



MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY

Every physician matters, each patient counts.

Creative Writing Exposition 2010

Other Entries

“Galapagos Islands Journey”

By Joseph L. Andrews, M.D.

Sea lions look on curiously, only a few feet away, as I disembark from a small Zodiac boat, set my feet on the shore and clamber up the rocks to the island. The animals have no fear. They stroll up and look me in the eye, as if to say “This is my island. Just who do you think you are? I’m not the one who is going to move.”

Mother sea lions parade with their frisky pups trailing behind. Some mothers are plump and pregnant. Others lie on their backs, suckling their newborns. None are disturbed in the least by the visit of strangers.

We follow our Ecuadorian naturalist-guide, Carolina Larrea, who leads us on a well marked Galapagos National Park coastal trail. Even though it is rainy season, there is scant green amid the black volcanic rocks and sand. Minutes later we spot iguanas. Looking like a miniature dinosaurs, land iguanas are brownish (to blend with the soil) with some orange scales. Marine iguanas are usually black, to blend in with the dark volcanic shoreline rocks on which they sunbathe all day when they are not swimming. As we walk closely by, none of the iguanas budge.

Next we pass within feet of magnificent frigatebirds, nesting in the brambles. Females have dark backs and white chests. Males are shiny black with inflatable red pouches on their chest. We spot some single males who puff up their chests like fiery red balloons to help attract a mate. They all have long hooked beaks to help them catch fish or to rob them from other birds. We see both mother and father birds taking turns protecting and feeding their downy white chicks or guarding the single egg in each nest. We watch as other frigatebirds with seven foot wing spans swoop down from the sky with fish in their beaks to feed their chicks.

We pass close by nests of the storied Galapagos blue footed boobies. As advertised, they all have powder blue feet, piercing yellow eyes and long pointed beaks. We watch as unattached males put on a spectacular and comical show. They hop wildly from one foot to another as they whistle loudly, hopefully to attract an appreciative mate. Carolina explains that the bluer the feet, the more virile the bird. (I wonder what Darwin would say.)

Before leaving tiny North Seymour Island, we pass many more species of birds as well as small black lava lizards and bright orange Sally Lightfoot crabs. This two hour hike marks the first of many land excursions during our ten day voyage among the Galapagos Islands. On this barren volcanic shoreline we have observed an unusual variety of mammals, birds and reptiles, many unique to the Galapagos. Up close we watched them hatching, suckling, feeding, leading and carrying their young. All these animals are amazingly tame. Since they have no predators, they have no fear. These isolated islands seem like an Eden, almost a parallel universe.

On hikes to other islands we observed giant tortoises, fur seals, flamingos, pelicans and a huge variety of other land and sea birds, many unique to the Galapagos. Wearing snorkeling equipment and wet suits, we swam, often with sea lion pups and penguins splashing nearby, and marveled at large schools of brightly colored tropical fish, green sea turtles and even occasional sharks and rays.

My voyage to the Galapagos Islands with a National Geographic/ Lindblad expedition was on the top of my “bucket list, my “trip of a lifetime.” We hiked on the islands during the day and our 40 passenger ship Islander cruised between different islands at night. The Galapagos form an archipelago of seven large and fifteen smaller volcanic islands in the Pacific Ocean at the Equator, 650 miles off the coast of Ecuador’s mainland. They are storied as the home of many unique species of animals, not found elsewhere. They were partly responsible for the birth of the theory of evolution.

In 1835 Charles Darwin visited the Galapagos on the globe-circling voyage of HMS Beagle. He discovered that, because of their isolation, not only were many animals unique to the islands, but also that animal species differed from island to island. For example, fourteen species of finches have been identified. Each differs by the shape of its beak, which varies with type of food different species of finches eat, which is often different on each island. For example, the beak of a ground finch is short, because it eats seeds from the ground, whereas the beak of a woodpecker finch is long and narrow, since it feasts on insects inside of tree bark. Partly from these observations Darwin postulated the theory of natural selection and survival of the fittest, which he set down in his "Origin of the Species."

But not all our interest in the Galapagos resides in its past.

Today the government of Ecuador is grappling with many dilemmas.

How best can conservation of fragile ecosystems be balanced with growing tourism? Now ninety-seven percent of the land area of the islands is preserved by Galapagos National Park. The population of the islands is about 30,000, most of whom live in several island towns on the remaining 3 %, which causes some overcrowding. Ecuador has transferred some of the most recent settlers back to the mainland in an attempt to balance the population with the islands' limited resources.

