

On Your Level

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4 feet.
That is the difference between my head and yours
Me standing above, you lying near the floor
I know it seems like we are miles apart
You have your pain, I have your chart

4 feet.
I am surprised of the difference it makes.
This space is filled with silent moments to break
The bruises on your face everyone can see
Inside damage you can hide from me

4 feet.
The trauma you have faced is too much to bear
You turn away from me, not wanting to share
This length between us is starting to grow
You won't let your emotions show

4 feet.
The gap is too much; I can see you can't cope
I sink to my knees in despair more than hope
But that seems to work, you look at my face
I can feel it shrinking, this space

0 feet.
At this point we both look fairly disheveled
But we talk as equals, on the same level
I see now I needed to come to you
Face to face we would journey through

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