

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



Felipe Dutra/iStock

The cat has gone

I say
Thanks and
Good night

My secret
Which I do not share:
Once woken, I will not
Sleep again.

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