My pancreas plays whimsy.
CEO of hospitals I have been, yet
I am a servant to nature's follies.
In preoperative imaging
My pancreas etches toward my liver.
"Liver metastasis, indeterminate."
From black and white
They carve gray
Gamma knife surgery is my—no,

Was
My Pis Aller.
Was it not Yeats who said—“For everything
That's lovely is but a brief, dreamy, kind delight?”
It is so of my own life, now.
The skylark comes
With shimmering, tinsel eyes
Her crippled, arabesque wings and
Turquoise sinews
Wrap me in a hyggeligt embrace.

—Kunal Kapoor, MD

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