

POETRY

## Words of disclosure

You said it was bad  
 News you had  
 For me, words to help  
 Explain my brother's

"Adverse event,"

Said swiftly, to avoid  
 The heaviness that chased  
 Those words, to blunt  
 The news of his

"Unanticipated outcome,"



Your gaze fleeing  
 Mine, scanning  
 The ground to find  
 Relief from your

"Error,"

With assurance too  
 Thin and sterile to  
 Stop fear from escaping  
 Through your voice.

But I had no  
 Words, no way to hear  
 Your careful reasons  
 For your mistake

When I was stunned  
 By those foreign words, cold  
 Against my chest like the first touch  
 From a searing iron,

Before the questions and even  
 The confusion; cold before  
 The heat tunneled through,  
 drawing out painful breaths.

You said it was bad  
 But I felt worse,

That despite those words, I couldn't  
 Feel your regret, your  
 Humanity beside mine,  
 Afraid of the moment, but present;

That you disclosed  
 And informed, even  
 Discussed the details,  
 Without "sorry,"

That by your words, I felt  
 Boxed in and stranded,  
 With you in that room, but still  
 Alone.

**Joshua Liao MD**  
 Baylor College of Medicine  
 Houston, Tex.

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