



East Side King

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Preface

This poem pays tribute to Dr Leo King Edwards, a primary care physician. He practices on the East Side of San Antonio serving the African American community. I had the privilege of working alongside him during one of my clinical rotations as a medical student.

To all physicians: may you know that someone is watching, learning, and incorporating pieces of you into their own lives and their own practice. For every student you have mentored, by the way that you care, you are partaking in the healing of their patients too.

The sun rises on the East Side
Your people with bullet wounds and teary eyes
Moving mountains across blue skies
Making others' wrongs right

Deemed a riot but you lead this march
A doctor of men not mice
A hoodie you wore not a coat of white
To be their voice and their might

Tending to the black and blue
By your touch, restored anew
Like church bells on a Sunday
Your laughter rings in each room

Hospital hallways and house calls
Long drives and art on the walls
Good mornings and "How do"
"Kool as Moe" when you're through

Lub-dub Lub-dub, breathe in and hold
Listening to hearts beat and lungs breathe
Moved by your stories that taught me
Hoping all that you are, I will be

They said, "Go back to the Jungle"
You said, "I have a Dream"
They once called you a Lion
They now call you The King

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