



The Big Day - An OT Chronicle

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Poetry

The three-day cycle of admission-attention-action,
Starts with busy, breath-taking (literally) OPDs,
Unlimited patients and limited patience
Wet floors and dry eyes,
"Khujli" and "pani", said Devi and Rani
"Naa dikhta humein", said Rafi and Ramesh
Admit the needy, ignore the greedy
Fill them all up, 36 total beds,
Work them all up, 6 total senior residents.

The morning ward rounds go on and on and on,
Theoretically, for the decision of why, whom and what to operate,
Practically, for boosting the egos of mighty professors (read: pro-face-sirs)
Or, for burning those of worthless residents?
IOL - To be toric, or not to be, becomes the real question.
The payment slip, the ultimate ticket to the big show

Will they or won't they, reach on time?
Insufficient pupillary dilation seems like complete and utter violation.
The morning adrenaline is almost inadequate.
For the ominous OTs and moaning microscopes
The chilled AC overcompensating for the hot heads
Finishing the 5-minute hand wash in 30 seconds,
Trusting a little too much on the magic of povidone iodine.
Cleaned, draped and ready, here comes the big daddy.

Observing their surgery - poetry in motion
Years of experience, exhibited in seconds.
Every movement, calculated.
Every technique, practiced.
The silence being broken by the soundgasm of nucleus emulsification.

or the vitreous being cut at ten thousand.

Stepping into the GA side, the beauty of sevo engulfs the air
and transcends you to another dimension.
The tic-tic-tic of the anesthesia machine bringing back your
internship days,
Walking past the poor resident being fired at by the
anesthesia faculty for not sending morning electrolytes.
EUAs and LIOs, how many can you count?
Infants and juveniles, the numbers abound.

And now it's time for you to operate,
Yours is the stage, go conquer, mate!
When you are in the zone,
there's no background, there's no phone,
To each his (and her) own mindset,
For some, it is meditation,
peaceful and calming.
While for others, it is war,
ferocious and alarming.
Scared, are a few, novice surgeons, sweating, arrhythm-ing
their way into the moment of truth.
Every step - a battle,
every instrument - your weapon,
Case after case, you form a stronger base.

Babaji and ammas, bachhas and khammas,
It's an organized commotion,
Begging for blades and bargaining for blocks,
Junior-est juniors are a sight to watch.

Complications! Oh Lord, are they inevitable, as they say?
Panic spreads and anxiety roars when the oversensitive
capsule extends.
Let it not be a rent, hopes the JR,
The atheists turn religious as they chant the so-called prayers.
The worst of the worst is the dropping devil.

Everyone is afraid, for it the fear is real.
The sinking heart, heavier than the sinking nucleus

As the sun begins to set, the sisters begin to vet,
Every case, a challenge against time,
Every short admission, a fight of right
Every gown, with a sister's frown
And just like in a war, you must drop your weapons as the
day ends.
Make sure, you make amends!
You're exhausted but enriched.
Sleepy but satisfied.

Your back is broken, but your mind is what matters.
Bid adieus to your colleagues, tell them to see you later!
As you leave for home, exhaling a sigh of relief,
Anticipating tomorrow, turning over a new leaf

As the big day becomes a memory, the cycle resumes,
Bringing patients in plethora, and a fresh smell of impending
doom.
There is victory and there is loss, for life is just a game,
Because let me assure you, tomorrow the sun will rise, and
we will try again.