

My Favorite Patient

By Sarah Harvin

My favorite patient may have been

A racist.

His first night, I helped him bathe and shave in his tiny dark room.
My most patient patient showered me with pleases and thank yous.

A racist.

His tender wounds smarted as I mopped the blood around the bandages.
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His tender wounds smarted as I mopped the blood around the bandages.
He requested a prayer and we clasped hands: mine brown, his white.
Bulbous drains hung from stitched holes in his abdomen, bouncing gently as we ambled.
I wheeled him out in his only t-shirt, emblazoned with the flag of Dixie.

He requested a prayer and we clasped hands: mine brown, his white.
His first night, I helped him bathe and shave in his tiny dark room.
I wheeled him out in his only t-shirt, emblazoned with the flag of Dixie.
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Sarah J. Harvin is a graduate student at Columbia University, earning a Master of Science in Narrative Medicine. She owes her renewed interest in writing and poetry to the program and to the encouragement of faculty members and classmates. Harvin has studied psychology and critical race theory; her focus was on the intersection of race, gender and access to healthcare. Along with working in higher education (residential life and housing), she has worked in a hospital as a patient care assistant. This spring, Harvin is applying to medical school; her hobbies include exploring NYC coffee shops, sailing, and re-reading the *Harry Potter* series