

POETRY/FICTION

Poem

NOT TALKING

His face
suffers.
Making
noises,
when
in pain.
Hard
to breathe?
or
Something?

Just
read
his face.
You
have to guess

Extraordinary man.
Thirty-one years
together.

Don't know
anything
about
him.

Still has
hope.
Gonna
be cured.
That's
the problem.

—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.