

## The Medical Student

Unweaned; an infant - scarcely more,  
Still coiled in foetal stance,  
His parents lead him to the shore  
And brook no backward glance.

No thought to ask, "Is this for him?"  
Hard pressed by time and pride,  
They bid their little changeling swim  
Until he's qualified.

He knows not what his strength may be;  
What tide-rips he must fight,  
But breasting to his destiny,  
Swims on with all his might.

He strains thru smothering work to gleam,  
With red and weary orbs,  
A breathless vision of that dream  
Which all his strength absorbs.

Some see divine apostles reach,  
To draw them to the fold,  
And bid them love and heal and teach,  
As Jesus did of old.

Some see a golden stallion,  
Reined by the Goddess Health,  
Its eye a jewelled medallion,  
Stone blind to all but wealth.

Some see a mighty warhorse,  
In chamferon and barde,  
A medicare plan to enforce  
With hoof and iron shard.

Some see a gentle sorrell mare,  
Intelligent and kind,  
Strong limbed, devoted to the care  
Of sick and old and blind.

All these, where'ere they turn their face,  
Whatever field they try -  
If they would finish in the race,  
Must study 'til they die.

J. W. Reid, M.D.