



I imagine, I hope

Sue King RN MTS

I sit listening to memories
I imagine them here,
I hope for their presence.

The absence of little feet and chatter as they play in the
Baby Shark tent
or kick balls across the alphabet mat, leaves a
silence and
I am grasping to remember those days

I imagine them here,
I hope for their presence.

This empty clinic,
lit by late sun rays and not the light that twinkled
in their eyes when they played,
is dank and dark
lacking the balance of joy and imagination.
How did I ever wish for a moment that their distraction
would settle into silence and they would
quieten themselves?

I imagine them here,
I hope for their presence.

For indeed I know it is their absence,
the children in our office,
I miss most.
They balanced my need to organize,
logicize
and my endless pursuit to get things done.

I imagine them here,
I hope for their presence.

Their little faces, cries of delight or sometimes
fear of the doctor
were welcome disruptions that called my attention
To stop
To interact
Become a child with them in play
or engage them in this place we had created as “safe”
Safe?

Empty space, you have lost your centre and your breath.
Voices and faces seen only on screen
A suitable option, a reasonable fix—virtual care
for now, because
You have lost your purpose, your future, and past
in the emptiness of now
until the children return.
For they are indeed the balance
of light to dark,
mundanity to JOY

So, I leave
I shut the lights, close the door, almost ...
I look back
To our empty space.

I imagine them here,
I hope for their presence.

Sue King is a clinic coordinator at a pediatric neurology clinic in New Brunswick.

Competing interests
None declared

Can Fam Physician 2022;68:528. DOI: 10.46747/cfp.6807528

