

# MIND TO MIND

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

*Stephen T. Harvey, M.D., Editor*

## Five More Minutes

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The alarm blares through the darkness  
I glare at the time, hearing it tick by  
Do I start my day or restart the clock?  
I just need five more minutes so I lay back down  
  
I glare at the time, hearing it tick down  
I grasp for arms, warmer than any blanket  
I still need five more minutes but time keeps ticking down  
I want to stay here where it is safe and sound

His arms are back around me, warmer than any blanket  
Fighting against the ice gripping my chest  
I want to stay here where it is safe and sound  
But the pressure is building more with each breath

His warmth fights against the ice gripping my chest  
But he doesn't feel the cold fingers reaching in  
Or know the pressure is building with each breath  
Hardening my heart into stone

He can't feel my patients' fingers reaching in  
Grasping for a chance at the peace I had  
Nothing can soften my heart from stone  
Except maybe a whisper saying "it will be okay"

I'm grasping for a chance at the peace I had  
Free from pain, both theirs and mine  
He somehow knows to whisper "it will be okay"  
Releasing my lungs, relief flooding in

I'm free from pain, both my patients' and mine  
His slow deep breaths begin calming my own  
Relief fills my lungs, flooding in with the air  
I'm free from their suffering for a few moments more

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His slow deep breaths have calmed my own  
And I've nearly found the peace I once had  
Free from suffering for a few moments more  
But I could ease theirs too if I just got out of bed

I've nearly reclaimed the peace I had  
The alarm blares through the darkness  
I could ease their pain, but it would cost my peace  
Do I start my day or restart the clock?

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