

Hypoxemia, Hypoxemia

By Fraser Johnson

Hypoxemia, Hypoxemia,
What have you done?
You took O₂ from me,
She was my only one.

V/Q ratio so low,
more mismatched than it should.
And my CNS is depressed,
this is not looking good.

You shunt me, you shunt me.
It's far too late.
My normoxia departed,
I must hyperventilate.

Alveolar-arterial gradient
is alarmingly high.
If I can't get back
my P_aO₂ I'll die.

Now I'm so hypocapnic,
why don't you look at that!
My breathing's restricted
because I'm so fat.

Glomus cells detect thee
in the periphery.
As tiny gases diffuse
across my capillary.

It would be of no use
to increase my airflow.
These pulmonary arterioles,
surely they'll narrow.

If there's one thing I've learned,
it's having low O₂ sucks.
Accilli needs to research this
on some cats and some ducks.

I have fibrotic lungs and
I'm doing exercise--
Help!!! Help!!!
My diffusion's impaired, guys!

Alas, alas,
now things have turned 'round.
normoxia is restored
and eupnea is found.