Palliative and Supportive Care

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The wound too freshly stitched

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Poetry

Cite this article: Rousseau P (2021). The wound too freshly stitched. *Palliative and Supportive Care* **19**, 390. https://doi.org/10.1017/S1478951521000419

Received: 31 December 2020
Revised: 7 March 2021
Accepted: 5 April 2021

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Those final moments before death,
when body and bones are
pitched to the precipice
with footprints of suffering,
her heart slapped slower and slower until blood,
lured by the weight of gravity,
settled in hollow clefts like spilt mercury.
I stood bedside,
drooped like a wilted sunflower,
my tears, in rivulets,
dropping to her sweat-slicked brow.
I tried to breathe,
but grief, lodged in small vessels,
suffocated like stones in my throat —
and there was nothing I could do,
the wound too freshly stitched.

(Dedicated to my wife Pamela, who died October 17, 2006)

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https://doi.org/10.1017/S1478951521000419 Published online by Cambridge University Press

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