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The Mercurial Minds of Medicine: A Poetry Collection

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The Mercurial Minds of Medicine: A Poetry Collection

Author Bio

Rueida Ali writes poetry she cannot live. When she's not living through the glamor of her alias, she draws inspiration from the mundane, because she believes that's where true beauty lies. Poetic inspiration comes at any moment in the day, and she is always ready, piling incomplete stanzas to each other in an endless Google document. For every poem that passes as slightly above mediocre, there are hundreds of vile poems that'll be sent to the ends of the earth before they befall another human's possession—yes, they can be that lousy.

The Mercurial Minds of Medicine: A Poetry Collection

RUEIDA ALI

Love of the Doctor: A Sonnet

Piled dull cases- a thrill to save me!
I can't show her my anticipation
But at last, I land a mastectomy!
She needs me... I sense her agitation

The scalpel smoothly slices the tissue
My hands save needy patients; they are my-
weapon, operating in sublime queue
Her despair is always in my mind's eye

I scrape the weak cells; wry and cancerous
Her sighs were worried and contemplating
The finalized product is wonderous
I hope she doesn't find her scars haunting

Flawless surgery. I am delighted.
She is saved. Again I am reminded.

Shortness of Breast: A Concrete Poem

Rotting mattresses- filthier sheets
 Seven in black, eclipse my being -doctors
 This is but a trivial procedure- *Trivial?*
Veil her face- he ceases me of my humanity- nay, femininity
 -He doesn't want to frighten me
There is no anesthesia- I am frightened.
 Hold the breast-
 -*Let me hold it*
 I faint- *warning!*
 I am feeble.-

Antihero: A Villanelle

I am the shadow of the rotting body.
I pray to God- to take her soul
Everyone brings her flowers; but what about me?

She bleeds, she vomits, she screams. She is sorry.
The things I would do to be beside her, healthy and whole
I am the shadow of the rotting body.

Sorry isn't enough, I miss my sanity
Resurrect my happy muse, my will to live and love, my gold
Everyone brings her flowers; but what about me?

Her smile for a second is my happiness for eternity
When will the flourishing girl retrieve the pretty capsule, when will she
take control?
I am the shadow of the rotting body.

Leave her body untreated, let it die; *bring her back* or let her go
I fear my sanity and my wishes that I could never foresee
Everyone brings her flowers; but what about me?

I am but the gloomy silhouette, wishing death on an old cully
Flowers in sickness. Flowers in death. Flowers at gravestones,
we throw.
I am the shadow of the rotting body.
Everyone brings her flowers; but what about me?

Author Statement

"I decided to compose a poetry collection that allows one to delve into the complex thoughts of three important roles in medicine; all the poems focus on the double consciousness of either the caregiver, the doctor or the patient. The entire collection is based on emulating the narrative of Frances Burney's 'Mastectomy,' reimagined in three different perspectives, while also emulating the forms and context of Hélène Cixous' 'Laugh of the Medusa' and Amy Haddad's 'Stereotactic Biopsy,' with the purpose of shedding light on a few of the many perspectives in the operation of a mastectomy."