If time is what we have,
it's time we have to take
to take our time to say
thank-you today.
Some days are made
for quiet, life’s emergencies.
Others for working late,
remembering how
and what was said.
For reading what was meant
to read between the lines.
So when all is said and done,
we want you to know,
dear Dr. J., how crazy
we are about you.

How you never take a word,
that word especially,
lightly. How you never shrink
away from listening,
from prescribing love.

Not an easy diagnosis.
How, at the end
of the day, it’s your light
we see burning
at 89 Main Street.

In our Middlebury village.
Isn’t it patience we learn
by seeing how carefully
you walk across the street
to the Otter Creek Bakery?

As well as when it’s time to
decide, what sandwich to eat,
what salad to save for later.
Not to say a Turkey Terrific
is the same as our lives.

How seriously you’ve taken
each of us, inside and out
of the office. So many of us
to name, confidentially.
Although there’ll be time for that

in the days to come.
For the love of your dogs
and family. And any uninvented
gadget. The names of all
the grasses in a pasture.

Your next collaboration.
Most likely where we’ll find you.
On call to the stars.
And the moon
reading in the waiting room.