

MIND TO MIND

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

Carol Wiley Cassella, M.D., Editor

Secrets of a Resident

Janine Whitson-West, D.O.

I
If I were made of sticks and straw
You'd think that I was weak
And I might not keep the promises
That I was meant to keep

If I were made of sticks and straw
My cracks would surely show
My fragilities laid open then
Brought down by one more blow

If I were made of sticks and straw
No nerves or veins or blood
This heavy load would crack the seams
With all lost in the flood

If I were made of sticks and straw
No lessons left to learn
I'd tempt the flame to feel again
I just might let them burn

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