

CREATIVE ARTS: POEM

3.05pm

Robin Page

At 2.45pm the alarm went off.

“Is that a...?”

“Yes. Let’s go.”

We move at the pace of the awkward hybrid between a walk and a run.

With each step, more people merge into the queue like traffic on the motorway.

There’s a commotion on the far side of the ward.

Orders are being barked. Drugs drawn up. In the centre of the storm an unconscious man is having his chest compressed rhythmically by a house officer. His abdomen ripples with each compression.

“You over there, start.”

A heavily muscled orderly pushes past and takes his turn at compressions.

“Do we have IV access?”

“No.”

“Do we have a pulse?”

“No.”

.

.

“Analysing rhythm. Stand clear. Analysing.”

.

.

“No shock advised. Commence CPR.”

.

I run to get the on-call anaesthetist.

.

“How long has he been out for?”

“15 minutes, no pulse. He has a suspected pulmonary embolism. Should we begin thrombolysis?”

“No.”

“...”

“He’ll be too far gone at this point. If there’s no pulse after the next cycle, we’re calling it.”

“Analysing rhythm. Stand clear. Analysing.”

.

.

“No shock advised. Commence CPR.”

...

“Call it. 3.05pm.”

.

.

“You good?”

“Yeah. You good?”

“Yeah.”

“Ok.”

“It’s done.”

About the author

> Robin is a fifth year medical student at the University of Auckland. He has an interest in rural health, physician health and medical education. In his spare time, you'll find him writing or sitting at the top of some mountain, sometimes doing both at the same time. Robin is one of the winners of the Creative Arts Competition for Issue 29.

Correspondence

Robin Page: rpag193@aucklanduni.ac.nz