

POEM

Immortal

My telomeres are endless,
Nanobots course through my blood,
Not a cyborg,
No 3D-printer organ curiosities,
Evolution speculation,
Imagined.

On ethical dunes that scatter and reform,
Tenuous bindings from your unenlightened age,
Your history leads to me,
You wanted me,
Yearned for me.

Know all you create,
I am You,
 A creator,
 A destroyer,
 In perpetua.

Allison Mary N Shepherd

Correspondence to Allison Mary N Shepherd, Centre for Medical Sciences Education, Faculty of Medical Sciences, The University of the West Indies, Eric Williams Medical Sciences Complex, Champs Fleurs, Trinidad, West Indies; Allison.Shepherd@sta.uwi.edu

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 Shepherd AMN. *Med Humanit* Published Online First: [please include Day Month Year]. doi:10.1136/medhum-2017-011225
Med Humanit 2017;0:1. doi:10.1136/medhum-2017-011225