

MIND TO MIND

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

Carol Wiley Cassella, M.D., Editor

Special Delivery

Donald Caton, M.D.*

THREE a.m., heels riding-stirrups hard,
Girlhood dreams upended
Squealing love's fruit into Klieg
Bright lights. Man - what a trip
You've had. Gently

Pulled by Love, perhaps, but never
Feather dumb struck Leda like,
Nor wooed by sexy couplets
Whispered by some bronze
Clad dude. No

My dear, passion brought you down
To earth. Pheromones twitched
Your adolescent nerves (and his)
And sent you shuffling to his side,
Future bound by carbon chains.

What cosmic whim transmits this legacy of Adam
In wisps of aromatic carbon atoms?

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