

## POETRY

## Vert

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You are vertiginous in your form,  
The way you wrap your muscular body  
Through and around  
The bony, foraminal arms  
Of your dance partners,  
A warm, pulsating reach  
From the base of the neck  
To an apex tucked beneath  
The folds of falling hair.

As a surgeon I am taught to respect you,  
Like a beautiful woman of royalty,  
To know where you are at all times,  
To look for you in advance,  
Your dance steps traced  
In the flounce of radiographic images  
As clearly as a paparazzo's  
Photographic trail.

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What is it then that brings the fairy tale  
To the real world ...  
What but a stroke  
Of grave importance? ...  
The world that lives upon your rich generosity,  
Cut off in a capricious, thrombotic moment,  
As you were compressed,  
Extended, in the arms of one of your lovers.

So in starving the world you feed,  
I am called in to rescue you,  
Allowed the perilous privilege  
Of stepping beyond  
The bony walls that hide you,  
To see you, face to face,  
A bright smiling Diana,  
Released from the choking hold  
Of her proscribed, sequestered steps —  
Vertiginous, dance on princess.

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Dr. Eubanks' poetry has appeared in *JAMA*, *The Annals of Internal Medicine* and other journals. He has also published a collection, *Rotations: A Medical Student's Clinical Experience*.



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