

what makes a day so wonderful, i wondered

maybe it's walking to your car and seeing
the collection of cool, condensed water on the shield
this natural phenomenon once understood
is now long lost within the depths of my mind
how *does* that happen?

it's reconnecting with a song and realizing *wow*
i forgot how my soul yearns for this
the deep tug of such devastatingly beautiful lyrics
to a melody that knocks on your heart
and begs to be understood
how *does* it end?

it's watching as the fog,
oh! the fog, for *she* has returned
rolling, floating, gliding her way through the mountains in the distance,
swallowing you as you round the corner
oh how i missed the clouds as i drove
the memory of hendersonville early morning drives dance through your head

maybe it's connection through the shared joy of reading
as you discuss during rounds
the world in which the mountains are large,
with skies full of shimmering stars
and true, everlasting
love
the *starlight* forever imprinted in my brain
the mastery of language transcending our world, minds, and hearts
— *a gift, all of it* —

it's sharing a quick phone call mid-morning with your best friend
just because you can
and discovering a dragon, is in fact, a *she*

maybe it's entering a room with the knowledge of
—dementia, *Alzheimer's*—
the same as my grandma
with her partner at her side
her partner

i admire her courage, their courage
noticing the pink and yellow and beige gown she dons
“much better than the hospital gown,” she glows
as you hold her hand and hope that when your grandma is here
a med student might be kind enough to do the same
while you’re here
with their grandma
how is my grandma, today?
you transition from squat to kneel to stand to squat to kneel to stand squat stand squat
but you never let go of her hand
the scans show a brain far smaller than what’s normal
but i see warmth,
i see bravery,
i see love that radiates from within and beyond
a runner, pastor, lover, and friend

or maybe it’s the next room
—a patient whose liver decided to stop—
and no one knows why
she’s so young, she’s me in ten years
a few days ago, she couldn’t talk
didn’t talk
and now,
she sits in bed — smiling, laughing
her voice is striking as she speaks
who is this person?
she kindly says *you are my savior* to the attending
the room overflowing with joy, love, and humor
her floral blanket covering her body, wrapping her soul
her strength is palpable
she *will* get better

and as hard as you try, you are no match against your bladder
so you leave—vanish—
and are greeted with a quick-witted text
and giggle

ah, yes...
all in a day’s work

simply, *wonderful*.

a b o u t • p o e t

HILL

m. hill is a fourth-year medical student at the UNC School of Medicine, where she completed her clinical phase at the Asheville campus. She earned her undergraduate degree in Chemistry at UNC Chapel Hill. Her interest in reflective writing was sparked after taking a Narrative Medicine course during her second year of medical school, and she continues to use it as an outlet to process the raw, wonderful, and challenging moments of medicine. She hopes to incorporate her reflective practices and written poems into her future training.

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