

## The Resident and His Dreams

By Jude Okonkwo

i

I dreamt I saw my sister across the city street  
prancing atop a fiery gurney in Nolita  
I had begged her to share with me raw emotion

ii

I have a guitar that I stroke alone at night  
I feel stupid when I do  
the guitar doesn't sing the way I want  
the bite of the waterfall I cannot share

iii

maybe it's not so selfish to be heard  
let me speak my free mind into you  
in a world full of noise

iv

they say universes work in parallel  
that in other lives you might live better than the living here  
I suppose that's the plight of a sinner  
the four white walls of the ICU  
become a confessional

v

the *intern* thinks there's something funny about being mortal  
he mustn't know how we struggle  
against this jungle of bones  
only to watch as death creeps into us

vi

I find myself outrunning love  
I find myself running  
I find myself running out of love

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**Jude Okonkwo is a graduate of Harvard College and a medical student at Columbia Medical School. He was selected as the 2020 recipient of the Charles Edmund Horman Prize and the 2021 recipient of the Edgar Eager Memorial Fund Prize for his writing. His work has been published in Pleiades, JAMA Poetry and Medicine and Flash Fiction Magazine, among other journals. He has studied under authors Paul Yoon, ZZ Packer, Claire Messud, Jamaica Kincaid and Laura van den Berg. He is studying under Dr. Owen Lewis, poet and psychiatrist.**

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