

MIND TO MIND

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

Stephen T. Harvey, M.D., Editor

What I Didn't See

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I
I saw
Streaks of blood
As you walked into hospital
Your left hand over your right
Greeted by a flock of anxious nurses.

I saw
Your emaciated figure, scarred further
By the physical harm inflicted
Upon yourself by the knife,
A careless accident.

I saw
The look in your bloodshot eyes
As you reassured everyone
Only an accident
While they bandaged your wound.

I thought I'd seen it all,
Until I realized what I didn't see.

I didn't see
The tears that flowed as you left the hospital
The blood that trickled out of your soul
Carving out the words "Help Me"
Seeping through my veins, slicing my emotions.

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I didn't see
The razor-sharp knife that
Not only sliced your wrists
But also slit your last lifeline
To freedom.

I didn't see
The legs that willed the weary mind
Up dizzying heights of the twelfth floor
The pinnacle of the building,
Nadir of your life.

I didn't see
You hurl off the ledge,
Slammed into concrete
Ending life
Painlessly for you.

But painful when

I saw
Your lifeless body wheeled into the hospital
The bandage still around your wrist
But this time
No blood would flow.