Over 170,000 visitors tour the islands each year, using 80 small to medium ships. Ecuador has trained over 500 licensed naturalist-guides, whose goal it is to promote ecotourism, keep the Park pristine and to protect the animal population.

What about invasive species of plants and animals? Dogs, goats, pigs, cats, rats and cows were all brought to the Galapagos by whalers, pirates and settlers after the 1700's. Goats were consuming so many edible green plants, that many indigenous animal species were threatened. A recent goat reduction program removed this threat on some of the islands.

Will the extraordinary nature of the Galapagos Islands persist for your children and grand children to enjoy? Only time will tell. My advice: if you are able, visit the Galapagos...soon.

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"Sweating in Montana"

By Louis Fazen, III

At the end of January I was invited to spend the evening at the lodge with a group of American Indians on the frigid plains of eastern Montana. My associate at the clinic provided directions to the remote site and suggested swimsuit attire. Unfortunately I did not think to bring mine out here in mid winter. As an outsider to the local culture, my anxiety rose steadily until the appointed hour. He suggested changing into the borrowed swimsuit in the car and then use a towel for cover on the way to the campfire at the lodge. I needed some confidence to undress and venture out into the crisp, dark night. Approaching a gathering of different ages huddled in muted conversation; I joined an all-inclusive group of spiritual seekers. Some are meth addicts and some have lost their families to alcohol and most are dirt poor but all of the men and a couple women and children are prayerful. All who came that night are willing to sweat.

The tradition of sweat lodges goes back hundreds of years, even before the elders can possibly remember. The traditional bonfire was started hours ago and now the flames reach high above us as we nudge closer to receive the ember's radiant heat. The hand made lodge behind us is only shoulder height

at best. Four tree limbs support the center area with a circular pit. Glowing campfire rocks are shoveled into the pit. One by one, we leave our shoes at the opening as we stoop to enter. Quietly we crawl into the warmth and darkness. As we sit with crossed legs, close together on the frozen earth, I focus on the only way out.

The "pourer" sits opposite the doorway and introduces each round and controls the manner of sprinkling and pouring the water on the campfire rocks. We begin by honoring our ancestors: our parents and grandparents who created us. Our parents who raised us and showed us the way even though we often became confused and stubborn in our own ways. I am picturing my mother and father, a retired surgeon, warm in Florida. The pourer welcomes the first timers by name and offers to receive our sacred tobacco. I passed a pouch of Top's Rolling Tobacco. Then it was up to me to start the tobacco ceremony with an invocation to Mother Earth and the womenfolk in my life: Helen, Lynn, Victoria, Addie and her mother, Amy.

There are four rounds to the sweat. Each time, more red hot lava rocks are passed through the rug, covering the south facing entrance. With each round a lighted pipe is passed in the darkness and each of us has a chance to ask for forgiveness. A special prayer opens each of the four rounds: the "calling," the "healing," the "prayer," and the "going home." We begin with the sage and lavender sprinkles lighting up little stars on the center rocks. Then the pourer begins to brush water on the molten mass with steam and sweat rising within the hut. A Sioux soloist starts up deep rhythmic verses and others chime in with a rich, vibrant chorus. Woven sweet grass is passed into the center inferno to ignite a "smudge wand" for each of us to ward off the bad spirits. We sit still on the hard, cold, earthen mats while the sweat drains profusely. For our relief, fresh water is passed in a prescribed clockwise fashion.

Even the newcomers around the circle are allowed a voice to seek forgiveness, to express kindness for the drunkard or the addict on the reservation, and also to pray for my son, Louis, on the student doctor's birthday. The sweat is dripping. Chanting in Sioux, the sense of community builds. Many deep, strong voices accompany the personal laments. The incantations begin, "Too many young men are behind bars, fighting overseas, and involved in violence at home. They are our sons. We raised them to be fighters and to drink by example." We are all invited to the sweat and to relearn the ageless traditions of the many Sioux tribes.

Yes, years ago some people took away our land and made our lives difficult, but you know, we still have land and we still have life. What more can we do today or tomorrow to make life better for ourselves and our people.

Sitting in the darkness on the cold ground for hours, sweat pouring, each of us is reduced to our very basic human nakedness. We are part of a powerful momentum of that force of people united by tradition and place.

