRTY-FOUR stories over 43rd,
I look across to gargoyles, sleek in sun,
And find myself remembering *Art Deco*.
I'm tuned out already; a rising echo
Calls me back to earth with just one word:
Doctor? Thus, politely, it has begun:

The accusations of incompetence,
Ten eternal hours reliving one
That passed (or so I thought) four years ago.
Anesthesia's motto, *Vigilance*,
Was well-enforced. Everything went just so,
We shook hands all around—a job well done,

A gunshot victim (self-inflicted) saved.
The family *thanked* me, for crying out loud.
But here I sit, appearing well-behaved,
Looking the Chrysler Building in the eye
As gargoyles snarl and leap into a crowd
Of lawyers shaking fists against the sky.

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Accepted for publication February 17, 2012.

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