

POEM

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## Determined

Red ribbons cut by the blissful sliver,  
One of many trying not to quiver,  
A grizzled man with cold dead steel,  
The stain of death closes the seal,

Inky blackness all consuming,  
Only feeling is slowly moving,  
Closer, but just out of reach,  
Light is back, dark thoughts impeach,

Take this hand and we shall see,  
If the lock is lost and we've found the key,  
For all is nought without this grip,  
So squeeze these fingers and pray; don't slip.

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**Competing interests** None declared.

**Provenance and peer review** Not commissioned; internally peer reviewed.

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**To cite** Toffolo DC. *Med Humanit* Published Online First: [please include Day Month Year]. doi:10.1136/medhum-2017-011290  
*Med Humanit* 2017;0:1. doi:10.1136/medhum-2017-011290



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*Med Humanities* published online July 19, 2017

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