

# MIND TO MIND

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

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

## **As If**

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**H** He firmly gripped his hands  
as if  
he might catch the words used  
to describe what happened to his wife.  
Wringing them over and over  
as if  
that might help him understand reality.  
Poised in front of the doctors and nurses,  
his eyes, like those of a gazelle  
just before an ambush,  
quickly moved from one to the next;  
looking for certainty;  
looking for answers;  
looking for hope.  
Bereft of his deepest desires,  
his body collapsed within and he sank  
into himself.  
His whole life, his whole world  
lay there.  
He hovered over her  
as if  
trying to breathe life into her lifeless body.

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“Just one more hug, one more embrace,  
one more kiss,” he thought,  
“That would make it alright again.”  
Any distinction between the two was lost,  
as each hand gently framed her face.  
Intently,  
temple to temple,  
his eyelids shut  
with conviction  
as if  
to say,  
Come back.