

# Patient Belongings

Sitting under the chair, in a bag  
marked "Patient Belongings"  
waits his coiled stethoscope,  
a grotesque ouroboros  
knotted over upon itself,  
tangled in obscene mockery of how  
twisted his intestines feel.

His crisp white coat swapped  
for formless hospital gown,  
this Acute Abdomen suffers  
three histories, three exams,  
three pairs of icy hands,  
with nothing heard or understood.  
One offers the syringe, but pain pales  
before the base, animal fear;  
what use is it now, to have been  
such a diligent student?

At four o'clock a kind soul appears,  
wraps him in a warm blanket.  
Sometimes there is only this:  
all else forgotten,  
just a warm blanket,  
and being left to wait.

*Michael Yee*

