

Three Bears

Dennis C. Lefebvre, MD, PhD

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, PaO₂;
 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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