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## POETRY

### A DOCTOR'S INSTRUMENTS:

**By Allan D. Peterkin**

People always think of  
A stethoscope or scalpel

But it's your old wooden chair  
That you'll use the most

Sitting face to face with someone  
Hands folded in your lap

You will read there  
And ponder, write, make calls

At times you will need the chair  
To be more

A raft floating across  
new sorrows, to new people, with new answers

A sheltering tree  
With stories in its leaves and

Roots down to Kos and to the earth  
Where all begins and ends.

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