Cardiac Anesthesiologist: The Friend of the Heart

Sandeep Kumar Kar, M.D.*

I stand at the head end of the patient, a speechless witness to the kind cruelty of the surgeon’s scalpel.

I have seen myriad hearts some dilated, some with abnormal orifices, some with rickety-going valves, similar to my flow in the stagnant city traffic stream.

Sometimes, I draw analogy, between emotions in the heart and cardiac anatomy. What do people mean, when they say, “a big heart!,” “a kind heart!” Are emotions nurtured in the heart?

I have seen bureaucrats, politicians, both from emotional and anatomical viewpoints. They do not have a big heart morphologically or emotionally, in spite of bearing the people’s mandate. I brood, “Is politics a game of the heart?”

Often I wage a war against the stubbornness of the failing heart, with inotropes in my armament, each a soldier, combating, the stimulated receptors as opponents.

Sometimes, I become emotional, when I watch the returning cars in the light-bathed streets and the chirping birds in the azure sky, through the window screen with the music of the pulse oximeter, reminding me not to sway, in the emotional stream.

* Institute of Post-Graduate Medical Education and Research, Kolkata, India. sndpkar@yahoo.co.in

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I nourish dreams of early home coming.
I have learnt to accept time expansion
is meant for me only.
I have cultivated my patience, and driven
the ravens of restlessness during my prolonged shifts,
and stay in the fate changing recovery units.

I am proud of being adept,
in maintaining normal hemodynamics,
amidst the autocracy of the surgeon’s scalpel.

I am more powerful; a friend of the patient’s heart.
Applause and laurels are miles away.
My unsung ‘Swansong’ is only known to me,
never revealed.

I have learnt to enjoy my work as an art,
My power to curb the physiological insults
of the surgeon’s action.
I reap the fruits of my toil,
when I see the smiling faces of the patients
in the recovery units.