

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



GRACEFUL HANDS OF THE MRI

We come to you defenseless,
No matter our station in life.
We come facing you naked,
Due to illness, injury, or strife.

All we see is your softness,
While the machine begins its soft roar.
You recline and place us securely,
Explaining what each thing is for.

We do as you ask without question,
We lie still and perhaps say a prayer.
Even if we have no Immortal,
Perhaps we search for Him here.

The moment your graceful hands leave us,
The machine gets on with its thresh.
We then lie alone in the darkness,
Awaiting your voice's refresh.

Arising, our eyes search for answers,
But yours aren't allowed to reply.
As we leave you whisper a prayer,
Thanking God, or asking Him why?

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