

Let's get this over with

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Entering the room, my eyes are welcomed
by a beam of light sent from the ceiling.
The team greets me politely,
wearing their tacky mint-green scrubs
that contradict the stark room.

It is spotless
yet has an overpowering aroma,
as if I've been dipped
into a sterile sea of
alcohol wipes.

The room reminds me of winter.
My bones start to shiver,
making the universal sign
for wanting to be wrapped
snug in a silken blanket.

They connect me to some
wires, tubes and other gadgets
that make a cacophony of sounds,
each with a different timbre
that rudely interrupts the other.

Haven't eaten since yesterday and
now, inhaling into the mask,
this air is tasteless
and cannot satisfy
my ravenous appetite.

I do as I'm told
and take another deep breath in.
Suddenly,
I am awake.

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This article has been peer reviewed.



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