THE MOMENT
Ahmed Jakda

This patient, I do know.
I have seen her eyes before me,
fiery with hope,
a thousand times before me,
and more.

Those eyes have gazed, averted,
cast down and flooded.
They have widened, squinted,
been shuttered with one word.

The sea rises quick, dear friends,
in the torrent of calamity.
And that pupil, retina, iris and all,
panics suddenly.

The blue darkens,
the brown blackens,
and the sea green seems to lighten up.

Reflected is the white moon,
the piercing truth of the soul,
peeking out with immense beauty.
It is beautiful. Can you see it?

Sometimes, just sometimes,
that beauty travels across the room,
fast like a flash of light,
or floating like a white feather,
into another.

Sweet control,
Where have you gone?
This is not in the training.
These eyes are now dense, wet.

This is a moment, that moment.
I have seen it before.
These eyes,
a thousand times and more,
I have met before mine.

It is measurable, almost,
and I feel it trembling,
like the bird’s wings quickly flapping and flapping,
like the sudden shiver down a child’s small back,
like the quickened breeze with the dark pushy clouds,
like this hardened heart, suddenly thawed.

It is beautiful. Watch for it. Wait for it. And embrace it.

Author Biography
Dr. Ahmed Jakda is a palliative physician at the Grand River Regional Cancer Centre in Kitchener, Ontario. He enjoys the privilege of caring for his patients, who continue to remind him that life is precious and is to be celebrated daily.