

Box 3

A poem written at a Doctoring to Heal session on “balance”

My body aches,
My thoughts scatter,
My back hurts,
My stomach aches.
When I'm asked how my mother is
I don't know.
I leave patients when they clearly need to talk.
I keep looking in the fridge.
I feel jittery.
I don't cry when it's sad.
I'm feeling all gummed-up.
I get angry with my cat.
I feel like I'm rattling around on a day off.
I don't know what to do.
I'm exhausted. I feel I can do nothing to right the balance.
I have let go of any semblance of a spiritual life.
I'm worried/anxious about what has been and what's next
Unable to be where I am.
I forget things.

Catherine McLean

West J Med. 2001 January; 174(1): 66–69.

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