There is no way to completely describe that night in the Sioux and Assiniboine sweat lodge. It goes beyond the realm of everyday experiences and into the mystical and the inner core of each of us. When you turn off the lights, who are you? Can you pray to the creator hunched over in only a swimsuit, crowded together in a makeshift burlap hut, in someone's backyard, sweating in the middle of winter?

"A Doctor's Guide to Virginity"

By Joan Fine

I was never trained as an arbiter of virginity, yet upon occasion, I have been expected to attest to a patient's virginal status. Teenagers have few options for romantic trysts. One of the most common locales is their own home during after-school hours. Parents have an annoying tendency to return home at unscheduled times. The result is furious parents dragging their reluctant and frightened daughters to my office after discovering them in the act.

In a court of law, a physician cannot generally testify as to whether a patient has had intercourse. Parents are shocked and outraged that I won't reveal information due to confidentiality. I must mention the difficulty of examining an unwilling patient. A girl would be traumatized feeling she was interrogated by the medical police. Although I use a lamp for pelvic exams, I have never shined it in anyone's eyes.

When a mother schedules her daughter's exam, and afterwards asks in a hesitant voice if her daughter is still a virgin, I initially express sympathy. We all fear for our vulnerable youth. When I bring up patient privacy, some become hostile and demanding. "I pay for their medical insurance. I have a right to know." They make me feel as if I personally am the vile despoiler of their innocent child, when I don't even possess the proper equipment for such an act.

Girls who equivocate about having sex may possess a guilty conscience or desire to obscure the truth. Some young girls aren't exactly sure what constitutes sex. To assess the need for pregnancy or STD testing, I'm mainly interested in discovering whether insertion has occurred into any orifice. Often, girls don't know the proper terminology and only someone versed in the language of lurid romance novels can interpret their vocabulary. There is a professional reason to delve into this underworld of literature, or so I assert to those who look askance at my airline reading. Sometimes to be certain, I must graphically describe the act in question.

Many girls have told me they are virginal because they "didn't bleed." This is a common but incorrect myth. Bleeding occurs in every romance novel, along with complex ways of hiding the blood when intercourse is not acceptable, or alternatively producing a stain on the sheets when virginity that no longer exists must be demonstrated.

I have a theory about this belief. When young girls were wed to much older men, they were treated as chattel. Men forced their way into the conjugal bed through delicate tissue unable to accommodate an adult organ. Tearing of the external genitalia or the vagina could have occurred. The same applies to arranged marriages to a repugnant spouse. Youthful muscles clench at the thought of a grizzled partner. In the Middle Ages, the "droit du seigneur" meant the lord of the manor assumed the duty to dispense with the virginity of just married girls in their domain before their husbands had access. Often the girls were virtual strangers to the lord who practiced a form of legalized rape. One wonders what the lady of the estate thought of such behavior.

My prelude to virginity loss was unusual. I had a steady boyfriend and understood progression of the relationship was imminent. I conducted a survey which was either the sign of an incipient scientific mind or minor lunacy. I asked a question in a theoretical manner that doubtless fooled nobody. "What is wrong with a teenager losing her virginity," I asked trusted adults including my grandmother, a nurse. I received many responses, both practical and philosophic. There were strong concerns about pregnancy and disease, but with my copy of "Our Bodies, Ourselves" firmly in hand, I felt prepared. Some of the responses were: "why buy the cow when the milk is free," and "it only feels special once." I disliked the comparison to a farm animal, and rejected the idea that the first time was best.

My brother somehow got wind of the event and reported on me at once to what we called the parental units. My freethinking mother who always insisted on her open-mindedness, instantly warned, "Remember to guard your most precious possession." My boyfriend and I found this hilarious. Nobody asked after his precious possession, which had also been lost.

Some patients remain confused about the sexual act. They may have attended parochial school where sex education is not permitted, or been raised in a protected environment. Jenna, a shy patient of eighteen, assured me she was devout and would never consider losing her virginity before marriage. When she presented to my office for menstrual problems and unexpectedly turned out to be in a family way, I had to determine how such a condition was possible. After a definition of terms, it was clear to me that boundaries had been crossed. "No!" Jenna protested, "He promised to protect my virginity." As he was twenty-six, it was obvious that one party was too trusting and the other pulled a fast one. Jenna was not experiencing a virginal pregnancy, but an act of deception.

