

A Hand around My Finger

Lesley Silver, M.D., F.R.C.P.C.*

A hand around my finger
 Squeezes to hold on,
 The light that fills your being
 Has been there just so long.
 The air you breathe in and out
 So much faster than mine,
 Your eventful life
 Is already a lifetime.
 Your bruised little body
 Engaged in constant fight,
 With the genetic injustice
 That was your birthright.
 If we can rise above
 This thing our eyes see:
 A fragile infant
 Fighting mortality,
 Then you can rise beyond
 Your preset destiny;
 Each battle that you win
 Closer to being free.
 The finger grasp is gone
 And you fade back into dreams,
 Where two legs carry you-
 No scars and no iv's.
 I carry on my way-
 Patients, problems, plans;
 But the image still persists
 Of my finger and your hand.

* Children's Hospital of Eastern Ontario, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada. lesleycasilver@gmail.com

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