

Passing the Baton: A Scientist and a Nurse

By Marin Miner

Two roommates
Our careers are united
Our approach is opposite
She opens a vein
I open a tube
She placates patients, reassuring and comforting
I whisper sweet nothings to cells who can't hear
She works to discharge
I work for P values
She wants solutions
I look for answers
I poke and prod cells
I force them to glow
I make them grow for me
then die for me
I infect them
I cure them
So many tricks
All in the hopes that they will tell me their secrets
They will trust me
They will open up to me
The age-old lie
But I try, every day I try
And when the sun
sets, I leave, and she arrives
She wants news of hope
News of ingenuity
News of groundbreaking treatments
I have no news
I pass the baton
Maybe tomorrow those cells will finally speak to me
Maybe tomorrow
But for
now,
I just pass the baton in silence