



Julia Giesen, NIDCAP Professional
Edmonton, Canada

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Hello again from Edmonton! Julia Giesen here with a second reflection to share from my NIDCAP training. This poem is from an observation in July 2019, this time on a little boy named Benson. Benson was born at 30 weeks and was six days old. For this observation my trainer asked me to think about what I would like to communicate to the nurse looking after him in the NICU. I watched as little Benson paused in his breathing for longer and longer, dropping off to become unavailable. I recalled my NIDCAP Trainer saying one goal of every newborn is to interact with his or her caregivers. I had so many questions running through my head.



“What Can I Say?”

*Today I tried something new
To change my usual point of view
From seeing through the baby's eyes
To focus on what I could surmise
For tips and tricks I could relay
To nurses to improve their day*

*What could I glean from what I feel
This little one tries to reveal
What kind of help does he need
How can I teach a nurse to read
His cues and signs of hanging on
Keeping it together, then moving on*

*Slipping down, losing touch
When all of it becomes too much
When breathing pauses get drawn out
And he has nothing left to shout
That he really needs our help
But has no energy to yelp*

*How can we leave him at his best
So he can breathe and get some rest
Moving softly into sleep
That is robust, healing and deep
So that when he does awaken
Energy is not from him taken*

*To open his eyes and turn his head
And look up out of his bed
And meet the eyes he's coming to know
Will be there always to watch him grow*

—JULIA GIESEN