

## Continue to Monitor

By Fiona Miller

You come here with pride and questions, swagger  
to drown out doubt, that faint hum. You come  
with new wounds and new pronouns, undecipherable bodies.  
You come with your college degree and your PTSD, your handshakes  
and small talk. When you come, you carry inside of you  
your daughter and your mother, your grandmother,  
your great-grandmother. Their voices are the music in your veins.  
We use our tools to analyze the songs, try to sing  
along. You come with cigarettes and sadness. With best laid plans  
and worst case scenarios. And us? We have nicotine patches  
and no words in your language to ferry you to safety.  
We crinkle our eyes at the corners, which is no salve for loneliness,  
which solves nothing. We speak in numbers, sign our names.  
Do you know that Greek myth where the woman is cursed  
to always know the future, and to never be believed?  
We shake hands. We sing your song.  
It sounds all wrong.

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