

## Reflective Poem

Afternoon sunlight streaming through the window of the side room.  
Bathing, smiling on the now empty bed - made new again by the staff.  
A moment of respect, imprints of a human life hang in the air like an  
afterglow.

I pause and think of Mr. M, a man who I knew for a matter of hours.  
I did not know his history - medical, but also personal.  
I think about who he was - perhaps he had similarities to one of my  
grandfathers.

He has family - they weep, of course, confusion and shock among their  
emotions.

They knew it was coming they said, but can one really prepare for losing  
a loved one?

I'm filling out the cremation form,  
Q3- what was the patients occupation?  
I don't know, nor do his notes.  
Shame - perhaps I would have caught a glimpse of the man outside of  
hospital.  
As a doctor I receive money for doing this - how will I use it?  
Charitably seems the only right thing to do.

Perhaps on the other side of the hospital this was the birthday of a  
newborn.  
The cycle of life rolls on.

Mr. M RIP

*Dr Oliver Giles F1*