

Poetry and Fiction

Post-Mortem Intubation

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Life is over Class has begun Note the landmarks as we proceed Pay attention young doctors Approach The bed. The path to Salvation snakes through the Gates Of the Recently Dead

No no no, you're holding it wrong
The stylette fits thus Put your
Left hand here Are the curtains all
Drawn? Try it again and try it again
It's meet and proper for rites to rehearse
On subjects who do not dissent.

The ticket to life is shrouded in Practice The rights of the dead Are ours to dissect.

If one doesn't refuse who are we To deny the Gift of Teaching A starring role? Check the blade

Check the light A laryngoscope with a Dead light leaves one cold
Try it again Do you see your mistake?
Don't be bashful It often takes
Three or four times to

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get it right.

A mistake on the dead is not a mistake

A mistake on the dead is a break
For the living Do you all see the cords?
The epiglottis? There shouldn't be anyone
Here among us Who hasn't intubated
This man just once. Any questions? Has everyone gone?
Don't be bashful The next time's for real

Watch me do it Then you do it
Now's the time to work out your fears No muss
No fuss No pressure No pain
This body can't feel
HE would have wanted
Your practice behind you
HE'd have agreed
Had we but asked him.

Give it your best shot. You can't hurt the dead.

Next time - chest tubes.

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