

# Deposition in New York

Stephen Harvey, M.D.\*

**T**HIRTY-FOUR stories over 43<sup>rd</sup>,  
 I look across to gargoyles, sleek in sun,  
 And find myself remembering *Art Deco*.  
 I'm tuned out already; a rising echo  
 Calls me back to earth with just one word:  
*Doctor?* Thus, politely, it has begun:

The accusations of incompetence,  
 Ten eternal hours reliving one  
 That passed (or so I thought) four years ago.  
 Anesthesia's motto, *Vigilance*,  
 Was well-enforced. Everything went just so,  
 We shook hands all around—a job well done,

A gunshot victim (self-inflicted) saved.  
 The family *thanked* me, for crying out loud.  
 But here I sit, appearing well-behaved,  
 Looking the Chrysler Building in the eye  
 As gargoyles snarl and leap into a crowd  
 Of lawyers shaking fists against the sky.

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\* Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee. [stephen.t.harvey@vanderbilt.edu](mailto:stephen.t.harvey@vanderbilt.edu)

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