



March 2020–March 2021, Seattle

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In a year out of time,
you and I measured week by week.

In March, the virus was a wave poised
and you were the tiny oval
on the after-hours ultrasound.
A secret I wrapped in an isolation gown
and carried into negative pressure rooms,
until you gave me a crash course
on what I would ask of myself
and others
to protect you.
We retreated to a virtual fortress.

In August, I sweat through my mask.
You kicked me up the mountain trail
and squirmed as I swam in the bowl of snow melt at the top.
The world had pressed pause on hurrahs
but I wanted my last one,
to be more than a voice on the phone.

In October, labor pushed us both underwater,
fast and unceasing, unceasing
until
blessedly,
it ceased.
We took a breath,

And now it is March again, and I am back in the yellow isolation gown.
You are waiting for me at home, a sleepless peace.
The wave is still crashing,
but we are swimming, together
we are swimming.

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