



Mystique

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Artist: Shubham Arora

Poet's note: The poem - an ekphrasis - was inspired by this artwork published in RHIME a few weeks ago.[1]

My scrubs are identical;
and my degrees, typically
lined in wooden frames,
better than most. They say -
"The best become surgeons!"
I have lived so far as a
"Standard Operating Procedure".

Long before seeing people,
I viewed bodies as structures
- to me it made sense -
symmetry and balance;
only poets talk "essence".

Yet, trapped in a structure
that did not conform,
my leg and my body
defied the norm.
Who needed fixing?
Me or my surroundings?

I often felt it wasn't
any crucifix -
the prosthesis
wasn't just an aid
but an extension
to what lay ahead.

I made it a tool,
and not just to walk -
I needed no support
to stand up and stand apart -
so I made it a lens
through which to see the pain,
to look closely at people
and not just at statistics.

If I sometimes sit
during long surgeries,
it's less often from fatigue
and more out of incredulity
at being able to "see" the people
not merely their bodies,
like I learned to see mine
and I bow in awe
to the mystique
and the fascinating diversity.

Reference

<p>Arora S. Blades and Braces. RHiME. 2019;60:81. Available from: https://www.rhime.in/ojs/index.php/rhime/article/view/242</p>
