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The Physician Bears Witness

By Lorenzo Sewanan

Scientist, you said,
Measure me out a cure.
Give me a beaker of solution,
Or will it be a drug?

My hands flounder;
I cannot save you with a touch.
Words written down can still your pain,
But will not kill what's inside you.

Teacher, you said,
Tell me how to save myself.
Mistakes I made, for many years,
Can I escape them now?

My heart perturbs the silence in my head,
No pathology informs me, this case,
I can find no physiology.
My soul blackens as you slowly die.

Human, you said,
Comfort me, at this the end,
Life so long, and smiles so short,
What will lie beyond the bend?

My tongue remains inside my throat.
I want to mention my own fear.
I hold your hand inside my palm,
I will not leave before you do.

Lorenzo R. Sewanan is a first-year MD/PhD student at Yale Medical School. He recently completed his degree in Physics and in Engineering (with a minor in writing) at Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut. His favorite quote is the following from "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" by T.S. Eliot: "Do I dare disturb the universe? In a minute there is time for decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse."