

# Holding hands

As our palms were pressed together in wonderful elegance,

Our faiths were crossed through the lines of Kaplan.

Being as it was, an electric current shot through your fingertips,

This current had existed for so many dreadful years,

It was pesky and persistent, the diagnosis, carpal tunnel.

Oh, how you longed for your hands to function.

Shaking and maneuvering them in so many possible ways,

You still couldn't keep the pain away.

Your struggles were amplified throughout the day,

But were a reckoning in the night.

Finally, you sought a helping hand,

Discovering what it felt like to live again.

Freeing yourself from the shock of life,

You developed a newfound spirit,

You're helping others,

Through holding their hands.

—Ravi Viradia, MD