



Code blue

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The call of a code blue—the harbinger of cardiac or respiratory emergency—rings through the ears with solemn urgency. What one will find in the end is uncertain: if it ends in loss and lamentation, perhaps wishing for something better is all one can do to quell the grief.

Wishes

I wish
the bag inflating your lungs
is wind to your sails
as you leave this place
unencumbered by rubber tubing

I wish
the heat from the metal paddles
melts the ink of your gang's tattoo
so it might be used
to write letters
to those who never lost faith in you

I wish
through these chest compressions
I can touch your heart
hold it for your mother
weeping on the other side
of this pale green curtain

I wish
the coursing epinephrine
gives life to the butterflies in your brain
so they might fly to her
through your open eyes and whisper

I wish
beads of sweat
would fall from those
who laboured to save you
and wash away your wounds
so that your casket
might remain open

Dr Arora is a poet and family physician in Burnaby, BC.

Competing interests
None declared

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