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POETRY | SPRING 2017

## Vestibular

By Bekka DePew

*My throat hurts.*

Don't worry love, that feeling won't last, you aren't choking  
you can breathe even after, I promise

*Will my heart stop beating?*

I love you, I promise the world, I promise the gentle tapping of the rain

*And this? Is this small enough to swallow?*

The grass and the ground and the mulch and the sky are not quite  
as frightening as you think, the trees only mark the time  
in galaxies of wood. Sweetheart, I'm

*Is there dirt on my hands?*

Always

*I feel it in the back of my throat. Is there anything there?*

here. You are fine, the world  
wouldn't be as beautiful covered in glass,  
you know that.

*Check again.*

Stop. I'll promise tomorrow even, just stop asking me,

*Watch me, I need you to see, if I stop breathing and what*

Stop please, honey  
the world isn't like that I can't

*what if my heart stops?*

Answer this.

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