

A Physician Bearing Witness

by Lorenzo Sewanan

Scientist, you said,
Measure me out a cure.
Give me a beaker of solution,
Or will it be a drug?

My hands flounder;
I cannot save you with a touch.
Words written down can still your pain,
But will not kill what's inside you.

Teacher, you said,
Tell me how to save myself.
Mistakes I made, for many years,
Can I escape them now?

My heart perturbs the silence in my head,
No pathology informs me, this case,
I can find no physiology.
My soul blackens as you slowly die.

Human, you said,
Comfort me, at this the end,
Life so long, and smiles so short,
What will lie beyond the bend?

My tongue remains inside my throat.
I want to mention my own fear.
I hold your hand inside my palm,
I will not leave before you do.

