



THE EVER- PRESENT POSSIBILITY OF LOSS

by Daniel J. Bressler, MD, FACP

INTRODUCTION

No one is immune to tragedy. There is always the possibility of a loss that can pierce through our strongest defenses and pluck us from the bunker of our triumphs. I have known friends, colleagues, and patients whose successful lives collapsed after a devastating event: an illness, a lawsuit, a divorce.

When I see a bedraggled and unwashed man on the street corner asking for spare change, I wonder how far he has fallen. Did he once have a home and a family? Did he have friends, a fine career, and a promising future?

This poem is for him and for all of us fellow, vulnerable human beings. **SDP**



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I AM BLIND AND IT IS SPRING

*You see me hunched beside the crowd
A sullen and pathetic thing
But I once strutted puffed and proud
I am blind and it is spring*

*My profile known throughout the city
A glamoured beauty wore my ring
Now all I win are scorn and pity
I am blind and it is spring*

*Confidence my charmed companion
Trading toasts with queen and king
So easily does luck abandon
I am blind and it is spring*

*Sturdy fame mine for the taking
Turned as flimsy as a string
I learned too late the ground was shaking
I am blind and it is spring*

*Success and failure's fickle arc
A heedless and uncaring swing
Has dropped me shivering in the dark
I am blind and it is spring*

*My days a train of bright parade
Acrobats would dance and sing
Looking back: a masquerade
I am blind and it is spring*

*From noble wine to bitter brew
Despair at what the days might bring
Though this is me it might be you
I am blind and it is spring*