



Some stutters remain lost, nameless

Abha Salwan

3rd year medical student, Kasturba Medical College, Mangalore

Corresponding Author:

Abha Salwan,
KMC, 203, Light House Hill Rd,
Hampankatta, Mangalore, Karnataka 575001
Email: abhasalwan at gmail dot com

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Haryax Pathak, MBBS
Former Intern
Pramukh Swami Medical College,
Karamsad, Gujarat

The tunnel vision has been a last resort,
and on most days, it actually helps.
Not a flicker away from one's jaundiced eyes,
not a whisper to drown out another's painful gasp.
I am learning to push against the void
in the only way I have come to know
but still don't understand.

My hands work with a deliberate dexterity,
borrowed from a dream I once had --
Sometimes, I can see thin strands of sharp
gossamer swooping from each corner of the
hospital ward and cutting into my fingers
that are not allowed to tremble.
Not allowed to bleed.

I am learning to seal the seams of my lips
and pull apart my head by the scalp
in a way that assures them that I'm fine;
to pretend that the healer doesn't need healing
in a manner reminiscent of Frost when he
talked of being one acquainted with the night,
but with a smile that hides my bitten tongue.

The tunnel vision has been a last resort
and on most days, it can make me forget
the impending abyss of a faceless phantom.
Not a faint moment's lapse to say that
maybe some whimpers tend to remain lost.
Maybe some chasms eventually give in.
Maybe some cries go on unheard.

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