SHERWIN B. NULAND











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BELLEVUE LITERARY REVIEW

EDITED BY

DANIELLE OFRI AND THE STAFF OF

THE BELLEVUE LITERARY REVIEW







e United States in 2008 by Literary Press ew York

MATION ADDRESS: Literary Press ool of Medicine first Avenue BV 640 rk, NY 10016

cine, New York University School of Medicine

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wmatting by Bernard Schleifer
United States of America
8-1-934137-04-8
I EDITION
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In the Hospital

David Lehman

In the hospital there was time I to read to dream to act to read Freud's dream book on his couch and how his best thoughts came to him in the hospital during World War I for example when he invented a new way of opening a vein while sitting in front of a typewriter the wound survived him but in the hospital he knew only the words glory and honor and country rhymed with story and malheur and the country matters Hamlet lauded in Ophelia's lap when mad or pretending to be mad and Denmark wasn't a prison or brothel it was a hospital

How Suffering Goes

Melisa Cahnmann-Taylor

Isit. The ache in my calves and ankles is severe.

I watch the monkey scratch my mother's head. Mother says she has a headache. The monkey is laughing.

She says she has a sharp pain in her eardrum where the monkey has pinned his long pink finger and stuck out his tongue.

From the far right corner of the room someone sneezes. I hear it. A car engine, a cough. There are needles in my toes. The Insight Meditation leader says to name your feelings. I had car rides with my mother in mind. Naming and holding herself one part at a time. She punctuated silence with *stomach*, *stomach*, *stomach* and *neck*, *neck*, *neck*.

An abbreviated story of two failed marriages and a childhood of bandages. Self pity like a cool, wet rag pressed to her forehead. The meditation leader says it's best to catch the pain early, when the unpleasant sensation arises, to come back to breath.

I am in the car with her and the unpleasant sensation arises. I remember her beached body under afternoon blankets and bottles of prescriptions willing to concede she was *sick*, *sick*, *sick*. The leader says to name feelings three times before we scratch an itch, lift a numb leg, or brush a stray hair from our face.

I sit in the car and say: *pain* again and again. Still it's there where my face is *aversion* and *suffering* in the side-view mirror. We climb stairs to our destination, and she cries three times about her knees. Her chant is a haunt that echoes from closets of old clothes, old minds

like old monkeys, always moving, scratching, knocking on glass. I hear them. Their laughter, a group of girls running through the apartment hallway. Rain falling over the porch. A change in light. A small tremble of breath across the upper lip, again and again and again.