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A Poem by Kai R Scott-Bridge¹

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Fifty-six diazepam
Was not enough
To shorten your lifespan
By enough
You sit and stare, deadpan
Voice gruff
Foot slough picking, thinking new plans

But I see you sad, angry man
Not the drug seeker or hitman
I see the fear in your eyes as they scan
These visions of your own old man

But still you bite and steal,
Reject meal, smoke spice and deny your foot to heal,
Want to die, to stop living the lie
That you're okay, that says 'I can'

In this I am the middleman
Between you and your master plan
Who wants to deal in better than
What you want for yourself now

But me in my naivety
Of youth and incredulity
Had hopes that you'd not use and flee
Flung as wide as those ward doors

As you ran, and so began, the long career as a mind medicine man

Kai R Scott-Bridge is a 5th year medical student at the University of Sheffield, MA Cognitive Studies. Interested in integrating Balint and humanities into medical education; forever grateful to the patients who offer up their vivid experience to be penned.