The following poem was written by Marcia Urdang while she recovered from surgery for Crohn's disease

The human body, a machine of grace

The human body, a machine of grace
In step and time, working in total control.
The inner workings, the clock behind the face.
This machine, however, does possess a soul.
Each body unique in its own.
Nerves and muscles working like the strings of a marionette,
A working unit that can be trained and sculpted like stone.
But if abused can cause regret.
The mind must set goals to survive
But the body can set limits unforeseen.
It requires energy as fuel to be alive,
Malnourished, it functions like a horrible dream.
*Every piece of equipment is relied upon to grind
And yet, this graceful machine functions only to sustain the mind.*