

## Oh, What Might Have Been!

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The horrific pain of toothache a flickering flame  
next to the blazing sun heat of her fear  
her horror is too great to name if medical procedure she comes near

They rolled on, these 40 years of avoidance,  
as skin cancers and dental caries blighted, she time and again refused medicine a chance

Sheer panic ensued if scalpel sighted,  
the smallest needle she could not endure

Dark death would be much welcomed instead for of doctors she could never be sure

Yes, maybe it was all within her head  
but she knew her long memory was real

Of one doctor who inflicted such pain,  
insensitive to the emotional trauma caused by the ordeal, no kind words,  
no empathy, just a procedure to gain

How different it could have been.

And she ponders and wonders about life  
if he had not committed such a grievous sin  
all time since filled with such internal strife

He branded her, not with blazing metal but with ice cold looks and touch and sharp verbal darts

If only voice could have been as soft as rose petal with eyes gentle as found in compassionate hearts

One day in his life forever locked in her brain  
a broken trust that would never mend  
one short procedure for him, for her a lifetime stain

The influence of one encounter,  
Oh, what might have been!

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(Fam Med 2009;41(1):16.)

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