

Difficult

The elderly woman, bound to wheelchair, confused
Surrounded by suffocating walls
Murmuring in another language
The smiling, teenage boy, antsy
Sleeves hiding scars bound by stitches
They called him entitled
The agitated, anxious mother
Bewildered by the illness of her beloved son
Annoying, they called her
They called them all
“Difficult”
Only ever behind them
Never before them
Perhaps the uneaten meals
Or the sleepless nights
Or the flood of footsteps
Or the shrillness of sirens
Blur, then
Numb
We have forgotten
Oh, how we forget!
That medicine was meant to be
Difficult
That patients are not
“Difficult”
But
Suffering

Tina Guo
Cumming School of Medicine
Class of 2020