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## HEALING ARTS

### *Materia Medica*

## Facts of Life



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J Gen Intern Med 37(11):2867

DOI: 10.1007/s11606-022-07545-x

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C uriously the day begins without you.  
Not in a sudden fit of forgetfulness,  
but in the way a robin leaves her eggs  
and never comes back. You know  
how the bird feels. To wait and stare  
out into the weather. The men washing  
windows on the skyscraper. Glistening  
river held static by hand-drawn shores,  
as if the scene below contains just enough  
to be defined in shape. You know this to be true.  
Shortly, a nurse rolls in this afternoon's  
supply of antipsychotics. The colors shine  
in angles that catch the speckled blue outside.  
And their roundness almost seems comical.  
The cart rolls back out, without a second  
glance. In the calm you glance outside.  
This nest is quite scraggly. A heavy gust  
would push it over. You wonder how eggs  
look on pavement. If the window washers  
would notice any splash back of yellow.  
You know that if the mother comes back  
these birds could live. Full, uncomplicated  
lives. You think of how brave it would be  
to bring this collection of abandonment  
inside. To care and love for something that  
will never be your own. And when it does  
succeed, watch their little wings fly away.  
Just as you crank the side window open  
a bird flies by and you retract your hand.  
The medicine cart rolls back in and out.  
Overhead sunset is taking place.

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**Publisher's Note** Springer Nature remains neutral with regard to jurisdictional claims in published maps and institutional affiliations.

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Received February 22, 2022

Accepted March 31, 2022

Published online April 11, 2022