
POETRY | FALL 2020

Hands

By Kirsten Myers

no hand
ungloved to hold
*a Mother's hand as she pushes
and pushes "empuje,"*
and "más fuerte" we echo in our
spanglish, masks hiding faces

gloved hands feel for the crown
of the baby's head
and in my hands follow
with red-faced efforts of the mother:

a head that looks lopsided
to my untrained eye

then a scoop for a shoulder and the
baby's torso

through gloved hands I hold the baby

soon a cry follows, and
gloved hands
place the baby on the mother's chest.

ungloved hands and arms greet me at home
await me to shower off the blood while
*I wish I could have held that mother's
hand*
like my hand is held

in a time with no touch

Kirsten Myers is a medical student at the University of Washington School of Medicine campus in Spokane, Washington. She received her BA in Health and Societies at the University of Pennsylvania after a personal illness diagnosis at seventeen inspired her to look critically at health care. Hearing the stories of migrant farmworkers as an AmeriCorps volunteer inspired her to pursue medicine. She is the 2020 winner of the The William H. Greene, M.D. Poetry Prize and The Spokane Medical Humanities Committee Essay Contest. To her, "writing takes the distance away." Her poem "Hands" appears in the Fall 2020 *Intima*.

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