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POETRY | FALL 2021

## Son Suture

By Andrew Taylor-Troutman

I gave you the name that means “healer.”  
Five years later, you needed three stitches  
sewn into your fragile finger.  
Slicing watermelon, my knife slipped  
into your innocent, pink skin,  
and blood juiced down your skinny arm.  
I white-knuckled the wheel, guilt-ridden  
as I burned rubber to the ER.

I joked that his name was Dr. Biceps,  
for he truly was a hulking man.  
Asa, my healer, your hearty laugh  
was our music driving back home. My hands  
finally relaxed. You were so strong.  
By any name, healing takes many forms.

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**Andrew Taylor-Troutman earned a graduate certificate in narrative medicine from Lenoir-Rhyne University. He is the author of five books, including *Gently Between the Words: Essays and Poems*. Taylor-Troutman is an ordained Presbyterian minister. He lives in Chapel Hill, North Carolina with his wife and their three children.**

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