

be Still

Volume 6 Article 32

Fall 2022

The Train of Time

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Recommended Citation

Pendlebury, Gehan A. (2022) "The Train of Time," be Still: Vol. 6, Article 32. Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/bestill/vol6/iss1/32

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The Train of Time

GEHAN A. PENDLEBURY

The Train of Time

When I glance at the clock

The time stares back at me.

I missed the train, just by a few moments.

It's impossible to catch the train of time.

When I glance at the clock,

The time stares back at me. I see all the missed moments,

Saturated with visual reminders—

The outbox is always full: Alarms, calendar reminders, phone alerts

Manuscripts, posters, publications.

Residency applications, personal statements.

Will you please write me a letter of recommendation?

Audition rotations, too many days away from home.

Exams, exams, exams.

Boards, boards, boards.

The Art of Medicine.

It's a fine line: Studying, memorization.

Understanding complex pathology- diagnosing, charting, rounding. Physicians, the good ones, constantly walk this fine line while juggling altruistic humanism.

This is the sacred physician-patient relationship.

This is art of medicine.

The Art of Motherhood.

It's a delicate balance—family milestones, growth spurts Celebrating beautiful chapters.

Loving, laughing, hugging.

Mothers constantly juggle this balance while striving in their careers. This is the sacred mother-child relationship.

This is the art of motherhood.

It's impossible to catch the train of time.

I'm left with doubts, sadness, guilt over missed moments intermixed with joy, pride, gratitude.

And guilt over missed moments.

Somehow, the mommy guilt is always there.

I wonder if she will ever know.

My husband beams with pride—

"Dr. Mommy Pendlebury",

And I quietly wonder

Am I a doctor first, and mother second?

No. No. No.

I want to be a mother first, and a doctor second.

The world of medicine is saturated with never-ending expectations.

It's impossible to catch the train of time.

These lost moments wear me thin.

Mental fatigue is no prize to celebrate.

The burnout and pessimism flow deep.

I crave uninterrupted space with her.

How odd, to miss profound sleep deprivation.

When it was just her and me, all day long.

But will she forgive me, for the lost moments?

The missed milestones?

She'll be so proud of you!" -they say.

Will she forgive me, for the thousands of hours of studying?

For the endless hours of writing papers?

for studying all the diseases?

Will she forgive me for having to choose medicine?

Will she forgive me for having to choose medicine?
Instead of playing with her?

I'm so sorry, my sweet Amira.

One day I will ask her

Do you forgive me?

For all that I've missed—And will miss in the future?

As the train of time speeds by.

"She'll look up to you!" They say.

But deep down, I fear that she will look away.

It's a fine line.

Gehan "Gigi" Pendlebury is an aspiring military dermatologist, commissioned Navy ensign (ENS), and medical student at KPCOM and serves in the United States Navy Medical Corps Reserves. As a Navy medical student, she follows her calling to serve current and past military service members with the utmost quality of care using a whole-person approach.

She obtained her bachelor's degree in psychology with minors in public health and criminology from Rutgers. Her research background includes undergraduate research activities in public health and clinical psychology.

Currently, her research has focused on dermatopathology, operational skin disease, interventional pain management, traumatic brain injury, chronic pain, post-traumatic stress disorder among combat veterans and military service members.

She enjoys spending time outdoors with her husband and three-year-old daughter. She loves Cross-Fit and optimizing her athletic performance.

ABOUT THE POET