

The inner patient

The dreaded hum of the pager on your thigh,
Shakes your self-belief with each nonchalant nudge...

You take a deep breath,
Put on a brave face and stride to the phone.
The crack in your voice threatens to betray your true emotion,
But you suppress its confession with a cough.
They're all buying it...

"Not to worry, the doctor is here now."
You stand there imagining,
What would this patient think if he knew,
That you were the main audience for your own reassurances?
"I know this is difficult but you'll get through this..."
There are people here to help you—you're not alone...
It'll all be okay; you just need to relax until the morning..."

"Easier said than done!"
A voice replies.
You keep trying but can't get through to him.
No amount of self-prescribed logic seems to help.
He's resistant, non-compliant and unstable.
I suppose doctors really do make the worst patients.

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