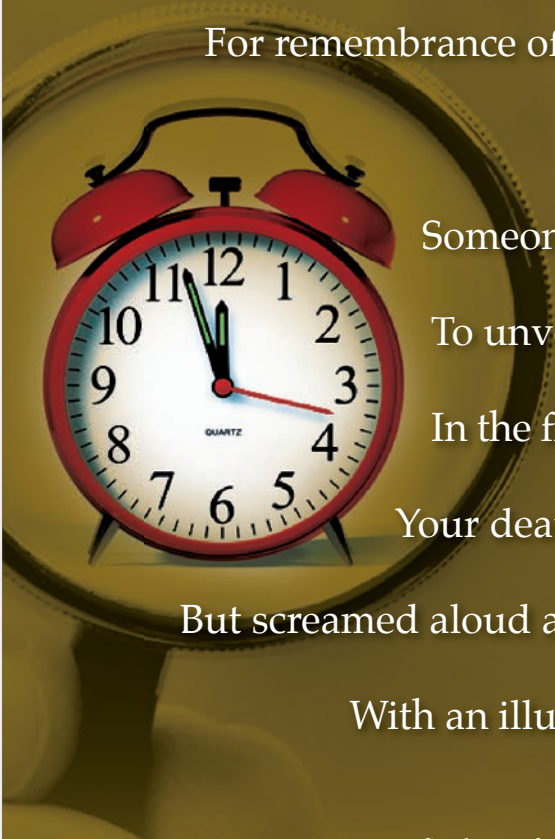


Sonnet*: Death of Family Medicine

When was the last we cleaved the crying night,
And came close to touching your shattered heart?

A heart that cared to hold clean intentions,
Untarnished in a world mottled by gold.

You did not fade tenderly in my arms,
Though I would wish you a death in stillness;
If for naught at least to freeze frail beauty
For remembrance of what was meant to be.



Someone should tell them I am unable
To unveil ills and dispense solutions
In the fission of three hundred seconds.
Your death was not in a snuff of silence,

But screamed aloud and yet so well concealed
With an illusion of activity.

**Sonnet: A fixed verse form of Italian origin consisting of 14 lines that are typically 5-foot iambics rhyming according to a prescribed scheme.*