Both boys and girls have approached me in a Dr. Ruth capacity for instructions. The best advice I ever heard was from Melissa, a twenty-year-old who had indeed waited for marriage to lose her virginity. She had many questions beforehand that made me wonder how events in the marriage bed would proceed. "How much will it hurt," and "will I know what to do," she wondered. After the honeymoon, Melissa returned to the office and proclaimed that all was well since receiving a tip from her sisters that "intercourse is for the man and foreplay for the woman."

Some girls haven't even reached the age where sex education has been contemplated, and their knowledge is based on rumors and partial information. Leticia, a twelve year old who should have been playing with dolls, heard that to have sex, a boy would "pop her cherry." She thought she was a virgin because she never heard a pop, which she imagined would sound like a balloon bursting.

Other girls have a less than favorable first experience. Tiffany arrived at the office soon after attempted intercourse. She tearfully recounted that she was at the boyfriend's house and his cell remained on. Midway through, he received a text from his mother that she was coming home. He hurriedly disengaged, tossed her clothes at her and yelled, "Get dressed and get out of here!" Tiffany wasn't certain if this episode constituted a complete loss of virginity. We had a gentle discussion about waiting for improved circumstances with a far-in-the-future partner. She was distraught so I labeled her a "near virgin" but screened her for STDs to be complete.

Many of the non-virgins I encounter claim they "only did it once." They believe the admission to represent a small transgression for which they deserve a pass. They want to admit they have been active, but downplay it due to embarrassment or guilt. When mothers learn about sex occurring under their noses, their daughters often maintain this line, as well as the promise they'll never do it again. This explanation is viewed charitably and ascribed to natural teenage inquisitiveness. Unfortunately, many mothers indulge in wishful or magical thinking then refuse to support contraception. In my experience, girls take a temporary departure from sex that rarely lasts more than six months until the next desirable male candidate appears. Once sexual activity has begun, I advocate birth control to "just be on the safe side."

One day, I saw eight girls in a row that only did it once. I finally remarked to Katie, the eighth, what a strange day it had been. "When I was an adolescent, we did it more than once. Isn't sex fun anymore?" Luckily, Katie had a sense of humor and sheepishly admitted it had happened several times. Since then, I have repeated the story and reassured those that are an exception to the rule, but most confess.

Some older girls, and older has a younger and younger range, are mortified by their virginity. They would love to lose it, but haven't met a likely partner. One college girl, Stacy, complained "If I won't put out, boys dump me because they can get sex anywhere." I tried to console her that she had benefited from waiting and she will have a better experience when the right boy comes along. I cynically wonder how much this advice is a fairy tale gleaned from romantic prose. Stacy eventually "tried it out" just to feel normal.

Many physicians are embarrassed to talk to teens about sex or lack time or knowledge to deal with responses. If bodice rippers were placed on medical school curriculums, elucidation of the thornier intricacies of virginity would be of great value to doctors faced with these unforeseen quandaries.

"I am Sorry I Do Not Remember You"

By Virginia Merritt

For Rakim

I am sorry I did not know you when you called to me
Miss, ah miss, you evaluated me before
I am sorry I had to ask your name

I am sorry I did not remember you
I did not recognize your face
I did not recognize your name
I did not remember your story
I always remember at least the story

You see it was a hot day
On a dead end street
So dead, no one on the porches
No kids outside, no birds
Even the leaves were weary
And I climbed the steps of your program
And entered the house of males
You were stretched on the couch
And I was a white old(ish) lady
In a house of black and brown boys
Miss, ah miss, you evaluated me before
Sweat made your arms shine
Those 15 year old legs
Strewn on the cushions
The face soft
But on the way to hard
Were you Jose or Khalil or Luis or Brian?
I am sorry I had to ask your name

You see I am the watercolorist
On the side of the river
You are the leaf I painted long ago
Back when you were before me
Before you floated by me
I do not know what you look like now
I do not know where you went
I do not know the debris that has torn at you
Since I knew you
But I have your likeness from those days somewhere
And I am sorry I do not remember you
And I am sorry I do not remember you

"Primeval"

