

The Good Doctor

The good doctor's
famous mustache and bow-tie
quivered with every sorrow
and every joy.

His empathy was such that
he lost and gained organs
after his patients' transplants,
felt every bloody nose
and broken ankle.

When Melanie Chen went blind due to the diabetes,
he had to learn to read some braille too.
When Annie Pensew lost her leg to flesh-eating bacteria,
he couldn't walk for a week.
One night, the doctor passed out
because he felt his neighbor's cardiac arrest
in his own rib cage.

The good doctor was Atlas,
happily holding the entire globe
with his aged self.
He was the naked Adam,
shameless in his Eden,
biting everything but the apple.

Unlike other doctors, he never did learn of
shame and self and submission:
he never thrust the globe off his shoulders;
he never relaxed under the
Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil.

Instead, after seeing his last patient one autumn day,
this good doctor,
his fragmented soul holding
a scrap metal heap
of his patients' broken
dreams and love songs,
exploded.

You can make out a divine
kind of insanity in the remains.

Author Bio:

Aaditya Shidham was born in the foothills of northern India, then moved to Arar, Saudi Arabia, New York City, Milwaukee, WI and Columbus, OH. He currently is a sophomore at Stanford University studying computer science and biology. He has been fascinated by poetry ever since he was a sophomore in high school.