

MIND TO MIND

*Creative writing that explores the abstract side
of our profession and our lives*

Carol Wiley Cassella, M.D., Editor

Request Case

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It's another affront
To the anesthesia gods,
(The ever vigilant,
Often cruel pantheon):

A PACU nurse asks
If I'm available to care
For her case next Thursday,
The Ides of March.

It's the highest honor
Anyone can give me.
So I agree, but fear rises
That she will learn

I'm not really who
She thinks I am.
I thank her and we part,
and our fears both grow.

Thursday comes with a scalpel.
For hours, my heart lies exposed
With hers atop the table
As they cut and cure.

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I watch for Brutus,
Lurking inside, biding his time
To hurt someone I know,
For not refusing the honor.

The drama draws to a close,
The blue drapes fall,
And she opens her eyes.
Her colleagues enfold

Their friend in a PACU corner,
And whisper affirmation
On her pain-free arrival
Into their tender care.

She interrupts my report
To thank me for being present.
I squeeze her hand, and watch
The colored vitals on the monitor.

But whose face reflects in the screen?
Their honorable Caesar,
or his traitorous friend,
or some journeyman between?