

POETRY

The view from the clinic

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You died. No Greek chorus, no low-hanging acacia,
 only a daughter in the grip, an inhibited husband
 You ruled, death a clot; I remember listening to love as it warps and distorts.
 You rode a mechanized throne, wrested from the insurance company,
 hitting the doorstep with your wheels. And spun 360 degrees —
 an obese top. You were just a crash, a muted roar.
 I saw power: the flower-print dress, dysarthric speech, ruined claw —
 all a fiat, and I, meeting what was wrong.



I do not want you back; the terrible suffering, meted out,
 and the grand spell an attack of the oddest hue,
 crimson and blue, what washes away
 in profile. No more nonsense of *I can help you*.
 On your chair, zigzagging to the examining room,
 berating those near, on the wall nothing
 you'd look at, the elegy of a snort, so fragile, so wisp-short.
 Foreknowledge always right in the end,
 looking back and forward, turning on.

Shane Neilson MD
 Family physician
 Guelph, Ont.

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