The Tears of Agnes

Someone told me once that I could get a job, a job be compensated perhaps be taxed on the income from the very fact that I can cry on cue

And people say to me "Oh no, not again" and so I've learned not to tax others so I leave the room so that I can cry with or without a cue

Sister Agnes Reinkemeyer do you know of her? she was a nurse a dean in fact who cried with or without a cue at faculty meetings when things made her I guess, sad.

Now a poem is like a walk This one is a walk down the path of the past I never said good-bye to Sister Agnes Reinkemeyer she had left for Kenya to work in a mission and to be killed

So today as we faced the directions of this fragile earth and took our private journeys Sister Agnes you came to mind and I thought and I hoped that day was a good day for you to die.

Sister Agnes Reinkemeyer one more thing I would like to say in this surprise visit to a deeper consciousness, people criticized you, were cynical, thought you manipulative because you cried with or without a cue

You know that now I guess, anyway Perhaps you were praying that morning for those who misinterpreted did not understand when the robber in Kenya interrupted your crying, maybe on cue.

But we are uninterrupted in time, we women You came to me, I am embarrassed by my tears Anita cries, Anne cries and perhaps others cry inside these are tears laced with feelings for self, for others

I hope this is not too late to say good-bye to you to send to you my love and respect to say you are remembered for your writings, your teaching but for me, because you let it go with and without a cue.

I'm surprised that crying is not a nursing diagnosis It kept Patricia Schroeder from moving on It indicates emotional instability or a time to be sent to your room; however I celebrate in your tears it frees us

The recognition of what is pain or joy Without cue you showed us all that you cared.

Patricia Munhall

NIGHTINGALE SONGS
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INTENSIVE CARE

Did you see nurse that you can know me -
The part that is me, my mind and soul is in my eyes
These tubes that are everywhere - that is not me.
The one in my throat is the worst of all -
Now my whole being, the essence of me I
must reflect
through my hands but they are tied down,
movements
of my head but did you realize that
uncomfortable for me
or through my eyes and you do not notice them -
except once today during my bath.
You speak to me and look at the tubes -
Don't you know my thoughts are all over my face
Don't you realize your thoughts are on your face -
In your touch and your tone of voice.

I wrote a request on paper you said "I'll take care
of it for you" your tone said "Why can't this
woman
Do anything for herself?"
You positioned your hand to count my pulse but I
Can't say you touched me - you wouldn't hold my
hand that I may touch you.
You walked in for the first time today with a grin
on your face but your mouth is now tight and
you grimaced a lot as you bathed me.
Don't you see nurse that you can know me - I'm not
a chart or tubes of medication, monitors or all
the other things you look at so intensely - I'm
more than that
I'm scared - just look in my eyes.

Sheila Carr

TO BE AND BECOME

To be and become is an altered way of living
Giving to give is to touch
To be is to be with you
Only you know what it is to be
The way of life is to live
Yet is it a mirror or is it truth

The reflection is staring us in the face (mirror)
What do you see - is it the reflection of truth
or lies
Being and becoming is a way of life
To respect one is to respect all
Can you face yourself -
or is it the face
The face of a different man
Can you open your heart
Let the beauty come in

As the client/nurse reflect - see how the mirror
looks back
What do the images state
what will it say
To be inside
To grow
To allow one to be true

These images are there, but only you see them
The client is there, and is asking
The arms are out stretched -
Will you be there to pick up the arms
Or will they just dangle

Do we have a choice -
The nurse is there to listen
To allow the client to be themselves
Whatever that may be

As the images come together, the shadow of the
past, present, and future joins as one
The client is able to see the beauty inside themselves
And around them. Is that beauty for that person
(Alone)

The nurse is offering and choosing,
The harmony and holding - able to see that beauty -
To reach - to hold -
What ever that may be -
The mind, body, and soul are one
Will you become one -

Robin Glance
THANKS

She spoke of her personhood. This
Colleague of mine.
And challenged me to learn
From her journey.

She has walked both sides of
The bed my friend;
As patient,
As nurse,
As mother,
As wife.
She has cared for the ill,
She has lived the ill,
She has privileged the experience of both.

But the wisdom she speaks
Is beyond all that.
The essence of nursing she captures.

The needs the profession is
Privileged to address
Are likened to icebergs, she notes.
The tip, the obvious broken part
The rest, the challenge,
The soul.

