Night Shifts
Salvator Vicario MD

Full moon arises
Above the setting sun
Signaling time to
Make haste
Racing against the clock
Ticking in rhyme to
“Morrows 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? Catharses?
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.

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Submission Date: December 9, 2019
Accepted Date: December 13, 2019
Publication Date: December 16, 2019

DOI: 10.18297/jwellness/vol1/iss1/9
Website: https://ir.library.louisville.edu/jwellness/
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Recommended Citation: Vicario, Salvator (2019) “Night Shifts,” Journal of