

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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