

POETRY

What we wear

Yours is long, white, made of good cotton,
Embroidered, with sturdy pockets.
Yours emboldens you, elevates you,
Marks you as a healer within these walls,
Earns you respect outside of them.

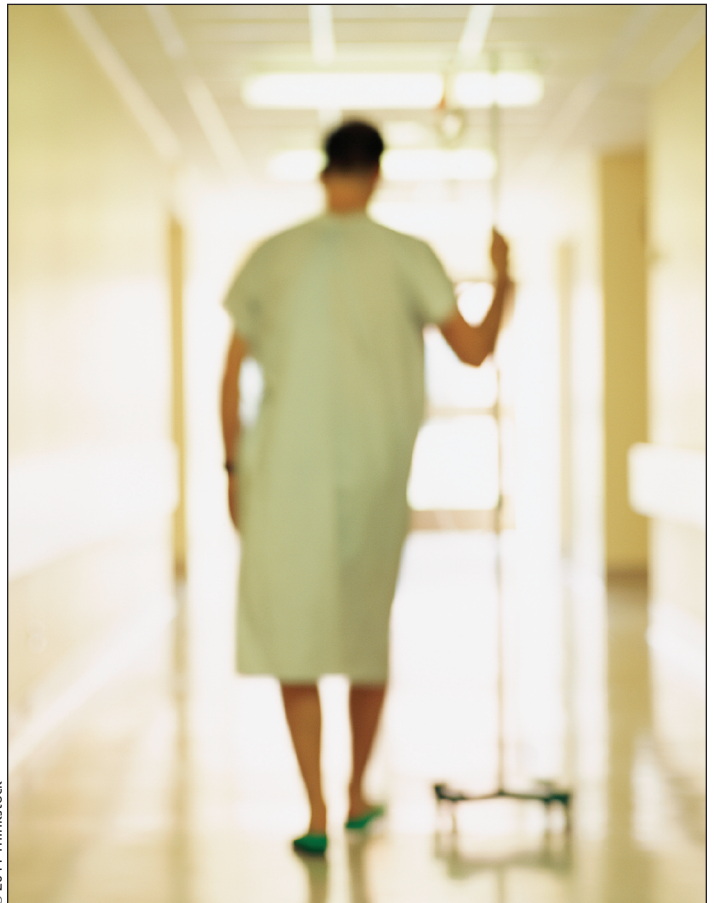
Mine is short, made of coarse material,
Has no pockets, and quite frankly,
Is a little drafty in the back.

Mine reminds me of my illness,
Reminds me that I have given up
My clothes and privacy.
Mine confines me to half of a room,
Tethered to a bed and an IV pole,
Earns me three square **but** miserable meals a day.

Yours gives you responsibility
That seems to burden you sometimes.
But if I may remind you:
Mine marks something
That burdens me all the time.

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