Bonnie Hesorick

STILL LIFE

Her hand twitched and as her palm brushed my
finger, it grasped it in a ghostly pause before falling
back toward her body.

I had death in my folded arms today. Not
metaphorical death, or imagined, or brushed with.
The real thing. A newborn girl who tripped on her
lifeline sometime today.

The unit needed help and I am generally a helpful
person, so I went without knowing what the story
was. A quick delivery of a gray-haired young
woman. So where's the problem that they need me
of all things, a baby nurse? They needed someone to
hold the baby in case the mother couldn't. It wasn't
until they passed the little one to me that I knew
why. "Here."

The mother fell asleep immediately after moving
to her room. No one spoke. Amazing grace. She
said she was so tired, she just had to...and she was
asleep. Wise body of hers to protect her so, I
thought.

I held the baby in a pin-drop quiet room, alone,
while waiting for her family. The little girl gestured
to me (yes, I know, it's involuntary movement), and
I knew she was still in there -
barely - I could feel her, hear her. I can't, I can't -
this just...

When the spirit fails, persons frequently turn to
counting. In this room, the baby and I, there were
1.7 women, one big and one very small, 1.6...
1.5... She weighed as much as other babies her size,
ten fingers and ten toes, one mother,... 1.4.

Her color at first was the same as other babies of
similar age and size and nature. Pink - very pink at
first, was the cord that tight to do all this? Truly,
the tie that binds. She was still in there, I knew it. I
didn't know how or why, only that she still was...

The mother called out to me in the next room.
She was calm and sleepy, rubbing her eyes. She had
a dream, she said, just now. The baby was still
hungry after nursing for what seemed like months,
she said.

"Is she here?"
I laid the little girl in her arms, and the mother
said,
"Yes, she's here still. I can feel her."
She smiled warmly at me, and then forgetting me
thoroughly, she asked the baby,
"Are you still hungry - do you need a little bit
more?"

She lifted her gown aside and put the baby on
her right breast. One small infant arm nestled on the
left. There was a brief movement behind one baby
eyelid.

It was a perfect Madonna and Child. I've never
witnessed better. I left the room, waiting... 1.2,...
1.1.

"I think she's done now. You can hold her," the
baby's mother called out,... 1.0.

Where does the baby go when she's not in the
body anymore? Did she get enough?

The most profound nursing at the breast/soul.

T.M. Vezeau
Nursing

Formless, floating, a cloud of misty possibility
within and without,
You, me, us ... all of us ...
But you and me
connected, connecting,
floating together, apart,
creating together the fiber of our being.
You tell me in so many ways
who you are and how you are.
We are
in a moment and forever
changed from the moment.

I am a staff nurse.
You are wheeled in the door of the intensive care unit
covered with white sheet...
fear in your eyes...
body not responding to your desired, needs, hopes.
Will it ever?
We work so quickly to get you into the giant iron house that will allow you to breathe.
I am so busy, so afraid I will do the wrong thing.
I don't belong here.
I want to flee,
be anywhere but here

Formless.
A void.
Waiting for the form.
Trying to force it be...
and nothing but my fear.

Your eyes--panic, pleading,
needling, questioning--
Stepping out of self and moving into the cloud,
pulled by your pleading eyes,
creating the form of healing,
caring with you for a moment of days
into weeks.

A husband, a mother,
part of the mist
brought into the light of our
creating stolen moments
illegal passing through the door
into the healing space.

And one day, by allowing to be,
the body, the whole, the healing space...
You move a toe, and smile, and speech returns,
and you are wheeled triumphant from the clanking world of technology and beeping and never-ending glaring fluorescent lights.
And I hold your hand and share your joy as you settle into a new bed in a new place.
And gradually we break apart,
lose touch.

And months later,
A lifetime of time
and of moments.
I am back into the daily,
the beeping, rustling, bustling,
hurrying,
heart banging world.

And you walk in the door.
I don't know you,
upright, strong, radiant,
come to share the joy of your becoming,
of our creation.

And I know a golden cloud,
warm and rosy haze of the joy of our connection.

We embrace,
say the usual things we say,
we all say,
and move out into the pulse beat of our lives.

Carolyn Brown

From The Editors

Some readers have responded with financial support for future seasonal issues. We appreciate this assistance, and to avoid the expense of a special account, we ask that checks be made payable to: Marilyn E. Parker.

We invite your continuing responses to this forum and encourage your contributions to these pages.

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