



Taking count

A.C. Swan MD

A daily habit.
I'm passing it off as work.
Perhaps just nosy.

Feel guilty about the break.

Reading the obits.
Searching through all the faces.
Cancel their visits.

Feel guilty for the spare time.

Scan through the info.
Wishing they all had pictures.
Are they familiar?

Feel guilty I can't recall.

But I know some names,
Ones I have been watching for.
I sigh with relief.

Feel guilty I just did that.

Did they leave quickly?
Was it peaceful at the end?
Did they want me close?

Feel guilty I wasn't there.

Did we do enough?
Were they angry with all this?
Did they mention thanks?

Feel guilty I looked for that.

There is a picture.
Never knew they looked that good
Before the cancer.

Feel guilty they were so spent.

Some had unknown skills,
So I smile about their gifts.
I am proud of them.

Feel guilty I never knew.

Some are very long.
I stopped reading at "great, greats."
No real content there.

Feel guilty I critiqued that.

Some are just like me.
Wonder how long I'll make it.
So what will mine say?

Feel guilty I'm self-absorbed.

Seems they go in groups.
How many were there this week?
Are we failing them?

Feel guilty for taking count.

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