

MIND TO MIND

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

Stephen T. Harvey, M.D., Editor

Swan Song

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She warbled, “In that sweet by and by...” trailing
off, dissolving into gasps for air,
still smiling, hand perched on the bedrail, frail.
Each breath was precious, not a word to spare.
“I never had much voice to speak of, even
when I could catch my breath,” she fluttered.
The IV morphine gave her some reprieve.
“Oh, please, won’t you hold my hand?”
Smiles, uttered.
“I’m actually just a student doctor, ma’am.”
I felt a witless, useless dodo.
Books
could not have prepped me for this last exam.
I didn’t want to fail her. She then took
my hand in hers. “No need to stay too long.”
My silence harmonized with her swan song.

Accepted for publication September 28, 2021. Published online first on October 12, 2021.

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