

# From The Doctor, With Love

*by* Michelle Elvy

I am *tired, man, beat.*  
feel like a whiny kid,  
*are we there yet,*  
need to sleep!  
Don't know if I can walk  
another mile, though you might talk  
me into it. 'Cause though I'm  
stomped and scuffed,  
and have wrinkles and pocks,  
you say they're not wrinkles,  
but creases and folds —  
you say I have character,  
you say I'm not old.  
You caress me,  
hold me and stroke  
the soft spots between my folds.  
I love how you touch me,  
your hands warm on my shape,  
and I know we are bonded  
by more than duct tape.

Remember that dog shit?  
And the chewing gum?  
It's a hazardous world, but you, old chum,  
scraped and washed me clean of all  
those insults, every single time.  
Then came the thinning —  
your hair, my sole.

We're well suited, you and I —  
Together, we're whole.

And though you toss me  
in the corner each night,  
I feel a surge of affection  
the next morning  
as you pick me up gently again,  
choose me over the Adidas, the Nikes,  
and even those Florsheims  
that your mother once bought,  
back when you were jobhunting.  
You look right past them,  
once shiny and loud  
now dusty with disuse.  
I wait quietly and think,  
*I am here for you.*

We're both thinner, older,  
greyer, slower,  
but you are still you  
and I am The Doctor.  
And I feel it deep down,  
you never say it but I know:  
*I am not just any old loafer.*

