



I have graduated

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I have Graduated
From MBBS to MD.

I have Graduated from wanting to Escape Poetry
To finding an Escape in it,
From learning the Science of the Human Body
To embracing the Art in Humanities,
From being a “vulnerable subject”
To finally having the ability to Protect one,
From the scars that Scared me into seclusion
To the scars that give me Strength to soar high,
From giving Vivas praying for a hint from the teacher
To being that teacher who gives all the hints and even the answers,
From carrying a blue pen to a Red one,
From sharing a cabin to owning a cabin,
From excelling at Exams to excelling in Excel,
From running around to get my journal checked
To running around checking exam papers,
From accidentally signing in the supervisors’ signature
To accidentally signing in the students’,
From dreading exams to dreading exam duties,
From not being able to implement or coordinate most things
To becoming an Implementation Coordinator for a few things,
From never having sewn a button
To successfully tying tissue in Bioassay experiments,
From looking for masks for COVID
To finding masks for better hair,
From considering Zaleplon
To consuming Chamomile,
From sleeping in Personal Protective Equipment (PPE) kit
To sleeping in Kurtis and Sarees,
From sleeping on Empty patient cots
To sleeping in Empty libraries,
From caring for patients
To crying for them and their families,

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From a Doctor

To a Teacher Doctor, Research Doctor and finally even a Family Doctor
(at least to my friends and family),
From MBBS to MD.

From being an Introvert to an Otovert,
From avoiding social groups
To feeling grateful for having many I can belong to,
From wanting various virtual experiences
To appreciating the IRL (In Real Life) ones,
From feeling withdrawn from the world
To almost suffering from a withdrawal syndrome without it,
From compulsively pleasing people
To surprisingly finding them pleasant,
From feeling like a Kid all the time
To taking care of one some of the time,
From pretending to sign my Autograph as a kid a hundred times
To signing my name as a Teacher over a thousand times,
From growing up to being a Grown-Up who doesn't need any more growing
according to the world,
From hectic days full of "Herculean tasks"
To days mildly sprinkled with "Sisyphean tasks",
From an Existential crisis to a Quarter-life crisis,
From wanting a Passionate career
To just needing a Peaceful job,
From never wanting any Gold in life (except in a Kintsugi workshop)
To actually winning a Gold Medal,
From First Class to First Class with Distinction,
From MBBS to MD.

From always being told exactly what to do
To being able to do whatever I like
(Although I haven't figured out what that is yet),
From Obeying others blindly to Obeying myself hesitantly,
This Autonomy has a heavy price,
I wonder often, is it worth paying?
With endless nights of exam preparations,
With weekends filled with 12 hours a day "Extra" classes,
With tears shed on exam preponements And postponements,
With youthful years spent around Death and Disease,
With 9 Scars and counting,
With 12 Kilograms "lost and found" during the Residency years
(even in a paraclinical one),
With gap years spent not gallivanting through Europe, feeling like a NEET
(Japanese short form for somebody who is Not in Education, Employment or
Training)
With possibilities of love sacrificed and even the idea of it sidelined,
All in the name of a degree that supposedly earns me a social standing,
The much-coveted financial security,
And a dent (albeit a small one) on the huge chip on my shoulder,

I have graduated
From MBBS to MD,
And I don't know where to go from here.