



Muted ultrasound

Ruchika Patra, MBBS

Medical Graduate, All India Institute of Medical Sciences, Bhubaneswar, Odisha.

Corresponding Author:

Dr Ruchika Patra,
All India Institute of Medical Sciences, Bhubaneswar,
Sijua, Patrapada, Odisha - 751019, India.
Email: patraruchika605 at gmail dot com

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And there she was, a bright luminosity
against the stark black of the sky that enveloped her,
floating gleefully as far as the sonogram could see,
brushing now and again against the wall of a quiet womb.

My hands steadied and set the probe to motion.
She caused the screen to flicker to life. All at once,
a spine that curved into a smooth smile,
and a heart that beat rather ferociously;
hands and feet so tiny, yet seemingly armed
to bolster her against the weight of the world.

And inside her beautiful world, I lost myself,
while her parents looked up at me, expectantly,
pinning their hope on my helpless hands, wishing
I was a magician, and the probe, my wand,
that could create a mass of flesh between her legs.

I could read their minds, eyes that screamed as if asking,
"What is the baby?" rather than "How is my child?"

But I answer only the latter;
for the rest, I meet them with dead silence,
lips pursed, my eyes not mirroring sentiment,
my face not emoting feeling, no intensity.
My silence might not win a war today,
but someday, it shall quieten every referral made in a whisper,
it shall stop another life from being reduced to a prescription,
one written to end it.

My ultrasound shall not allow another unborn daughter to melt
into a serial number, rather than grow into a name.

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When the machine turns down today,
I shall hold onto my silence,
and I will promise the little girl I just saw...
Justice.

Justice, in a world that is going to be unjust to her
from the moment she steps into it.
I hear it is a sin to be born a daughter
in a society that worships a Goddess
but feeds her to the dogs when a goddess is born to them.

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