By Arnold Robbins

Yesterday I roamed
with my best buddy, Mr. Bike
(True pal though kind of beat--
and sad at his lowly station in the world of bikes)
And down we went on a narrow road
that lead right into a bayou
(a Savannah I guess would be the right term)
seeking of all things
that most royal stew of Brunswick and the Coastal Kingdom.
My gut full and thus my soul renewed
(a gallon of sweet ice tea helped)
Mr. B. and I took off and kind of made

a wrong turn---going
not toward the highway at all
but deeper into the Savannah/Bayou.
In some strange manner I was
attracted to this road
and refused to leave it.
Deeper and deeper it went into the bayou,
the road growing darker from the giant
and ancient (so very ancient)
live oaks overarching the narrowing road
carrying their sad burden of weeping Spanish moss,
their limbs reaching out to all who passed
seemingly pleading for some type of recognition for all these years
they've waited
That rare but somehow comforting feeling
of having entered primeval space took me,
as it has at rare times in the past.
I was in a locale
THAT HAD ALWAYS BEEN JUST LIKE THIS.
If you want, God's country, God's hand.
So moving and intimate and strange
and enveloping.
A fine rain began to fall.
I hurried back to find the road and make my return.
Just as I arrived the sun returned and the most immense
rainbow appeared in a sky turned magically red
No ordinary rainbow this--
it went from way up river,
arching in it's course far beyond the river mouth out to sea.
A giant bright finely etched blazing arch.
Again the feeling of
the primeval.
And the certainty coming over me--the certitude--
that if one was ever to see the hand of God
it would not be in condos
or developments. but in what was left (oh precious little)
of the primeval and mysterious.
Whitman knew this
and Faulkner repeated it.

“Courtesies When Traveling with Strangers at Night”

By Millicent Yee

Outside, the crescent blazes, exposing the dark. The fingertips of trees creep upwards eager to swallow the moon and drink it of its light. The view from a Greyhound bus on the highway is a welcoming trance of escape, a reminder of unimportance. The morning seems far away and the twenty-something year old collegiate sitting next to Adelle turns his body towards hers. In the past hour, Adelle has bartered her sharp consciousness for a mulled mind. In compromise, her eyes are shut and headphones fortress her ears from the engine noise.

He is a stranger, but Adelle still feels the seat dip and his breath draft against her profile as he edges closer. Adelle has only seen his eyes. Even then, she has blurred his face and no longer recalls the colors of the “windows to his soul,” hazel perhaps. His physical body casts a heat that saturates the air in

his dominance, her eyes are shut but she feels the compression under the weight of his shadow. The boy's smell is strident and of white cotton, washed, and line-dried outside. He has worn a white and red Canadian beanie hat for the past four hours, which he has also spent watching foreign anime cartoons off a laptop. Feeling wary by the odd film fetishes, Adelle spends that first four hours seeing through him and watching the Canadian sky turn American in half-sleep.

Now dressed in faux slumber, Adelle waits as he settles before she moves, unsure if he is watching her while she lies. The proximity of his residual exhaled breaths unnerves her, but she hides this from him. The bus tremors and growls over craters in the road and she pretends to be awakened each time, gradually.

An hour passes and another remains. She finally steals a glance at him in the dark, noticing that he has taken off his hat. On him, a mat of dirty-blond hair curls at the ends. He is over six feet tall and his shirt reads something about a sport championship down the sleeve in black, his jeans are worn and his suede loafers are a surprise. Having not fallen asleep, he feels her rouse and obligingly turns his body away to face the aisle, knowing she sees his progressing closeness. In doing so, his lower back curls out quietly towards her and slips under the edge of her arm. Forgiving him for this, she notices the plastic armrest not pulled down between them and replays a track on her music player.

After the fifth song, she pretends to sleep again, sinking and extending her knees that press into the seat ahead. When he is convinced, he adjusts and turns again to her, this time the top of his knee presses the side of her thigh, denim on denim, Adelle wonders if he knows this. Feeling his warmth transpire from his skin and sloth onto her, she senses an uneasy youth in its musk.

Infant cries propel forward and blow the quiet of the front. Struck, the collegiate rotates in search. After locating the child, he returns into his huddle, facing Adelle again, almost knowingly, with a comfort only found in between cotton sheets of domestic beds. He slides his leg out automatically until they reach the boundary of Adelle's touch as if a groove was molded with her. His awkward comfort seeps through her pores and she reads him clairvoyantly. Realizing he has not slept the entire ride, she feels his restlessness, sensitive to the isolation of lone travelers. She stretches, and feels her fingers ache. Her breathing slows and she drowns peacefully in a way succumbing to both.

Lending him this comfort of intimacy, Adelle stays in her superficial slumber, secretly catching a film of cinematic white lights from passing highway skylines under her lids. He falls asleep, at last, perspiring a cast of knighted armor over her for the final hour. Aware, Adelle permits him to continue to ground his stability in her closeness, aware that moving will stir him.

