**BSH 4**

**UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE**

Good morning, Metformin,

Another gulp, another day:

So greetings, Metormin;

I’ll soon be on my way.

‘Felicitations, Type 2

Sorry you’re overweight

In every other respect, my friend

You’re looking truly great!

And as your GP says, Adopt more healthy ways

Get on your bike!

Do exercise!

MATE!’

‘In my box, I have some pills

Medication for my ills,

BP, Tension: got the lot

Like the lady of Shallot.

8am, in there, sorted, fine

Got them queued up in line.

Which one first, which one last?

Which the future, which the past?

Glass of water in my hand

Head stuck firmly in the sand.’

‘Hello buddy, I’m your friend,

And I’ll be with you to the end

My dose goes up, but never down

You see: I’ll always be round.

I’ll be in your personal space

I’ll manufacture your face

I’ll put right the errors that you make

When it comes to pie or cake;

MR O. BEECE’

So, what am I supposed to do?

Take one now, or later two!

And what if GP says to me

We’re going to have to make it three!

Surely there is nothing new

In being Diabetic 2?’

Do you like my box, my style?

You’ve not said so for a while

Keep me safe, and keep me dry

Never worry, never sigh

For all your sins I will atone

And yes, the doctor’s on the phone, PIE-FACE!’

‘Oh, for sugars in my tea!

Pints of beer and then a wee!

Melton Mowbray sound to eat

Now it’s just a naughty treat

Chocolate bars and creamy cakes

Roasted peanuts were my mates

Diet this, and sugarless that

I’m not thin, but sure aren’n fat!

It’s now as if I have to bat

For the other side’

‘Look, you’re plus sixty, I am free

Can you not my benefits see?

Don’t I top you up with glee?

Ain’t it all just down to me?

CHUBBY!’

‘Dear Metformin, are we mates?

Do you really guide the fates?

And have you seen my insurance rates?

Aren’t you just dirty word?

Never spoken, never heard?

Making claims just so absurd?

You know, sometimes, when you’re in bed

A cursed thought goes through your head.

Well, I’m like that; I’m on repeat

Upon my word, they check your feet,

And once a year, drops in eye,

Make you squint and make you cry

We are partners, we are grand

Let’s go to the promise land!

Together!

Forever!

MUG!’

‘We’re not friends are we?’

‘…Well?’

‘You’re a lable…’

‘You’re Type 2!’

‘Just a con-man’

‘and you’re my conned-man

LOSER!’