Brain Mets | Nina F. Schor, MD, PhD

A poem in three voices

Part 1: Patient

The circus has run out of smiles today.
The trapeze artist hangs by his shoelaces
Hoping the fall will be quick
When it comes.
You do not need to know all of this,
You, audience, viewing from afar
The act.
The farce.
The lies, the trickphotographics, the men dressed as women, the
Inside of me.
All rise for the tree with the wig who
Refuses to give in to baldness when winter has come.
Cigarettes for the man who cries each night
Through a hole at the base of his neck.
For he is an actor by day and cannot escape.

Part 2: Nurse

You cannot quote death rate statistics to singles,
She said. And pulled the white sheet over one who was not quite
Yet. You make them lose hope,
She said. And sometimes one lives, and where are you then? Embarrassed,
She said. And
Wrong.

Part 3: Administration

Who is the woman who sent in the
Nightingale, set them all voiceless to mimic the
Songbird, thinking them deaf
Anyway. They never will know how they all do not sound.
And no one will tell her, afraid she will die of belonging to
Them.
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