

Code Blue

Forget people, what is this quiet? Is there nothing said that needed
its chance? A prayer, that it's peaceful. Isn't it?

Dying?

Her head shakes.

She, now waiting heartbeats, falls still.

Gloved hands, nurses that check vitals, medication, draw with
shock. No! Time in a vial.

Administer CPR. Pause, call your doctor.

CODE BLUE ...

Commands given, for now.

Ready?

Swarm the room.

Making protocols, more chaos ... more protocols.

Making room.

The swarm ready, now, for given commands .

... BLUE CODE

"Doctor, your call!"

"Pause CPR!"

Administer vial A in time, no shock.

Withdraw medication.

Vitals check."

That nurse's hands, gloved still, falls.

Heartbeats waiting, now. She shakes head.

Her dying, it isn't peaceful.

It's that prayer, a chance. It's needed.

That said, nothing there is quiet.

This is what people forget.

—Brandon Weller

Editor's note: This poem is a palindrome; it reads the same backward as forward.

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