

Poem

Mere moments

"I need to talk to you"
 not do you have a moment,
 or when you have a second,
 "we are about to have a code blue"

It's a young woman,
 with a young family,
 stage 4 cancer
 we hoped it was PE, but it's DIC

A day like any other
 Their son still needs to be picked up at school
 Instead we admit her to ICU
 no monitor, no lines, no need
 the unit clerk asks me to specify a diet
 "whatever she wants"
 "So DAT?"

Husband sits by her side
 face worn as his faded jeans
 I write orders for midazolam and dilaudid
 She asks for lemonade

Do they sense the urgency?
 We watch the mottling creep up her neck
 There was no lemonade, just ginger ale
 And a look shared between them I can't forget

I'm not sure they knew
 there were just moments
 it was just moments
 until her last breath of air

No code blue after all
 She was made comfort care

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