

A MAN OF MANY PARTS

by Jim Saville

I was a man of many parts, and most of them my own.
I was sound in wind and limb and strong of muscle and bone.

With the passing of the years my own parts have grown fewer.
Some ailing bits have been removed, replaced by something newer.

With the passing of the years I lost my juvenile perfection.
I sought help from specialists but failed their thorough inspection.

One day I began to notice pain when e're I masticated
I had the operation. Now my teeth are plasticated.

When I answered the phone the sounds began to fade.
I couldn't blame BT so I soon gained a new hearing aid.

Then I found my vision blurred – and not just after sex.
This signal I had not wanted revealed the need for specs.

That was the start of my downward slide with my own parts getting fewer
As various parts became worn out they were replaced with something newer

My bits were adjusted to make them work better
with supplements and instructions I must follow to the letter

Now all those bits are visible when you take a careful scan
But what about – I hear you ask – the vital inner man.

Well even there I must confess I have an extra part
Some tiny bits of plastic add scaffolding in my heart.

So I am still a man of many parts – thanks to the N.H.S.
And I'm happy to keep breathing within this bodily mess.

Whilst this was inspired by some self-analysis and does apply in many ways to my own body I have taken a few liberties with my poetic license. For example I don't have an hearing aid (as yet). So this man of many parts is actually a composite of real and imaginary folk which – given the title - is not unreasonable.