

POETRY

## The view from the clinic

You died. No Greek chorus, no low-hanging acacia,  
only a daughter in the grip, an inhibited husband  
You ruled, death a clot; I remember listening to love as it warps and distorts.  
You rode a mechanized throne, wrested from the insurance company,  
hitting the doorstep with your wheels. And spun 360 degrees —  
an obese top. You were just a crash, a muted roar.  
I saw power: the flower-print dress, dysarthric speech, ruined claw —  
all a fiat, and I, meeting what was wrong.

DOI:10.1503/cmaj.100435



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I do not want you back; the terrible suffering, meted out,  
and the grand spell an attack of the oddest hue,  
crimson and blue, what washes away  
in profile. No more nonsense of *I can help you*.  
On your chair, zigzagging to the examining room,  
berating those near, on the wall nothing  
you'd look at, the elegy of a snort, so fragile, so wisp-short.  
Foreknowledge always right in the end,  
looking back and forward, turning on.

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