

POETRY | SPRING 2023

Before Going Under

By Tabor Flickinger

I think of a seed that surrenders
Its closed, hard form
So a new sprout can seek sky

A caterpillar entombs itself
Powerless for flight until it submits
Dissolved unraveled remade

I think of eggshells that shatter
Burst their smooth surfaces
To liberate hatchlings

Glass orbs drip with pure
Distillations ripped apart
By refining fires

Tabor Flickinger, MD MPH, is a poet and primary care physician who lives in Virginia. Her poems have appeared in Pulse, Oracle, the Yale Journal for Humanities and Medicine, Hospital Drive and HEAL: Humanism Evolving through Arts and Literature.
