Some of my friends

Some of my friends
are becoming concerned.

About lumps where there
were none before.
Some thing which
does not look right.
Their comforts undermined by
pains sharp or dull.
The need to draw breath
into deeper places.

Some are feeling vulnerable.

Their eyes are clouding,
words appearing to dissolve,
sounds soft and muffled.
Some of my friends
need procedures and
further testing.
They will have to
travel to someplace
far and unfamiliar
and wait.

They will try to recall
when sleep came easy.

Now they might have
to be kept overnight,
have blood let by
girls named Betty
Lie beneath beams
which will turn their
skin to rice paper.
All of their functions
will be distilled
to graphs and digits.

Some of my friends
seem to be wearing out.
Their pink becoming grey.
Their tightness loosened.
Some will be told today.

Daniel Thomas Moran

Correspondence to Daniel Thomas Moran, School of Dental Medicine/Department of General Dentistry, Boston University,
100 E. Newton St., Boston, MA 02118, USA; dan@danielthomasmoran.net

Competing interests None.

Contributors DTM is the sole contributor and author and has all rights to this poem.

Provenance and peer review Not commissioned; internally peer reviewed.

Published Online First 23 August 2011

Med Humani 2012;38:e7. doi:10.1136/medhum-2011-010081