

GOD HAD A JOB FOR ME

Good thing we have 4-wheel drive.
A snowstorm without warning.
Another father and son adventure.
Sixty-five miles at three in the morning.

He put a needle in my IV.
My eyes closed faster then shutting a door.
Opening up half a day later.
Pain beyond any I have ever felt before.

What day is it?
Who and where am I?
What time is it?
Why is my mouth so dry?

What is all over me?
Mischievous devils with pins.
Stabbing, sticking, spearing.
Jabbing and piercing my skin.

Pain in the darkness.
Intensifying hour after hour.
My friend brought me a green monkey.
Climbing up the vase of a flower.

Delusions; have I been captured?
Am I lying on the floor?
Am I being tortured?
Please don't cut me any more.

Am I lying on a bed of flames?
The devil's inferno is red hot.
Searing and burning my skin.
Please God, Please, can you make him stop?

Lifted up on a beam of light.
Looking down at myself in pain.
Being returned to earth.
What's keeping me from going insane?

Nurse, nurse help me.
The pain is beyond belief.
Honey, you need to press the button.
The morphine will give you relief.

A 2nd stuffed monkey and a card
Brings intermission to my pain.
My pastor, his wife and their three kids.
I remember when they came.

Gene, you need to go for a walk.
No, this isn't a joke.
One trip around the control center.
Man, what I wouldn't do for a Coke.

Hallucinations in the dark.
Things crawling and creepy.
Why are all these bugs?
Biting and nibbling on me?

Effects of pain killing drugs.
Took away all my worries and cares.
My daughter visited me for an hour.
I don't remember her ever being there.

Continued pain in the darkness.
From eight and a half hours of surgery.
Tears running down my cheeks.
What will it take to end my misery?

Drifting in and out of consciousness.
On the way to a nursing home.
I can't take care of myself.
Helpless, I cannot be left alone.

Son, did we take Highway 169?
Stopping in Le Sueur to get a can of pop.
No Dad, we drove 212.
In Young America, we made a stop.

We have been waiting all day.
Let us help you to your bed.
What is the level of your pain?
Care, rest and mending for you are ahead.

Friends from my church.
Visited me this afternoon.
The little girl held my hand.
I hope I can go home soon.

Do not be afraid or embarrassed.
To ask for pain pills, one or two.
It takes time to heal.
A lot of cutting was done on you.

I prayed to God aloud last night.
I asked Warren if that was okay.
He said, "Please keep doing it".
Then the next Friday, he passed away.

The pastor in his sermon said.
"Warren had spiritual fellowship to the end.
His roommate each night prayed with him".
Prayers spoken by an unforeseen friend.

It was just a short time I knew him.
But we did enjoy some fun.
He is with my friend Jesus now.
His stay here on earth is done.

You seem down and a little depressed.
You look like you need a little love.
I'm the beautician here.
Would it be okay if I give you a hug?

Gene! You need to wear the white stockings.
MMM, how can I add some color to this place?
I know, Miss on each of my knees.
Draw a silly looking smiley face.

Every one chuckling and smiling.
Residents and employees alike.
Even in suffering can be found humor.
Laughter on the day before my final night.

At home lying in my bed.
Twenty-four days ago was surgery.
How humble I became when I realized.
I had done the job God had planned for me.

Dedicated to Warren Glaeser.
My roommate for only a couple
of weeks.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "EUGENE BAASEN". The signature is stylized with a large, looping "E" and "B".

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