Cambridge Quarterly of Healthcare Ethics (2026), 35: 2, 164–165
doi:10.1017/S0963180124000690

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

RESPONSES AND DIALOGUE

That Is My Mind

Robert Burton

Email: raburton@pacbell.net

In the battered leather trunk
That is my mind,
Odd moments
Wave to catch the eye,
Doze in the muted light of forgetfulness,
Nestle up against comforting revisions
And imagined outcomes.

In the duststorm
That is my mind,
Life's bits and pieces
Crash against a threatening sky,
Or drift down
On nostalgia's lawn party.

In the kaleidoscope
That is my mind,
Patterns emerge,
Disappear,
Reappear again,
Almost, but never
Quite the same.

In the music box
That is my mind,
Desire sings in memory's ear,
Youthful infatuations continue to
Dance to music that
Failed to sync up with the
Rhythms of my heart.

In the tangled undergrowth
That is my mind,
Roots branch out,
Seek deeper connections,
An organizing principle,
A grander scheme.

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https://doi.org/10.1017/S0963180124000690 Published online by Cambridge University Press

In the smoking embers
That are my mind,
Dwindling flames lick at each other.
The roar long gone,
They sway to low crackles
And the occasional sizzle.
The flames do not worry
That they are going out.
Warmth still counts.

In the end
That is my mind.

Cite this article: Burton R (2026). That Is My Mind. *Cambridge Quarterly of Healthcare Ethics* 35: 164–165, doi:10.1017/S0963180124000690

https://doi.org/10.1017/S0963180124000690 Published online by Cambridge University Press