

THE PLAN

Humor for the Troops in an extreme situation

a poem by Ed S.; Pain & Social Policy listServ; PRN; 2005-06-15
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In the beginning was The Plan.
And then came the assumptions.

And The Plan was without substance.
And darkness was upon the face of the patients and physicians.

And they spoke among themselves, saying,
"It is a crock of shit, and it stinketh"

And the physicians went unto their peers, saying,
"It is a pail of dung, and none may abide by the odor thereof."

And the peers went unto their colleagues, saying,
"It is a container of excrement, and it is very strong, such that none may abide by it."

And the colleagues went unto the Medical Boards, saying,
"It is a vessel of fertilizer, and none may abide its strength."

And the Medical Boards spoke among the local police, saying one to another,
"It contains that which aids growth, and it is very strong."

And the local police then went unto the DEA/DOJ, saying unto them,
"It promotes growth, and is very powerful."

And the DEA/DOJ went unto the states Attorney Generals, saying unto them,
"This new Plan will actively promote the growth and vigor of the DEA/DOJ, with
powerful effects."

And the Supreme Court looked upon the Plan, and saw that it was good.
And the Plan became policy.

This is how shit happens.

[END]