

To Possibility

O nameless adult manikin,
whatever hubris or harmartia

 led you to the bottom of Wales National Pool, fear not
 the Dragon Lifesaving Club is adept in the assessment
of aquatic situations and will accomplish a successful swim-and-tow
 to begin appropriate dry-land treatment within 90 seconds of the alarm.

 It is true, O manikin, weighted down among the plasters and the hair-bands
 you are no icon
but Dragons are not biased towards the rescue of better-known CPR stimulation models
and in accordance with their heroic club history will commit to save
 all water-bound humanoids
 regardless of attractiveness.

 Not for Dragons a wan smile
modelled on the death-mask of *Ophelia of the Seine*
 as competence in water-based airway-management tasks is surely independent
 of the inducement of an after-rescue scenario
involving a sweet-smelling bed
 or other such fantasy

 and while some club members did argue in favour
of the second-to-none features of the famous model
 no doubt excited by the potential
of tongue edema, laryngospasm, breakout teeth, emergent lung sounds
and a variable blood pressure with Korotkoff sound changes,
 your well-priced versatility will serve as a more-than-adequate muse.

 The Dragons' priority is to surface with your rust-resistant skeleton
 and ferry you pool-side to work with the capabilities of your resuscitation parts.
The pulse of each team-member - roused, O manikin, by your promise - will increase
at a rate commensurate with their efforts
 to deliver you from the deep-end
 and to start your absent heart.