

Poem

Bedside manner

Then there came a time
when my body was set free
by the lost memory
of my mother's loving eyes,
my body set free
to glide high riding
impossibly silent
flowing snowy slopes,
my body set free
to slide skinny
slip-stream strokes through
black and frigid crater lakes.
Set free by a memory
or was it just
wishful thinking
and not a lost memory at all,
not lost like the riding
and sliding.

So now here I lie
convinced that I
am ready to die,
quivering butterfly wings
pinned to crisp white linens.
Here you come now
to my side,
a newborn's cry
meeting mother
eye-to-eye.
What is this gift that
you ask of precious me
like a beggar
kneeling beside my bed
holding my hand
you say
I love you
and I will stay here with you.

Michael J Passmore

Correspondence to Michael J Passmore, Geriatric Psychiatry, University of British Columbia, c/o Mount St. Joseph Hospital, 3080 Prince Edward St, Vancouver, BC, V5T 3N4, Canada; mpassmore@providencehealth.bc.ca

Competing interests None

Provenance and peer review Not commissioned; internally peer reviewed.

To cite Passmore MJ. *Med Humanit* Published Online First: [please include Day Month Year] doi:10.1136/medhum-2017-011232

Med Humanit 2017;0:1. doi:10.1136/medhum-2017-011232



Bedside manner

Michael J Passmore

Med Humanities published online April 27, 2017

Updated information and services can be found at:

<http://mh.bmj.com/content/early/2017/04/27/medhum-2017-011232>

These include:

Email alerting service

Receive free email alerts when new articles cite this article. Sign up in the box at the top right corner of the online article.

Notes

To request permissions go to:

<http://group.bmj.com/group/rights-licensing/permissions>

To order reprints go to:

<http://journals.bmj.com/cgi/reprintform>

To subscribe to BMJ go to:

<http://group.bmj.com/subscribe/>