
POETRY | SPRING 2020

E.R PROPHET, NIGHT SHIFT/Spring 2020

By Katrina Kostro

You ask me am I suicidal? Check
out? How high's my fever? Gimme my watch!
Homicidal? Home? Hell no. Hope infects
our lungs. I love you all! Corona dropped
me off. I'm an orphan. Built my own house
but the damn roof's leaky. My mom – she's rough.
Stole my gold chain. Keep it! Got no spouse
to claim. She took my coins, cats – my best stuff.

The patient turns, spits hot words into air
Shut your fat mouth! Nurse, can I get a bath?
Eyes wide – uncovered cough – Whore! Goat! Do I care?
Let me alone, go. Cut this dirty mask.

Hey! Look at me, six feet – see? I'm breeeaathing –
Virus-free. Watch me leave, I'm flying. Flying.

Katrina Kostro, MD, graduated from Columbia University Vagelos College of Physicians & Surgeons in Spring 2020, and was selected into the Gold Humanism Honor Society. She will begin psychiatry residency training at NYU/Bellevue. She received her BA in art history from Barnard College. Before medical school, she became a certified yoga instructor, and has taught multiple yoga/meditation workshops for students, physicians, patients, and caregivers. Her poems have appeared in BigCityLit, Mezzo Cammin, Reflexions: The Literary & Fine Arts Journal of CUIMC, and she was an award-winner in NEOMED's 35th William Carlos Williams Poetry Competition. Katrina strives to combine yoga, meditation, poetry, and art, into her practice of clinical healing.

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