

## WILTON'S LIVING WILL

Hear my words, Doc, while I can say them.  
Pretend both my thumbs  
are gouging your Adam's apple. I have  
very strong hands. Persuasive hands.

Listen to my definition of savable, Doc.  
If you can fix me so I'll dance  
at my granddaughter's wedding, carve another  
cabinet for my wife, drive a good bargain  
with the car dealer-- sure, code blue me.  
Trot out all the exotic stuff you've got.

Feel my hands tightening, Doc? Make sure of  
this power, be certain I keep this ability  
to speak, to reason, to walk. Watch the time.  
If my brain is minus oxygen too long, if  
my heart has missed too many beats before  
you get me to the heroic stage-- don't  
shoot the atropine and epiphrine. Don't use  
the paddles. Forget the tubes and bag.  
Don't even bother with CPR.

You hold no license that qualifies you  
to preserve lifeless life. In that case,  
Doc-- don't interfere with my death.