## POETRY AND MEDICINE



Are the days of the personal physician numbered? Will the patient of the future simply type in his complaints, submit his blood to an analytic chip and expose his organs to ultrasound and X-ray? Will his diagnosis and treatment be delivered by machine or the machine's human mouthpiece? Perhaps. Driven by "efficiency," drive-through-super-high-tech medicine will be one possible tomorrow. But the variety show of human experiences — only some of which we construe as symptoms — will likely defy satisfying computerized analysis. And the innate need for connection will not go away, particularly when pain and dread are involved.

In this day of brassy press releases
Touting nuclear scans and gene sequencing,
There remains an ancient, quiet communion
Between doctors and patients.
In an act part ritual and part practical,
They unclothe themselves as before no one else
And we touch them. We lay our hands on their
Bodies: trembling, tender, blistered, broken.
Defenseless and confessional, they speak
The vulnerable truth on the other side of nakedness.

Here's how I explain it to the medical students:
Not cold-blooded like a thief checking for doors ajar
Not hot-blooded like a lover seeking to excite
But warm-blooded, like a grandmother checking the cheek
Of her youngest grandchild for fever and fear.

The examining hands do more than probe
On behalf of the inquisitive brain.
As bridges between two human souls
They send as well as receive.
While the right hand is feeling for the liver's edge
The left hand is on the patient's shoulder
Closing a circuit of reassurance & safety.
Without fanfare or even conscious awareness
The patient feels not just examined
But also touched.

- Daniel Bressler, MD, FACP



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