

POETRY

Remembrance

you won't remember me.
fumbling to position my hands,
as i check in your ears and
shine lights in your eyes,
treating your body like fine china,
delicate to the point of fault.

you won't recall the silly
questions, asked to your parent
out of order, lacking pattern
or structure, vaguely medical.

you won't know the
smile you gave me
when your little hand
grasped my finger,
the warmth from which
melted morning frost
on windshields.

you won't realize that
i held your entire body
in my palm, my other hand
running along the segments
of your spine, checking
alignment and symmetry.

it was a week before your
eyes made contact with mine,
and i'll never forget that second.

these lessons will be the foundation
on which i'll build my skills,
future patients of your size,
will be familiar territory.

i might see you at age two,
taking steps in a shopping mall,
and while you may smile at me again,
you won't remember me.

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