Closure

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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

deeep 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