

Poem

Computation Error

Here from my perch
 On the exam room wall,
 I am uniquely positioned
 To document it all.
 My circuits buzz
 Beneath my shiny placard;
 The proud host of the newest
 Electronic medical record.

Your eyes remain
 On the glow of my screen
 While your patient tries
 To be heard and seen.
 She seems to know
 That you exist in two places:
 Half-listening to her,
 Half-filling in blank spaces.

In front of me you sit
 Rapidly clicking.
 At times she waits silent,
 The clock loudly ticking.
 Your patient struggles
 To meet your eyes,
 Which now glazed over,
 Strain at my font size.

She asks a pointed question;
 You finally move to her,
 But my screen glow beckons
 And it is with me you confer.
 I am metal and plastic,
 But even I can see
 That your patient, exasperated
 Regards you quizzically.

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