



## POEM

## Postscript

All afternoon she lay, silent and quiet,  
 her eyes shut.  
 By evening the visitors started to leave,  
 And I was on the brink of going too,  
 But I did return, and whispered into her ear,  
 not expecting a reply  
 A tender farewell  
 "Good-night, my darling. We will see you tomorrow"  
 And she replied,  
 "Good-night my darling. I hope to see you tomorrow, too"

I cannot forget those words  
 Whispered in *that* voice I loved so much  
 Which meant she was still alive, and hoping.  
 But alas, she went into a coma soon after  
 And there was not to be another tomorrow for her  
 Nor would I see her look for me then,  
 Nor ever again, in this life.

**Frank Irwin Jackson MD**

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This poem is dedicated to the memory of the author's wife, Leoné Jackson MD.  
 The author's poetry is gathered into three volumes including, most recently, *Leoné, Sagas of the Red Canary, and other poems* (2009).

often in the name of the righteousness — I wanted a word of comment from Nuland about this physician's motivation and felt the omission deeply. But maybe I am being too harsh. Maybe this wasn't an act of medical torture after all, just another tale. Still, I like to think that even in Canterbury they can tell the difference between the board certified and the water board certified.

Let's end with the summation of wisdom from "The Medical Student's Tale." "Three days later, the dressings were discontinued and I lost my status as an avenging angel. But it was a great ride while it lasted."

Actually, maybe it wasn't such a great ride. If this is the soul of medicine, let me be bereft.

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Dr. Durcan is the author of two books of fiction, *Garcia's Heart* (2007) and *A Short Journey by Car* (2004). He is currently completing his next novel.

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