

**POETRY/FICTION**

Poem

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**AT LEAST**

Awkward.  
She  
does not know,  
she  
is going  
to die.

Don't want  
her  
to live in  
fear.  
Will not  
rip away  
hope.

At least,  
she's  
still  
fighting.  
Makes me  
feel  
good.

Like  
an actor.  
You alienate  
yourself.  
My hands  
are tied.  
It is  
living  
hell.

—Naomi R. Kogan

**Editor's Note:**

This poem was derived from the transcripts of the interviews with the caregivers described in the paper in this issue: The extra burdens patients in denial impose on their family caregivers, by N. R. Kogan, M. Dumas, and R. Cohen. It is a form described as poetic transcription, in which the transcripts are condensed to their essence.