

## **Sedated**

The air moves acridly  
through hospital halls,  
debauched by sickness  
and disease

as dna turns bestial  
suspended in the wings  
like fog

an invisible fog

and from a distance  
some say flowers  
children bring by day  
can sometimes best the odors  
during midnight rounds

when seamlessly  
moonlight and morphine  
mix a perfume so sublime  
that patients have been known  
to wander through  
the wonder lust of time

exchanging cotton gowns  
and blankets for shiny satin  
with blue sheen

ah, the sweet delirium of dream

all this before the dawn advances  
charging bareback  
through the morning light  
lifting patients' eyelids slowly  
to a vastly different sight

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## **Broken Deck**

The medicine cards  
bring little comfort  
to the chilly room  
this moon

tonight the winter  
dominates the bear,  
the raven, and the elk

but not the grizzly tumor  
growing within

wolf wonders aloud  
at the timid turns  
your hands make  
arranging the arc

gone are the days  
when the cards  
called you  
to a curious place  
and quieted  
the noise  
within  
your  
soul

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**Broken Deck was written while Theresa Wyatt was teaching on the Seneca Nation of Indian Reservation in New York. During this period she was exposed to various cultural and spiritual beliefs through her students. She was inspired by the high regard and symbolism in Native culture for the animal kingdom in general. In particular, she found the idea that animals can relay healing messages striking. In this poem, Theresa wrestles with this concept through her own self doubt.**

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## Reflections in the MRI

I don't claim  
to know much about medicine  
but I do remember the timbre  
of the injured loon out on mirror lake last year  
with its high screeching sounds crying out  
for the big rescue that never came.

And I don't claim  
to know much about magnetic resonance either,  
but the harmonium between the Carolina wren  
and the wood thrush finds its way into my senses  
every time I lie here, so tunnelized and still,  
with countless banging, metal sounds  
knocking at my head, as if begging for  
a deeper listen like the helpless loon.

And no, I don't claim  
to know much about a lot of things,  
but I do realize while lying here  
that this mind of mine once housed some  
brilliant dreams, much like that visitor  
out on mirror lake, and as I close my eyes  
and conjure the Reverie of Debussy,  
I know I'll soon be rolled out safely  
and for today, at least, stand taller  
than the loon.

The author gratefully acknowledges that the poem, *Reflections in the Mri*, first appeared in the Fall Issue, 2007 of Blood and Thunder: Musings on the Art of Medicine, The University of Oklahoma College of Medicine.

Author Bio: After receiving a diagnosis of Neurofibromatosis 2, Theresa Wyatt, a retired teacher and former visual artist, returned to writing as an alternative form of creative self expression. Her work has appeared most recently in Kaleidoscope, Blood and Thunder, and The Healing Muse.