

Poem

The Doorstep

As I rushed to greet my faithful friends
A harsh wind stood sentinel,
Nearly preventing their entry
Responsibility, long abroad, alighted on my doorstep
As I held out my hands to Duty and Opportunity
Those rare but welcome friends
Bliss, an old ally, glowed as he entered inside
And in a moment, Truth rang at the door just behind
With Empathy waiting silently at her heels
Once they stood in the hallway, white coats on their hooks
They laughed and whispered in my ear:
Be not frightened, my little dear,
Your ruse is growing quite old
You have found your patients, your life's calling; be bold!

Irina Shklyar

Corresponding to Irina Shklyar, Yale School of Medicine, Internal Medicine, 20 York Street, New Haven, Connecticut 06510, USA; irina.shklyar@yale.edu

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