



Ode to the heart

Swapnil Paralikar, MBBS, MD (Physiology), FAIMER Fellow (CMC Ludhiana)

Associate Professor, Department of Physiology, & Member - Medical Education Unit, Government Medical College, Bhavnagar

Corresponding Author:

Dr. Swapnil Paralikar
Associate Professor,
Department of Physiology,
Government Medical College, Bhavnagar
Email: drsparalikar at gmail dot com

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I love the way
you lie ensconced,
comfortable, though within a cage;
your actions are selfless,
devotion single-minded.

I love your design,
so simple,
yet so precise;
galloping incessantly,
you are always on time.

I love your poetry,
the signal from your battery
that courses through cables;
a beautiful machine,
elegant, and able.

I love your mystic melody,
played by channels like 'funny';
keeping pitch and tune,
you orchestrate the ions,
out and in.

I love your eternal lust,
for precious calcium;
playing hide and seek,
leaving enough in abeyance,
for another occasion.

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I love your synchronous rhythm,
like the cadence of horses galloping;
the opening and closing
of the valves
with an equestrian's precision.

I love the powerful pump you are,
using your chambers
to generate a life force;
urging the blood to traverse
the entire course.

I love the way you regulate
the vascular pressure;
you make redundant saviours,
showcasing the Comroe principle
in full splendour.

I love your courtesy,
how you politely enable
baroreceptors and renin
to rein
you in.

I love the way,
you relentlessly toil;
like a child of the soil,
who battles perennial
floods and famine.

I love your instinct for survival
against your own follies,
and against sapiens' eternal enemies
- fat and sugar -
the harbingers of all misery.

I love your faithfulness,
to me and to others;
you are vulnerable,
yet so reliable;
a true mate always!
