

## Night Shifts

Salvator Vicario MD<sup>1</sup>

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Affiliations: <sup>1</sup>University of Louisville, Department of Emergency Medicine

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Full moon arises  
Above the setting sun  
Signaling time to  
Make haste  
Racing against the clock  
Ticking in rhyme to  
"Morrrows chime"

From the pit a fellow bellows  
Writhing a moan  
Beckoning relief from  
Colic and stone  
Tumbling toward pelvic abyss  
Yearning to wrest in the  
Hold of opiate bliss

The radio shrills "a wreck"  
Prompting "the rush" to  
Trauma bay where  
Ready are the wares  
Daring to snare light from night  
Probing to start  
One youthful heart

Another call!  
"Too many pills"  
Adolescent jest?  
Time to lavage? Intubate? Catharse?  
Adsorbing bitter fragments to pass  
Darkened with grit  
Synching a rhythm alone this night  
Exercising demons with our rite

The soul weakens as  
Fading body slumps  
Against familiar whispers  
Continue!! Awake!! No time for  
Nodding heads, glazed eyes or slugged memories  
Hearing doors fling open to a mother  
Clutching her pale limp infant

Intubate! Ventilate!! Cannulate!!!  
Defibrillate!!! Palpate?!? Reanimate!?  
Too late to shock this night's fate  
Save to awaken reposing spirits whilst  
Blinding the dreams of nocturnal warriors  
Searching for darkness at dawn  
Slumbering in the wake  
Another night to break.

\*Correspondence To: Sal Vicario  
Email: salvicario@icloud.com