

MIND TO MIND

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

Stephen T. Harvey, M.D., Editor

The Waiting Room

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I can gracefully afford this trip
to the ER. Sick son in my arms,
his dark skin pale and discolored,
approaching the waiting room.
Far from desolate, persons wearing the
same face as my boy, both infirm and
full of viral shedding. A wait much
longer, I reason with a young intern
who exhibits more empathy than White
eyes of distaste coming from the lobby,
exuding self-righteous precedence.
A notion my son and I must sit and wait,
skipped. Again. Gunshot wounds,
rotting lives. White savior and then
our privilege to service, yet we all share
health and impartial care. All I want is
my boy to receive the same love and
priority; he is as deserving. Though
when his name is called, I gaze upon
my only child, he inanimate. Cold,
like the sick people encircling him.

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