

MIND TO MIND

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

Carol Wiley Cassella, M.D., Editor

Sounds

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I It was a long case,
The kind where, if you listen
carefully, you might detect the
faint rustle of a wound slowly healing...

So, I close my eyes and see
the soft hiss and wheeze of the vent
quietly snoring like a cat, and
gargling suction with a
pulsed drumbeat of irrigation

And quiet surgi-murmerations,
snapping hemostats, snipping suture,
amid the steady strong beep
of pulse, monotone but poised
for the basso note of embolism.

The soft strains of music
are muted at my request
to hear the cautery hum
its atonal buzz and snap.
At the edge of conscious perception,
Even the IV sounds like
an insomniac's bathroom tap
Slowly, maddeningly, dripping.

And soon, even my thoughts
are drowned in the ebb and flow
of timeless space,
the sounds of healing and life.

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