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POETRY | FALL 2018

## Kübler-Ross

By Schneider K. Rancy

First  
there was despair :  
I thought  
I would drown & choke  
on my own tears, thought  
my tongue would burn  
forever  
with their perditious salt

Then came  
rage : violent  
tumultuous  
the way waves devour  
each other, the way  
Jacob wrestled  
with an Angel at Peniel,  
pinning back  
Its glorious downy wings  
so that he might  
break Its back –  
so I wrestled  
with my soul ( if  
it truly shimmers  
there, beneath the skin  
) & so I wrestled  
with God

The rage  
has not quite  
    flown  
                    away  
nor has  
the despair .

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**Schneider K. Rancy is a Haitian-American graduate of Columbia University, where he studied English and Comparative Literature and Biology. His poetry has been published or is forthcoming in Columbia New Poetry, Intima: A Journal of Narrative Medicine, Ars Medica, and Apogee. He is a medical student in New York City. His editor-reviewed articles on nerve and wrist reconstruction have been published in the Journal of Hand Surgery (American Volume), the Journal of Hand Surgery (European Volume), and the Journal of Wrist Surgery.**

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