



Code room *elegy*

Eyes blurred and saturated by disquieted lingering fear,
She gazes towards the door, as if expecting a long-passed loved one to appear.
Confused by the clamor, rhythmic beep and words to which she was not yet inured.
She gently reaches into the air, without apparent target, tremulous, but assured.

And as the darkness envelops, only in the periphery at the first,
A distant memory emerges, previously hidden and then lost to years rehearsed.
Reaching further now, with weathered wrists extended, an exquisite exhibition of will,
Steadfast, against diminishing strength, she perseveres still.

Chasing the breaths, ever more difficult for her depleted lungs to find,
One last attempt, as the body withers, the image further liberated in her mind.
Heart rate slowing, as years and illness unite in their unending assault,
Struggling, searching, and finally arriving, deep from the vast cortical vault.

Her little girl, vivid in her white dress flowing amongst the September grass,
Too early, too quickly, too much pain and loss, gone too soon, too fast.
Her arms widening and ready, lids now closed but with vision so perfectly clear,
With life's defensive filters dissolving, she can see her now, no longer with suffering and fear.

Serene amidst the chaos, the bustling futility, oblivious to the medical and therapeutic pace,
Arms curving in a semicircle, a terminal effort and exhalation, release of this life, and at last...
a final embrace.

—Adam B. Mayerson, MD

Dr. Mayerson (AQA, Albert Einstein College of Medicine, 1996), is Associate Chief of Medicine, Yale-New Haven Hospital; Associate Clinical Professor, Yale School of Medicine; and Managing Partner, Endocrine Associates of Connecticut, New Haven, CT. His E-mail address is adam.mayerson@yale.edu.

Illustration by Sarah Riedmann