



Illustration by Steve Derrick

NIGHT CALL IN THE ER

Finally quiet (for now).
They're clearing bloody sheets off the gurney.
Time to sit under electric lights, still
as a drop of rain hanging from a leaf
in the eye of a hurricane.
On the table there's a small carton of cold milk
and a packet of crisp saltine crackers.
Tear them open. Eat. Drink.

—George Young, MD