

Humour

The pediatric doctor mom blues

when I woke up this mornin'
I couldn't get out of bed
I was twisted in the covers
cat was sleepin' on my head
the clock was reading 8:15
my clinic starts at 8
my husband turned off
the clock alarm
I'm gonna be so late
I got those pediatric doctor mom
doctor mom doctor mom blues...

I go downstairs for breakfast
and feed the dog and cat
no time for walks or exercise
I know I'm gettin' fat
the bread is gettin' mouldy
the milk has all gone sour
my son's used the hot water up
how can I take a shower?
the cereal box is empty
the dog needs to go out
my daughter wants cash for
new jeans
or she is gonna pout
I got those pediatric doctor mom
doctor mom doctor mom blues...

my husband's on the telephone
a transatlantic call
morning paper's got an article:
"how women can have it all"
— no way!
forgot to gas the car up
now the pointer's on the "E"
the kids have changed the radio
to Sonic from CBC
and now I'm stuck in traffic
hit every single light
it might be best to camp out in
my office for the night
I got those pediatric doctor mom
doctor mom doctor mom blues...

my student didn't show up
the resident's away
the clinic's double-booked me
guess it's twice as long a day



Andrew Young

the first mom's got an attitude
the next mom's runnin' late
the next six kids got ADD
I cannot concentrate
the next kid is so whiny and
his mother is depressed
wanna chuck these charts behind me
and go home for a rest
but there's twenty nine dictations
and prescriptions to call in
med student evaluations
some days you just can't win
I got those pediatric doctor mom doctor
mom doctor mom blues...

my work day's finally over
my home work's just begun
drive back and cook and clean the house
no time to have some fun
take Sara to her practice
and put the laundry in
the dishes in the dishwasher
recycling in the bin
then I pick her up from choir
walk the dog around the block
and go to sleep at midnight
don't forget to set the clock
and tomorrow when the sun comes up
I'll wake up in my bed
all tangled in the covers
with a cat upon my head

I got those pediatric doctor mom doctor
mom doctor mom blues...
I got those pediatric doctor mom doctor
mom doctor mom blues....

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This poem was an award winner in the University of Alberta Hospital's annual poetry contest in 2007. It is the happy result of the intersection of taking Shirley Serviss's poetry workshop, "Writing the Medical Experience," with the acquisition of a new cat.

DOI: 10.1503/cmaj.081471