

High-Altitude Physiology Poem

“Up, up, and away... *sans* edema”

What did Superman feel like
 When he was flying high?
From High Altitude Pulmonary Edema,
 Was that how he was to die?
Did he feel the dyspnea, the coughing,
 The tightness of the chest?
Of course not, lest we forget,
 Sup. was not like the rest!
From a mere mortal you would expect the tachypnea, tachycardia,
 The central cyanosis, and the accompanying gurgling and rattling breathing sounds
But this superhero was up to the task
 As his invincibility was not measured in mere mortal pounds.
And then the doubters asked,
 “*But what of High Altitude Cerebral Edema?*”
Obviously these unintelligent folk,
 Must have drank too much Zema!
For they would walk around stumbling
 With no apparent coordination
But Superman was unaffected, with no swelling of the brain
 And appeared far more coordinated than the hapless basketball-playing Toni Kukoc Croatian.

All this was illustrated one day when
 Clark Kent working at the newspapers' offices,
Received another phone call about
 Potential human losses
There was a report about an airplane,
 It's cabin recently depressurized
The crew forgot the oxygen masks
 And imminent danger was realized!
Now Superman was indeed not
 Just another pretty face,
He knew that flying a plane at 30,000 feet
 Consciousness would be lost in a minute – *avec* tragedy, he was in a race!
So dothing the cape
 And red underwear,
Superman ascended quickly
 With no time to spare!
Of course Superman
 Came through in the end,
Saving the lives of
 Many women, children, and men.
And so Superman was the hero,
 Everyone cheered
And for generations to come
 His actions would be mirrored.

But as Lois exclaimed,
 “*That's my man, he's never late!*”
A certain sinister Lex Luther
 Was plotting Sup.'s deep-sea kryptonite fate...

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