

Murmurs: Stories from Our Journey in Medicine

[Episode 4: Dear Anonymous Donor](#)

By Bridget Yang

Dear Anonymous Donor

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I knew I would meet you around the time when Fall starts to bloom,
When the air begins to chill, a sensation on my skin that followed into the room.
They told me you would be waiting, lying serenely supine
The covers draped over you – does your skin feel the autumn air like mine?
In my navy apron, falling almost to my feet
I hovered over your body, ready to meet
I thought I had been prepared all this time
Yet I was not expecting the strength of your presence.

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I had only seen plastic anatomical models, with symmetric proportions and spotless parts
But you were more than what I had learned from books – you were perfectly human, each
groove, an art
As I looked closer I could feel that there was a story
Dear Anonymous Donor, what were once your dreams, your worries?
I stood in silence, wondering what you knew
When you wrote us your handwritten message, and how these details make you, you.
In neat ink, you printed your legacy across smoothed pages
A cloth over your eyes held back memories from past ages
It reminded me you had your own unique life,
I will not forget your generosity; in my memories, you survive.