

Fib Series

MRI= Miserable Resonating Incident

When
I
needed
MRI
I did not know what
I was really getting into.

I
was
confused
thinking it
to be an open
cat-scan like I had once before.

I
was
not at
all prepared
for the length of time, sound
extent of pressured confinement.

When
I
went in
the narrow
MRI machine
I was pinched like a bullet.

I
felt
I could
not breathe or
move. Squeezed and compressed—
such loud noise roared through the chamber.

I
screamed
for help,
“Let me out!”.
Anxiety burst.
The operator kept going.

I
moved
my legs
and howled
for help in panic—
a trapped claustrophobic victim.

When
I
was freed
he said he'd
wanted another
picture and had ignored my pleas.

Since
I
was not
compliant
my pictures might not be
suited for doctor detection.

I
said
like Rhett
Butler I
did not give a damn.
No more chances. No tomorrow.

I
swore
NEVER
would I go
inside a metal
MRI cocoon-coffin now.

My
knees
are some
what better
since the traumatic
event— shocked to not repeat it.

But
the
nightmare
incident
as cannon fodder
remains resonant, still trembles.

Fib Series: stanzas of fibs: 1-1-2-3-5-8
syllables.