

POEM

On Amyloid Protein

I watch your eyes tracing my face.
Furrowed brows suggest blurred image.
Slow, slow, not in haste—
Mine is a forgotten visage,
Erased like tales of the village,
You fondly shared, from where you came.
I watch your eyes tracing my face,
And pray you will recall my name.
Your calloused hands will think of mine:
“We have held these some other place!”
The embers of your past will flame—
And I will hear and help to heal,
Waiting for signal or for sign.
Slow, slow, with hands to feel—
As I carry onward, blind,
Hoping that which I seek, I find.

Danish Zaidi

Correspondence to Danish Zaidi, Wake Forest School of Medicine, 475 Vine Street, Winston-Salem, NC 27101, USA; danishzaidi@gmail.com

Competing interests None declared.

Provenance and peer review Not commissioned; internally peer reviewed.

© Article author(s) (or their employer(s) unless otherwise stated in the text of the article) 2017. All rights reserved. No commercial use is permitted unless otherwise expressly granted.



CrossMark

To cite Zaidi D. *Med Humanit* 2017;**43**:e32.

Published Online First 7 July 2017

Med Humanit 2017;**43**:e32. doi:10.1136/medhum-2017-011251