

# 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

David Mathew, M.B.B.S. (Hons.)

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.

From the National Healthcare Group, Singapore. david.mathew@mohh.com.sg

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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.