

Poetry

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Informed consent

Ganesh Singh Dharmshaktu, MS

Associate Professor, Department of Orthopaedics, Government Medical College, Haldwani, Uttarakhand

Corresponding Author:

Dr. Ganesh Singh Dharmshaktu Department of orthopaedics Government Medical College Haldwani (Uttarakhand)

Email: drganeshortho at gmail dot com

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I stare at the printed page. The letters stare back at me.

The words grow tall with 3-D fonts, and become a maze for a game of Hide and Seek; Doubt tangles with Dare and Hope with Despair.

The printed form is adorned in secrets. Hidden between the lines are frightening 'ifs' and 'buts'. And then there are 'cons'... they weigh heavily on the seemingly feather-light 'pros'.

Even a comma
or a full stop,
shouts for attention,
while blank spaces
-Diabolicalgoad one to imagine
an uncertain future
that fills one with fear of the unknown.

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As the theatre opens for the show, luminescent lights become benevolent halos. The eyes blink, bedazzled, but a path becomes clear... It is time for a leap of faith.

I place my pen over the dotted line, and sign ...a treaty ...a power of attorney Or mere formality?

As the ink dries I hope... just as the power above guides the pen, so also will it guide the scalpel and secure my destiny.

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