

POETRY

To a young doctor

Make every diagnosis
a poem

The words you choose
will never matter more
(or be less forgotten)

Arrows and missiles to unseen targets
a reverberation of souls

For you
another organ or limb or body
for them
the only one

Your words
do not just foretell
the odds of life or death
(or something in between)

They deliver hope
or render it stillborn
they make you a trusted ally
(or something else)

Choose them well
they are already
unforgettable

Make the words beautiful
a vessel to
carry whatever comes next

Allan Peterkin MD
University of Toronto
Toronto, Ont.

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