Sapphire Blew

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I trusted and defended you and now you stand before me
With angry, questioning eyes
Eyes so full of hate

The flush of blood invading my cheeks betrays the outer confidence I try to invoke

“Sapphire, let me get someone who can help you”
I am just a medical student—
LET ME GET THE HELL OUT OF THIS ROOM!!

Before you can finish berating me, I open the door
You and your stroller propel past me
And barely miss my toes

My heart is racing.

I just survived my first angry patient
My aversion to conflict has been challenged

I’m glad to have gone through this as a 2nd year medical student
Grateful to start the indoctrination process early

H O W E V E R…

Part of me wonders if she’ll come after me,
As I’ve just become the target of all her frustrations

Boy, am I glad to have a house alarm.

When I speak to experienced medical professionals it seems like

N O B I G D E A L —

…the just part of the job

Bizarre patient encounters make me question this.