

## On Codes of Blue Colored in White

By Riley Loftus

the room clears and it is just you.  
you,  
a body that beats no more,  
and a ground littered in plastic.  
you collect empty syringes—  
of Epi, of Bicarb. Calcium Chloride, tPA.  
there is blood in canisters, blood on his face.  
you dispose of all that is red.

you place a fresh pillowcase beneath his head. wipe his mouth clean. even apply vaseline to  
cracked lips.  
you make the room look pretty.  
you make him look  
pretty  
as pretty as pulselessness can look.

you drape him in white.  
a sheet spread shoulders to toes and make him look  
peaceful.  
like it was a swift and sweet passing, a drifting off into a dream-like state.  
like it wasn't forty-five minutes of rhythmic compressions. pulse checks. pushes of meds.  
like it wasn't our every effort to will his heart to beat again.

you make the room look pretty.  
you make him look pretty,  
peaceful.  
so that when family arrives, they see  
more of the one they love,  
and less of our attempt  
at keeping their love alive.  
so that "we did everything we could do,"  
is void of visuals.  
and "everything"  
is wrapped in nothing but  
light.

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