For six hours, the roads had merged and Adelle watched black avenues branch into silent interstates spanning the North American land. Carefully, Adelle shimmies her eyes open and meets the gaze of the metallic moon. She forgives the collegiate his weakness tonight, the intimacy stolen, and wishes him comfort in beds. The last hour is almost over and headlights of city streets awaken God to their approaching presence.

“Sad Saga of Obstetrics and Gynecology”

By Venna Desai

First I learnt to prepare young girls for healthy Menstruation,
Then I learnt to prepare them for self reliant Parturition:
Later I was forced to learn how to stop their Menstruation,
Next step was to abolish their natural Parturition.

Thank God I retired before I had to learn.
To stop their Micturition and even Defecation:
Future painful thoughts of my concern,
Oh Lord, Forgive me I did not stop their Copulation!!!!

The following poems, "Aspirations", "Death is Part of Life", "One Road to World Peace", "Who Will Hold My Hand", are by Venna Desai

ASPIRATIONS

I do not aspire for kingdom
I do not aspire for heaven,
Nor do I aspire for reincarnation.

What I aspire for is the freedom
Of the sufferers from their sufferings
And return them to their moorings.

I do not wish to look at their flaws and failures,
I simply wish to wipe their eyes full of tears
and help to redeem them of their fears.

I aspire to have courage and fortitude
To treat princess and prostitute with kindly attitude,
Without disparage and expectation of gratitude.

*****#####*****

I wish to dedicate this poem to:

Those who have suffered humiliations
And belittlements, as I have done,
To those who have stood steadfast
Amongst storms and turbulence as I have done.

Veena B. DESAI MD.

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DEATH IS PART OF LIFE

My body is getting very old,
Still my soul wants to be bold:
Body feels worn and frail,
Yet soul within tries to hail.
Though body and soul has a tie
Soul will fly and body will die;
That is the way of life and death,
It may follow without ill health
Why fear death, death is part of life.
Although at times, parting is full of strife.
No need to cry, no need to sigh,
Death may take you mighty high.

Veena B. DESAI *MB*
June 4th 2006

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ONE ROAD TO WORLD PEACE

Everyone talks about peace
World peace, world peace:
Yet no where there is peace
Where is the magic wand for peace?

Christians think their religion is the best.
Many of them live mainly in the West;
Hindus- Buddhists' Religion is the feast
Two billion of them live in the East.

Muslims even die for their Religion
To them it is their Godly Vision,
Calling Jihad Medway to soul's rest
They live in The Mideast, in lasting zest.

Religions are the cause of war
war destroys hopes to live for
In war even the victor is not at ease
When many innocents lose their peace.

Ego about one's religion causes hegemony
Equal respect for all religions leads to harmony;
It will make the world a cornucopia of honey,
This magic wand will make the world sunny.

Equal Respect for all Religions is one road to World Peace

Veena B. DESAI MD

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(A TRUE STORY)
October 5.1978

WHO WILL HOLD MY HAND?

Will there be some one to hold my hand
When I will part from this land.
Desperate and desolate woman had said.
She did not know where her body would be laid.

She was lone and forlorn with terminal cancer
In her youth she was an excellent dancer
Stepdaughter had prepared a document
Of her riches enough to build a monument.

With sad eyes and trembling hand
Her body curled up with a band,
She was compelled that to sign.
To declare her qualified for poverty line.

Her bills now will be paid by welfare
All her riches gone, she is now bare.
The woman now had no more visitors
She was looking for supportive sailors

There was no one except her caring physician.
She asked her to be a momentary musician.
Female physician chanted a prayer
And became her only team player

Tears rolled down from their eyes
When they held each other with sighs
“ I know there is some one in this land
Who will come and hold my hand” she said.

Finally the day of reckoning came
Her Life's journey's last game;
Night had been busy for Physician Dame,
She was not the person of fame.

VEENA B. DESAI cont....

The Physician went to bed at 11: 30 P.M.
hospital called at 12: 30 a.m.
Physician jumped out of her bed
Where are you going some one said.

“ To hold someone’s hand ”

Woman was waiting for a final fare
Last moment of her life to share.
Kindly physician caressed her hand
She took a last breath and left this land.

Elderly husband came to pay the bill
Devoted physician climbed the hill.
Rejecting the payment she had said
“ I have duty towards living,
I have duty towards dying,
I have duty towards Dead.”

Composed at 12 Harbor View Drive, Rye, NH. October 5, 1978

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