

could not be said for the general reader.

Perhaps if the authors themselves had been able to interview the persons being profiled, the first part of the book might have been more engaging. Particular avenues of inquiry that stimulated the interest of the authors could have been explored, and then developed more fully. Several times I found myself wanting to know more about how the researcher felt at a critical juncture of his or her career. If the authors could have fleshed out the biographies with more detail, even tales that appeared to be quite ordinary might have revealed thought-provoking insights.

The greatest risk in telling the story of a research foundation is that it will be deathly dull. While the interest level may vary by chapter, *Psyche in the Lab* is, overall, a book that successfully integrates the experiences of several groups as it describes the history of an organization that has made an important contribution to mental health in Canada.

Lara Hazelton
Psychiatrist
Halifax, NS

CREATIVE CONVALESCENCE

I enjoy convalescence. It is the part that makes the illness worth while.

— George Bernard Shaw

Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the Jesuits, was converted to the religious life while recovering from a battle wound. Convalescence has been put to interesting use by many thinkers, artists and writers. Some, like Robert Louis Stevenson, became famous for it.

Tell us about recovery times — yours, or your patients' — in *The Left Atrium*. We welcome prose submissions of up to 1000 words (pubs@cma.ca).

Poem

doctors know

some days are good
some days are bad

I have come to know
the bad days

remembrances
hung dry on the
crying eyes

daddy's dead
memories of the little girl
lost in the big strong arms
of her hero
her Atlas
who held her world up
now lets it down
gently on the snow
covered peaks
while I watch on
I can't say
why days are
good or bad

I can't say why
the sound of a soft voice
with a guitar makes
me choke up

a grown man
a hardened man
fighting
the same way he did
when he was seven
a man's man
an orthopaedic surgery resident
fighting
not to cry
not to let
the remembrances of humanity,

return
to my very own doctor eyes

Doctors bleed
Doctors cry
Doctors stand at the foot of your bed
and pray to God they'll somehow see
another day

Doctors die

inside

outside

Doctors have good days
secretly holding their child's
beautiful smile
in their minds
praying that God wouldn't
put her face
on the 6 year old female
the next patient
on the way
in transport from a car accident
her extracted dry blood
on loan to the
thirsty 401

Doctors know
inside
the smell of death

outside
the taste of regret

death

doctors know
good days
and
bad days
days
happy just to breathe the air

days spent
staring at the mirrored
liar
unspoken

silent

lost

Josh Mayich
Resident, orthopedic surgery
Kingston, Ont.