

POETRY/FICTION

Poems

EXPERTISE

Stirring vanilla pudding,
looking into the pot,
circling, waiting, watching.
Finally the thick finds itself.
Comfort has coalesced.
Liquid begot
solid substance.
So it is as a doctor.
You must dwell,
circle, and see.
Knowledge finds its form.

Solid precipitates,
clarity condenses from
living liquid. Skill sets up
from a rolling boil.
Tempest settles to certainty.
Garnished by mint, confidence
builds its own sweet strength.
Expertise is always different
than its first form.

—Bonnie Raingruber