

---

POETRY | FALL 2022

## Observations of a First-Year Neurology Resident

By Michael Wynn

New white roses  
in the hospital gift shop  
every morning.

Under our skin,  
we all carry the same  
shades of red and loss.

Walking across campus in the middle  
of the night, after seeing a delirious patient  
in the ER, sometimes I see Jupiter and Saturn.  
They are not that far apart.

Medicine is art.  
The trauma nurse's spattered clogs  
remind me of Jackson Pollock's  
*Shimmering Substance*.

When I am on the pediatric neurology service  
at the end of the day,  
the sunsets are all in a shambles.

Our molecules do not care about us.  
Lest we forget, we behave  
like we don't care about them.

The half-life of loss  
is life-long.

---

**Michael Wynn is a neurologist in Corvallis, Oregon. His chapbook "Bodies of Evidence" was published in 2015. His poems have appeared in The Cortland Review, Haikuniverse, JAMA, Neurology, Hektoen International, Journal of General Internal Medicine and Untitled Country Review. He was a poetry contributor at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference in 2019. He has been an invited speaker on Poetry and Neurology at the AAN annual meeting. IG: michaelwynn57**

---

© 2022 *Intima: A Journal of Narrative Medicine*