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Sunburnt at Lunchtime and Other Infrequent Things

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I search for the second floor
where a garden of kaleidoscope glass grows silently
on display,
a medicinal sanctum
within a house that heals,
for its frequent visitors who are tethered
unwillingly to watching
the garden from inside.

The visitors stare as I step outside with such an envious
ease to rest
on a sun-bleached bench
amidst the colors
and the silence that squelches dissonant siren wales.

Dry heat permeating above and around and below and through
that uniform of seafoam green,
prickling through my bones,
when I feel Pager – hot – nested at its iliac crest.

My mundane lunch becomes
Decadent. Purposeful. Un-interrupted.
With each suspended bite
by the transformative beams of sun
practicing for a midwestern summer,
tangibly dividing morning from afternoon.

I'm summoned by the visitors, back inside the house with a full
belly,
blush cheeks – the garden's magic still glowing hot.
How?
Could it have been that long?

My footstep rhythm slows, sauntering,
giddy with my foraged hour.

This poem seeks to capture a simple account of one pediatric resident's ability to enjoy a meal in the meditative space of the Leslie's Healing Garden at the University of Nebraska Medical Center amidst the daily, complex demands of caring for patients and oneself.

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