**BONES**

 by Leslie Fish

O I could have worked on a research staff

Or I could have been stationed on the sea

Or dug a cozy niche in diseases of the rich,

But that wasn't good enough for me.

O no!

I was tired of the land,

Diseases that were bland

And some troubles that I didn't care to face.

Now I wake up each morning

To the intercom's warning

And wonder why I ever went to space.

O there's aches and pains,

Wounds and sprains

And a space-borne plague or two,

So I'll do my best.

I'll run another test

And pour myself another mug of brew.

Now I serve a starship's crew,

Have a million things to do

And a headache that I really can't afford

And some crewman's got a pet

That I haven't studied yet.

Well, at least I must admit I'm never bored.

Half the calls that I receive

Mayo Clinic won't believe.

I get the sex lives of the birds on Altair V.

I get fungus that eats glass.

I get boils on the ass

And somehow get the crew back home alive.

Thank you.

I get psychos running loose.

I get hailing, begging moose

And hallucinogenic mists upon the breeze.

I get viruses from Mars

And neurotics from the stars --

Tell me what am I supposed to do with these!

But when the battles won

And the rush and worry's done

And I got some time to wonder why I'm here,

When I weigh the life that's mine

With the one I left behind

What the hell, I'll stay another year.

[refers to Dr. Leonard "Bones" McCoy of the *Enterprise* in "Star Trek" series by Gene Roddenberry]