

Lessons From Our Learners

William D. Grant, EdD

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Editor's Note: Submissions to this column may be in the form of papers, essays, poetry, or other similar forms. Editorial assistance will be provided to develop early concepts or drafts. If you have a potential submission or idea, or if you would like reactions to a document in progress, contact the series editor directly: William D. Grant, EdD, SUNY Upstate Medical University, Department of Family Medicine, 475 Irving Ave., Suite 200, Syracuse, NY 13210. 315-464-4365. Fax: 315-464-6982. grantw@upstate.edu.

My Own Prison

Balprit S. Randhawa, MD

I feel trapped.
Walls closing in around me.
I am a prisoner of my former self.
Memories of better days to console me.

Each day torments me.
Unshedding my soul before thee.
Where once was light,
Darkness has now won this fight.

Why was I given this sentence,
A life imprisoned in one's own mind.
Walking the corridors of despair,
Hope is all there is left to find.

Counting the days till my rebirth.
Give it time, you will see.
For every man controls his own fate,
And it is I who holds my key.

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From the Department of Family and Community
Medicine, University of Kentucky.

Correspondence: Address correspondence to Dr
Randhawa, University of Kentucky, Department
of Family and Community Medicine, Lexington,
KY 40536. bsra223@uky.edu.