

POETRY

Soliloquy for a dying hero

Sitting in a wheelchair, a baseball cap
Pulled down over your eyes,
You rage and curse and shake your fist
At hidden demons who bite your soul.
While your other hand, with white-knuckled grip,
Tries to strangle the unyielding armrest.

By chance, from a distance, we see you
And pause in the malodorous hallway
Of this nursing home, neat, cleanly painted
With cheerful paintings lining the walls.
We cannot help but stare;
Barely recognizing this ungodly transformation.

You were a man of consummate knowledge,
Mercurial wit and masterful skill.
Oh revered doctor, how we ache to cure you!
But know not how.

Sadly, you have gained tortured longevity,
By way of genetics, fate and polypharmacy.
Once more you rage and curse and shake your fist,
While your mute, impassive attendant,
Sole auditor of your bitter harangue,
Slowly wheels you in the gloom.

Barry Caplan MD
Retired urologist
Winnipeg, Man.

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