

MIND TO MIND

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

Stephen T. Harvey, M.D., Editor

Labrys

Nancy Nowak

I
In the west
a sallow full moon, the color of distressed
metal, has stalled as though
I ever could be righted by
its tidal pull
while the rising sun
refuses to burn
away the tule fog
as my love and I drive the highway north.
No matter
how various we've found
this small city, this morning
we take the only route possible
to the heart, to
the one way I can be
rid of something
monstrous, and mine
a single thread tied
to him my home
who will wait
as I am led back
to my body, altered.

This poem is one of the finalists of Anesthesiology's first annual creative writing competition, The Letheon.

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