HUMANITIES

POETRY

Once woken

The phone rings
Jarred awake
By a breathless medical resident
The cat jumps down
Scrabbling across the
Bare floor

There was a code blue On your patient

He coded? Yes, he coded

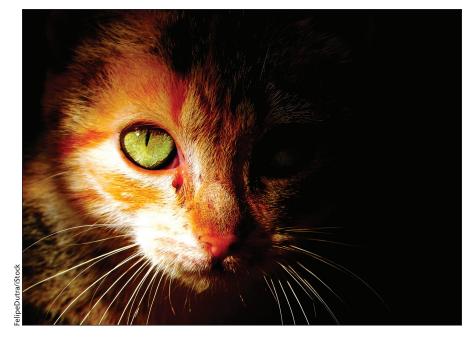
Ask a thoughtful question: He coded? Yes, he coded

But we got him back Thank God for that

Glowing eyes
In the hallway
The cat sits, waiting expectantly

You said, always call Even when There is nothing left to do

I wonder why A historical imperative perhaps Passed down through the ages That the doctor should be called



The cat has gone

I say Thanks and Good night

My secret Which I do not share: Once woken, I will not Sleep again. Thomas E. MacMillan MD MSc Division of General Internal Medicine, Toronto Western Hospital, University Health Network, Toronto, Ont.

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