



## Missed Diagnosis

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by Nathan Hitzeman, MD

You lurked on the ocean floor, plotting and grinning,  
And breached when the time was right,  
In the mid-day sun,  
For all to see. For all to see.  
So obvious, how could I have doubted your existence.

You came as a Trojan Horse.  
I let you in, entertained you in fact,  
And when the time was right,  
And my defenses down,  
You unleashed mayhem,  
And infested my fortress.

You inhabit the silences of my day.  
You are the letter I have yet to open.  
The uncomfortable conversation with colleagues  
I have yet to have.  
The face in the supermarket I loathe to see.  
You threaten my livelihood, my family's future, my legacy,  
My satisfaction at the end of the day.

And yet I cannot blame you for any of it.  
I can only blame myself.

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