

MIND TO MIND

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

Stephen T. Harvey, M.D., Editor

Down Under the Deep

Sonia Arora

I drew in a deep breath
Knowing I'm going under

I want to hold onto something
As if climbing a mountain
And I need a ledge to grapple
To hold onto tightly
So I don't slip or fall
All the way down
Far far away down.
Or a railing
For a long and winding narrow staircase
Up perilous broken steps in an old dilapidated abandoned haunted house.

A diver readying herself with body afloat
Head perched above the Indian Ocean for that buried mythic treasure
That breath before she plunges herself into a new world
A wet dreamy silent fin and tail-swimming world
Where waves swirl and weave, bounce and bubble
Where companions are cohorts with relatives, who have been residing on this planet
Thousands of years longer than her own
Therefore, their tiny tunes she must dance to
And follow pathways they guide
the brilliance of emerald green and indigo blue they leave behind in trails
Their marks, stamps on slippery rocks, still in formation, akin to her intention
Legacies only those perceptive and discerning will notice and remember
As the Doctor
Asks, "How do you feel?"
And I inhaled a huge gulp
As if for the first time I ever came up for air
Outside my mother's womb.

This poem is one of the finalists of ANESTHESIOLOGY's 2018 annual creative writing competition, The Letheon. soniaarora@hotmail.com.

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