

Poem

"Type C"

What good comes from talk,
of genetics and
of glycolipids.
In a room absent for
mom or dad.

When words fall on deaf ears
and eyes fixed forward.
A young mind long gone,
unregistering and unable
to comprehend or acknowledge.

Background noises of
hissing oxygen and monitor alarms.
Muffled coughs underscoring
our inability to offer more
than a gentle touch.

Antibiotics delaying an
inevitable end.
Supportive care and
pills for this dimly
lit empty room.

Christopher Lee Bennett

Corresponding to Christopher Bennett, School of Medicine, The University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill NC, 27514, USA; christopher_bennett@med.unc.edu

Competing interests None declared.

Provenance and peer review Not commissioned; externally peer reviewed.



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To cite Bennett CL. *Med Humanit* 2015;**41**:e13.

Med Humanit 2015;**41**:e13. doi:10.1136/medhum-2015-010706