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## Wednesday Night

*Liana K. Meffert*

Her daughter was elbow deep in  
    bathtub suds or dish soap bubbles  
the evening grandma took a tight  
    angle with her walker,  
one grandpa couldn't catch,  
    you can tell  
he's sad he couldn't catch  
    her, couldn't even drive her  
to the hospital (can't see  
    at night with cataracts)  
the moon beaming its waning grin  
    on the dashboard  
oh, mother/lover, CT scanner, yes,  
    to the consents, the procedure,  
what procedure, please, call us in the morning  
    *mom, they'll take good care of you,*  
the things we tell ourselves.

It's harder to stay,  
    no, it's hardest to leave.

A list of bones not broken:  
you don't need to know much  
    to know pain, dedicated bedmate when  
what's left is a dream the body  
    can't hold, it's just  
a skin with four walls  
    holding back blood, red water  
so fine it blooms a field of flowers  
    netted by fine veins,  
her maw mimics a hungry infant's

suckle as the morphine drips:  
she closes her eyes when  
the pain stops.

### **About the Poet**

**Liana K. Meffert** is an emergency medicine physician-resident at Medstar Georgetown/Washington Hospital Center. Her awards include Stanford's Irvin David Yalom Literary Award, University of Iowa's Carol A. Bowman Creative Writing Award, the F. Sean Hodge Prize for Poetry in Medicine, and the Robert D. Sparks Essay Contest. Her writing has been featured in U.S. News & World Report, Medscape, The Examined Life, JAMA, The Healing Muse, and SWWIM, among others. All views expressed are her own. Website: [Lianameffert.com](http://Lianameffert.com) . Email: [liana-meffert@uiowa.edu](mailto:liana-meffert@uiowa.edu)