

# Closure

*By Benjamin Huang, B.H.Sc.*

*Medical Student; Class of 2017*

*University of British Columbia*

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Medical School

is where i learned that

“The Key To Self-Care As A Professional Physician Is In Practicing The Art Of Self-Reflection.”

well i'm tired but i can't sleep,

tired of staring wide-eyed at a white box with black scribbles that just appear;

thoughts

all

over

the

place.

write it out they say,

express it then send it away

i see i'm free when i bleed

i can just be

but

tonight

i can't write

my eyes

only see brokenness

like the way i breaks up the smile in this simile

all similarly simmering down to semantic symmetry

all amounting to a mountain of a whole lot of imagery

but in reality  
we reel in to find that we caught nothing.

i find myself saying a whole lot of nothing.

i should have said something.

it feels like bluffing  
my way through a fluffed up, puffed up life  
but

how can you heal someone when you are part of the disease

she knew  
she must have known that

deep down  
we are all children  
reaching up with dirty fingers  
trying to grasp the cookie jar

we are all young  
blissful and blind to the curves ahead  
just along for the ride  
all we want is more ice cream  
and to not have to go home

where Our Father is.

her name was Suicide.

actually, her name was j  
and she was lovely.

there is a weighty silence  
depressing me, pressing keys into WordPress  
i can't press my finger on it but  
i'm pretty sure something's wrong  
pretty sure i feel a strong  
ulcer chewing on my stomach lining  
redefining the intertwining  
tastes of bitter and sweet into a mellow mash of melancholy.

her name was j,  
warm scarves, flowers of France, the passion of Paris packed into a small frame  
a faint candlestick  
waxing, waning  
burning, dripping  
puddles  
pooling and cooling  
to create  
beautiful things.

like her special ketchup tortellini.

golden hair, gleaming eyes  
beaming smile, dreaming soul

she had dreams;  
inescapable little things,  
part of the tapestry of life  
and the art of living  
dreams;  
hopeful little things  
that stay with you and stoke the fire  
dreams;

givers of joy  
and markers of failure  
that begin when you sleep  
and stir your great awakening  
to the winding road of grinding effort  
and triumphant calls into the void

she must have had dreams  
of greener pastures  
and softer meadows  
lightly shaded with even softer yellows  
dreams;  
for glory, and flight  
fearless unto cloudless skies and starry night  
soaring, exploring  
storing memories in a mind as fragile as sandcastles  
under the sweet summer sun

for it is the nature of man to imagine,  
to reach freely far beyond the stars.

see,  
i see you  
in the CICU  
admitted for a broken heart  
a piece of art splattered and splayed  
across the surgeon's table  
it seems  
she could have used some Aspirin  
aspiring to be desirable  
but too late,  
he prescribed the wrong treatment  
and i mistreated her.

the mind is divine mystery  
our neurology, theology  
where all the gray and white matter  
i can't figure me out  
i can't release me out  
of this prison cell  
floating in mental cytoplasm  
with no localization signals  
to signal for local pain relief.  
i could use some Aspirin  
aspiring to be desirable  
but i prescribe the wrong treatment  
and i've retreated into numbness.

n-u-m-b  
in a to-be-M-D  
i'd rather spell these letters  
than read their meaning on my degree  
i'd rather they stay enveloped in play-rhyme  
sealed behind me, ticking like that clock on the wall  
a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, I -  
don't know how anymore.

she must have had dreams;  
beautiful little things  
part of the tapestry of life  
but Suicide stains the softly sewn fabric,  
spilling over and staining the soul scarlet

Suicide leaves behind a husband, a daughter, a son.

and questions.

questions cling to me  
the way her clothes would find her curves;  
invisible and haunting,  
ghosts  
remind me of the distance  
between hers and mine.

the fingers of guilt choke out all expression from me  
i can't put it into words;  
they stole them.

i could have said something.

she lingers in memories  
like a post-credit scene  
on replay  
but the film is set in stone  
and the ending has been spoiled.

sometimes closure is unavailable,  
like the friend i seemed to be.

i can't shake this off  
the stains of scarlet on my sleeves  
i can't take this off  
this over-worn coat of nostalgia  
and old dust.

Medical School  
is where i learned that  
some lives just don't end cleanly;  
they just