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