

ICU family meeting

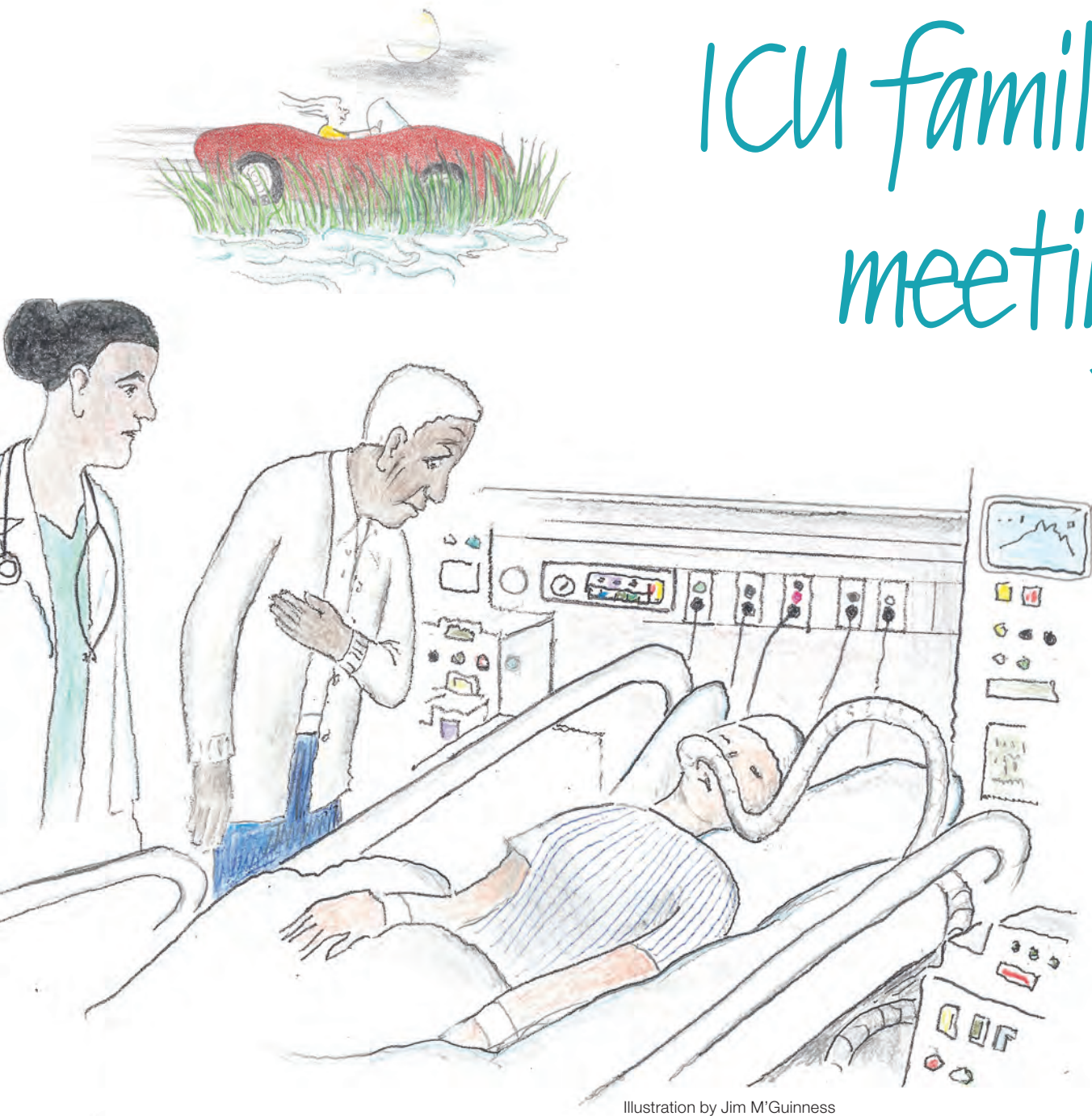


Illustration by Jim M'Guinness

After my sermon
About the limits of human reason,
Suffering, futility, and shared sorrow
Our breaths drew with a catch.
Bent and shaking,
With a leathered face that had known war,
Her husband spoke with gravel in his voice.

I remember

When we were young
In love in Lafayette

She was a wild woman
Who said that cruising her red convertible at speed
In the thick roux of bayou air
Under a naked sky with a full moon
Must be like flying for a hawk,
And it tasted best with your eyes closed, screaming,
Even with the occasional detour
Over the weeds and through the cattails
Sloshing the shallow silver surface of the crescent river.

She wouldn't want this.

—Brian W. Christman, MD