

MIND TO MIND

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

My First Was Never Born

Lealani Mae Y. Acosta, M.D., M.P.H., F.A.A.N.

H “How old’s your first?”
A question kindly meant,
Betrayal and denial beneath well-worn reply,
“My son is almost five!”
Where went
my first?
To be distinguished from firstborn.
My first was never born.
The only photo
I could place within a baby book
Would be that plus-sign stick I took while floating
high on hormones from that first of looks:
first grandchild for my parents, first for me
and husband. First, the ultrasound, accelerated
from some clots that passed, the bleeding—
was it normal? Bloody show and tell,
stark truth I had miscarried.
I share, forlorn,
with mothers who have others not first born.
A doctor used to saving lives, I questioned
how to trust my bodily betrayal of my own flesh.

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Dr. Acosta serves as a Humanities editor for the journal *Neurology*.

Lealani Mae Y. Acosta, M.D., M.P.H., F.A.A.N.: Department of Neurology, Vanderbilt University Medical Center, Nashville, Tennessee. lealani.mae.acosta@vumc.org

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