

Nothing More

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When there are no further treatments to offer
Nothing beyond the third or fourth line
The algorithms have run dry
No tablets or capsules, nothing left to run through veins
Empty bottles bear witness to all that was tried

Once the stethoscope cannot declare further truths
And vitals become values without worth
Examinations yield no solutions
There are frayed edges in the weave of our collective knowledge
We may play God but there are limits

When the body has been jabbed, weighed, gauged and leveled
The scrutiny turns inward
Guilt lies as a weighty cloak when no answers are found
Still, your children's faces turn toward me, as flowers to the sun

When I can do nothing else
That is precisely what I do, caring in the absence of treatment
There is mercy and compassion in stillness, in calm
Beauty can blossom in the pause of the battle
There are no words so I make room for silence
A touch, a hand Human reverence for a fellow man

Though the slip of power is a heavy burden
Acceptance opens many doors
Peace is granted to us both as we release our grips
Yours on life, mine on guilt
And through last breaths and wishes
Humbly,
I will remain still to honor your vanishing whisper