In this city of lawyers he finds himself held without charge, a prisoner of a totalitarian state of debilitating and unexplained signs and symptoms. 

*I don’t know how much longer I can hold on*, he confides at our initial meeting from the confines of his chair, solitary through illness, an aide standing by the door.

*Part of the torture comes from not having a name for this.*

And so, wearing my white coat like a barrister’s white wig I begin to assemble his case for scientific review—subpoena outside records, consult with colleagues, perform warranted searches of his body and his blood, translate his deposition of pertinent positives and pertinent negatives into a differential—all the while aware his day of justice may never come.

Adam Possner, MD