

POETRY

The doctor during death

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Still, cold and clammy.
A gasp here and there, a torment to the souls around.
They watch in disbelief, in awe, in question.
He stands there in despair, in panic, without answer.

Pale, hard and taut.
A stare that is deep, but not focused.
They look to someone, above or perhaps below, for action.
He stands there motionless, afraid, and idle.

She leaves at last.
A peaceful surrender.
They cry, they pray, they accept.
I step into the white jacket, reassure, and console.

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