Poem

Initiation

Today I met her face to face
Her eyes were sullen, her mouth drooped.
My face unshaven, my hair undone.
Her tongue positioned to release the unspoken.
My forehead wrinkled, my brow creased.
Her complexion obscure, her teeth
Almost piercing her paper-thin lip.

A hyoid bone floating magically,
The neck’s triangles precise, thyroid a butterfly,
Left lung poised for a handshake,
The aorta’s pathway to Celiac, Mesenteric, Renal,
The legs, extensors and flexors, origins, insertions—
Beautiful the touch, the cut, the push, the pull—
If only he remembered the face.

Ayol Samuels

Correspondence to Ayol Samuels, Montefiore Medical Center Department of Psychiatry, 3340 Bainbridge Avenue, Bronx, NY 10467, US; ayolsamuels@gmail.com

Competing interests None.

Provenance and peer review Not commissioned; internally peer reviewed.

To cite Samuels A. Med Humanit 2017;43:e2.

Published Online First 15 September 2016

Med Humanit 2017;43:e2. doi:10.1136/medhum-2016-011029