

How old are you?

65

Any medical history?

No, sir.

Anything new?

No.

Any allergies?

How about surgeries?

Not that I know of. No.

What do you do?

I'm a retired vet,

but since I moved back home again

I work in construction, and

the odd job or two.

And where do you live?

Well doc, d'ya know that bridge?

The one over by River Ridge?

Yes.

Well.

He looks away.

Do you smoke at all?

Drink alcohol?

Any drugs?

I smoke, but I'd like to quit,

and each night I drink a fifth,

usually vodka—

on the streets

it's better than any sheets—

and yes, sir, from time to time

I take a hit.

Of what?

Mostly heroin, sometimes meth.

Depends on what I can get.

Have you ever been tested for HepC?

How about HIV?

Yessir, I have HepC,

but you see

the meds, I can't pay,

I don't have insurance

that's why I'm here today.

Do you have any family?

Yes, two kids. But we lost touch.

These days, well

I'm not around people much.

I'm sorry.

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Illustration by Laura Aitken

I reach over and take his hand. His lips tremble. He starts to stand.

I don't mean to cry

He says as he squeezes shut his eyes.

It's just been awhile since

some—

since someone's—

it's just been awhile

y'know?

My speech is thick but I manage to smile.

It was good to meet you

I swallow and say. We'll see you back next Thursday.

He moves for the door, the one he came in just 30 minutes before with his clothes too big, or himself too thin.

I watch him.

