

POETRY

Vanishing point

Wide-footed at the bottom of the hill,
you shade your eyes with both hands and a cap.
The sun reflects so sharply off the snow
you have to squint to see the children
as they push off from the top of the ridge.

They race down the hill so naturally,
turning nimbly back and forth, a fluid
responsiveness of limbs you haven't felt
in years. I watch and wonder how you leave
behind so many things you used to do.

Flying, swimming, now even morning walks.
The edges of your world are less distinct,
softer in a way, but hard to grasp.
Bits of your life begin to coalesce
into a fog. Like that time at the first

frost, when every street was white and changed.
Because you couldn't tell which way to go,
I found you in the middle of the road.
You charm with stories told of years ago
but some days can't remember that we talked.

How long? Someday soon a day will come
when I reach through that grey mist to find
nothing left to hold. For now, I manage
objects underfoot and ask about your day —
pushing aside the time for slow goodbyes.

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