

THE DESIGNER NOSE

by Harry Dunn
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'The lab said that it's malignant,
That lesion on your nose,
And it must be taken off,
Before it spreads and grows'
So said Doctor G - my Inverloch G.P.
'You have a thing called *squamous carcinoma*,
Also known as SCC,
It's worse than *basal* cell,
But not as bad as *melanoma*,
The really bad boy of the three.'

'Because it's on your beak,
And I've seen both worse and better,
It will need the best technique,
So I'll refer you to a surgeon,
Whose specialty is Mohs
To remove that nasty lesion
You have there on your nose.'
It seems that Doctor Mohs, way back in Thirty-eight,
Devised a new procedure for removing
These uninvited guests,
With minimum disfigurement
And maximum success.

So he referred me to a specialist,
A man of some repute,
Name of Doctor Konki,
Skilful, calm and resolute:
For his carving and his stitching,
This doctor is well known, some would say he's famous
For removing skin-cell cancers,
Basal, melanoma, Merkel cell and squamous.

So down I went to Gotham City,
As one does when one is sick,
To visit Dr. Konki
At his rooms in Elstern-wick,
Rooms opulent and swanky;
The Doc was modern and informal,
Businesslike and suave,
But not a man to tarry -
Introduced himself as Jerry, not Doctor, Doc or Mister,
Saying 'Masada Private's where I carve.'
I said 'Fair enough - and you can call me Harry,
So when can you remove this nasty little blister?'

He offered me a date, just two weeks down the track
And said 'We'll use a local, so you'll be wide awake,
You might even take a look,
Now, it could take several bites,
With an hour or so between,
So I suggest you bring a book,
And enjoy the local scene.'

I'm booked for seven-thirty,
And arrive five minutes late,
So I'm ushered in without delay,
There's no messing 'round down here,
Apparently, I'm number two of twelve
On the doctor's list today.
He starts at sparrow-fart, and only finishes his carving
When the last lesion's been removed,
And the cutlery has all been washed and put away.

I take a look at Jerry, and note with rising fear
That he's covered head to toe
In green protective gear;
He's wearing largish goggles and there's plastic on the floor,

Clearly they're expecting
Quite a lot of gore;
That's mine of course, which they expect to gout,
Then I'm covered in a holey shroud,
With just my hooter poking out.

Jerry K injects my schnoz with a potent anaesthetic
Which blocks out most the pain,
So no-one's sympathetic.
I can vaguely feel his carving knife,
And what it is revealing,
Although my eyes are tightly closed,
Lying on my back, facing lights and ceiling.
There's warm red blood aplenty
And the spectre of it lingers,
It's all mine, I hope - not his;
I wouldn't want a surgeon
Who slices his own fingers!

They dab away at the open wound,
Then out comes the diathermic,
The electric cauteriser, for the severed arteries
In my tumescent nostrils, now almost pachydermic;
And then I learn the reason for the earth-wire on my ankle,
It completes the cauterising circuit,
And they expect me to be tranquil!
It's like I'm in San Quentin, seated in The Chair
Where crim'nals are despatched,
And I get a whiff of burning flesh
As my arteries are cauterised
And my veins are locked and latched.

I rise slowly to my feet, and then I am escorted
To an adjacent waiting room,
Inhabited by others with dressings like my own,

All awaiting their biopsies,
And hoping that good news will be reported.
In this little room, we're all brothers in adversity,
Hopeful that our cancers have been successfully aborted,
Curtailing their perversity.

An hour goes by; it seems like more,
Or so my patience reckons,
Then a kindly nurse calls out,
'Mister Dunn, it seems we've missed a little bit,
So you're back in here for seconds.'

This time he's really quick,
My surgeon, Doctor Konki,
He says 'I've just removed another slice -
Don't touch it with your hanky-
In an hour or so, we'll let you know
If more carving is required -
If not, we'll stitch you up -
I can see you're getting tired,
Anxious, bored and cranky.'

And so, I found myself,
About an hour later,
Back in surgery,
Where they tried to fill the crater -
That gaping hole, left by the surgeon's knife,
And I know he hadn't much to work with,
But at least I'll have a life.
And it took not one, but two of them
To pull the bits together;
Doctor Jerry, with his sewing kit,
The kind that tailor's have in heaven,
And a gentle man assisting him,
He said his name was Kerrin.

They needed extra tissue, to bridge that nasty gap
So they borrowed some from a nearby site
And created - a plastic surgeon's 'flap.'

Now when you slash a poor man's face,
And stretch it forth and back,
It's not at all surprising that he gets
An Elvis Presley lip and his eyes go very black.
Well, so it was with mine,
And my poor old sniffer - never really pretty,
Now leans towards the right, and it's a jolly pity,
That whilst the cancer's been arrested,
That nose will never quite recover
From the way it's been molested,
As I expect I'll soon discover.

But how can I complain,
While I'm still alive and kicking,
I have some aches and pain,
And my hooter's had a licking;
I might look a bit morose,
But pretty soon I'll be the only bloke in town
Who can skite and bellicose
On how he came to have this feature of renown,
A Designer Nose, by Doctor Mohs
Not just a hand-me-down!