

The Wheezing Cherub, Her Earth Grandmama, and OUR LOSSES

By Ed Ruden, MD

Natalie is my sonorous Wheezer—The Orchestra in her chest is rarely
in Tune—Alveolar Anxiety
She will come in with Raucous Cacophony and
appear to have just finished a 50-yard dash
unsuccessfully
I Treasure her serendipitous visits
Rosey Cheeks, the Thickest Light Brown Ponytail,
Those Gifted Round Eyes
The Heavenly Angel Reads to US while being
NEBBED with OUR Misty Solutions to relieve the
Frothy Rigid PULmonary MILKSHAKE ...
BOOKS Of Joy, OF HOPE, of HUGS and Kisses, of
Teddy Bears and Soft, Fluffy Creatures ONE would
like to crawl into bed with when our Bones are damp
and aching
Grandmama is Her most capable Caretaker since the
young one's earliest years
Such a Tragedy—MOM's death from a Lymphomatous
Lecher in her prime
The mid-50s SAVIOR is a bundle of nurturing energy,
a 60s lady grown wise, mellow, with Rainbow
vestments and Iridescent fingernails
I unveil the recent Demise of my own Father
We weep together and Breath out Long Serene, Unobstructed
Exhalations to Placate our Grief ...



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