

## Yellow, Red, and Blue

My first stethoscope.  
The one from Fisher Price  
Yellow, red, and blue  
Suitable for all ages  
Although, Perhaps  
More sensitive to toddler dreams  
And playful laughter  
Than murmurs, rubs, and wheeze  
It never failed to diagnose  
An active imagination.

My toy stethoscope.  
The one from Fisher Price  
Yellow, red, and blue  
Still lives in my parent's basement  
Sitting, Perhaps  
By the Batmobile and a pirate ship  
That washed up, somehow  
On the shores of Gotham City  
Its plastic cannonballs a farce  
Jolliest of Jolly Rogers.

My childhood stethoscope.  
A make-believe device  
Yellow, red, and blue  
Enough to prove  
Indeed, Perhaps  
My rambunctious little chest  
Was the proud owner  
Of a beating heart  
With persistent lubs and determined dubs  
Cheerfully optimistic.

My forgotten stethoscope.  
A foreshadowing device  
Yellow, red, and blue  
Unable to detect  
Someday, Perhaps  
Those eager little ears  
And curious hands  
Would grow up  
To leave behind primary colors  
On the path to primary care.

My new stethoscope.  
Not made by Fisher Price  
Shiny, sleek, and blue  
Out of the box  
Was now, Perhaps  
A guide to help the sick  
So much to learn, so much had changed  
Yet sitting on my bed  
Cold metal pressed against my chest  
The lubs and dubs remained.

My real stethoscope.  
A doctor's signature device  
Shiny, sleek, and blue  
It hung around my neck  
As if, Perhaps  
It still was not convinced  
It had been placed there  
On purpose  
Hopeful and expectant  
A toy to become a tool.

My naïve stethoscope.  
An immature device  
Shiny, sleek, and blue  
Waiting for the day  
It could, Perhaps  
Be confident to render  
Subtle sounds into solid thoughts  
Because, it turns out  
A well-trained ear and a stethoscope  
Are sold separately.

My familiar stethoscope.  
A name etched in the device  
First and last, an "R." between the two  
For Robert Witt and Robert Moyer  
That know, Perhaps  
Just how much they mean to me.  
Two men whose lives  
Of elbow grease and stubborn will  
Playful mirth and endless care  
Taught humility and honest work.

My own stethoscope.  
A personal device  
Shiny, sleek, and blue  
Engraved with a name  
That will, Perhaps  
Uphold the role of my profession  
Not because of its own greatness  
But because of those  
Like my mom and dad  
Who let me dream in yellow, red, and blue