

# MIND TO MIND

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

*Stephen T. Harvey, M.D., Editor*

## Insomnis

John Paul Davies

Slow-drip dilutes the blood,  
*Count backwards from ten.*

Ward clock swells  
to its own universe.

Scant light to tell  
fox from shadow,

woodland trail  
from river.

On the cusp of sleep  
it lifts its head,

roused to peak  
consciousness

by the deadfall snap  
of trespassing feet,

endless trudging  
through an echo-chamber skull.

Woods recede in its eye  
to dragonfly glow,

bastion night-light  
in a child's room.

Dawn will not come  
without its say-so.

The fox bows to the river,  
laps darkness.

Ward clock flips  
to a new hour.

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The poem is one of the finalists of ANESTHESIOLOGY's 2018 annual creative writing competition, The Letheon. [davies.johnpaul@yahoo.ie](mailto:davies.johnpaul@yahoo.ie)

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