Three Bears

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THREE BEARS

Three Bears, did once, a story tell
To ears so young and keen.
A tale of threes, a sweet blonde belle
In the comforts of between.
When read again, in years gone by
A different rhyme was heard.
Why, life it tells! I quickly cried,
The likeliness absurd.
For Goldie learns the lesson told,
One printed in our books.
Too little or much will certainly fold
The body’s gobbledygook.
So firmly held, a cellular need
For homeostatic right
That any tinker with this creed
Will leave a man in plight.
Our damsel finds three bowls unclaimed
And puts them to the test.
Too hot, too cold; the first two named
The middle one was best.
Fitness, food, and red wine too—
How much would I suggest?
Our guidelines echo through and through
The middle dose is best.

Three Bears, three chairs, a kitchen scene,
Each stool a different height.
One hard, one soft, one in between;
The last one fit just right.
The sickest go to ICU
In the middle of the night
For fluid, MAP, PaO\textsubscript{2};
The target range is tight.
The Bears had beds, three in a row.
A choice was quickly made.
The first too high, the second too low;
The third did not dissuade.
The organs bathe in bloody brew
Of acid, base, and lytes.
In flanks the kidneys taste the stew
And keep the salt just right.
The body knows the Three Bears well,
And as Goldie will subscribe,
Too high, too low does sinister spell;
’Tis balance that gives the vibe.

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