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Through Me A Poem for Anatomical Donors

Kayla Pavlick

I was raised to think before I speak,
And to always try and turn the other cheek.
To say, “Yes, ma’am” and “No, sir,” “Please” and “Thank you.”

But how can I thank you for the decision you made?
Without knowing me, yourself is what you gave.
You gave your entire being, your existence, your flesh and bone;
Everything you had lost and everything you had grown,
To make me a better teacher, human, and friend.
To let me learn to heal and be the one who can help someone mend.

I wish you could know exactly how much it means to me
The gift you gave, to allow me to see
Who we are and what we become,
The remaining scars of what cannot be undone.

I wish I knew how many souls you loved and lives you transformed,
And then it hits me suddenly and consumes me like a raging storm,
This overwhelming surge of emotion; wonder, reverence, gratitude,
and elation.

I am filled with purpose, vision, and inspiration.
Because I realize you are not finished changing hearts and touching
souls.

Through me, your gift will have an effect ten-thousand-fold.

This is how I can thank you for the decision you made.

About the Author

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