

# MIND TO MIND

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

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

## Down Under the Deep

Sonia Arora

I drew in a deep breath  
Knowing I'm going under

I want to hold onto something  
As if climbing a mountain  
And I need a ledge to grapple  
To hold onto tightly  
So I don't slip or fall  
All the way down  
Far far away down.  
Or a railing  
For a long and winding narrow staircase  
Up perilous broken steps in an old dilapidated abandoned haunted house.

A diver readying herself with body afloat  
Head perched above the Indian Ocean for that buried mythic treasure  
That breath before she plunges herself into a new world  
A wet dreamy silent fin and tail-swimming world  
Where waves swirl and weave, bounce and bubble  
Where companions are cohorts with relatives, who have been residing on this planet  
Thousands of years longer than her own  
Therefore, their tiny tunes she must dance to  
And follow pathways they guide  
the brilliance of emerald green and indigo blue they leave behind in trails  
Their marks, stamps on slippery rocks, still in formation, akin to her intention  
Legacies only those perceptive and discerning will notice and remember  
As the Doctor  
Asks, "How do you feel?"  
And I inhaled a huge gulp  
As if for the first time I ever came up for air  
Outside my mother's womb.

This poem is one of the finalists of ANESTHESIOLOGY's 2018 annual creative writing competition, The Letheon. [soniaarora@hotmail.com](mailto:soniaarora@hotmail.com).

Permission to reprint granted to the American Society of Anesthesiologists, Inc. by copyright author/owner. Anesthesiology 2019; 131:750. DOI: 10.1097/ALN.0000000000002869