

POETRY/FICTION

Poems

THE AMBULATORY SURGERY WAITING ROOM
(ON A FEBRUARY DAY)

Like a Surreal Slumber Party
Impatient patients wait
In paisley patterned gowns
“Property of University Medical Center”
(As if anyone would want to steal them.).

Empty chatter,
The white noise of angst
Fills the Waiting Room with ambivalence
Not unlike the sleet outside the window
Unwilling to commit between rain or snow.

Anticipation and anxiety
Are at the top of their game
As the obligatory background radio
Calls out the sports and weather
And predicts a brilliant snow storm:
“8 inches, maybe a foot or more.”
But most who pace about the room
Think more about malignancies and
Other major mischiefs within the body
That may trick not treat their lives.

And this February,
Niave, knows nothing
About the potent possibilities:
The arduous chemotherapy;
The mandate of multiple meds.

Snow, sudden is
Thankfully slight and brief.
“It was just a scare,” says the radio.
But what of the surgery with
Post-op news soon to be reality?

Yet, beyond the gray day
And beneath the magic masks
Each and every patient will
Recall a sweet, hopeful childhood
As the anesthetic whispers, “Winter”.

—Roger Granet, M.D.

