MIND TO MIND

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

Stephen T. Harvey, M.D., Editor

Boring Holes

Sarah Simon

how far will we go away from ourselves to reach into them?

if you ever let the logic recess,

yes, go on recess,

go back, slack-

imagine

the orbitofrontal cortex

smashed, pushed

back, down,

sound of slouch-

ing,

its roof the seat of a slide

down

from the midbrain.

when you let it get too

emotional illogical obsessive compulsive

borderline—

say, "it's mine!"

you can

 $This poem is one of the finalists of {\tt ANESTHESIOLOGY's~2019~annual~creative~writing~competition}, The {\tt Letheon.~sesimon8@gmail.com}.$

Accepted for publication February 5, 2020. Published online first on February 27, 2020.

Permission to reprint granted to the American Society of Anesthesiologists, Inc. by copyright author/owner. An esthesiology 2020; 133:936-7. DOI: 10.1097/ALN.0000000000003226

```
whisper, whimper,
lull
your sweet way into your
sweet, sweet
skull—
not to sit down but to
stretch it out,
stretch out the seat,
pull it back to form-
the even-handed, manageable and managing setter
of norms,
the decor
-um.
imagine mangling your brain back to decorum.
like bread dough.
on a humid day.
(just add more flour.)
for something so abstract,
all it takes is a push, a pull, a
pill,
drill—
in. no, NO!
NO TREPHINATION (!!)
no trephination of
your base
and basin
for
love.
how far will we go away from ourselves
to reach into them
?
```