

Medicine

Pain Management in Hospital

Meg Ryan*

University of Florida, 300 SW 13th St., Gainesville, FL 32611, USA

*: All correspondence should be sent to: Dr. Meg Ryan

Author's Contact: Dr. Meg Ryan, M.D., E-mail: meg.ryan@ufl.eduDOI: <https://doi.org/10.15354/si.25.po045>

Funding: No funding source declared.

COI: The author declares no competing interest.

AI Declaration: The author affirms that artificial intelligence did not contribute to the process of preparing the work.

Science Insights, August 31, 2025; Vol. 47, No.2, pp.1901-1903.

© 2025 Insights Publisher. All rights reserved.

Creative Commons Non Commercial CC BY-NC: This article is distributed under the terms of the [Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial 4.0 License](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/4.0/) which permits non-commercial use, reproduction and distribution of the work without further permission provided the original work is attributed by the Insights Publisher.

IN CORRIDORS of hushed command,
 Where healing rests in practiced hands,
 The cries are quiet, not always loud—
 Pain wears many forms beneath the shroud.
 A furrowed brow, a breath held tight,
 A wince that hides from nurse's sight.
 Pain does not always scream or bleed,
 It whispers what the body needs.
 And so begins the careful art—
 To ease the ache, to calm the heart.
 With every chart and bedside round,
 A story's told without a sound.
 "How bad's the pain—now tell me true,
 From one to ten, what number's you?"
 Yet numbers fail to grasp the scale
 Of burning bone or spirit frail.

The IV runs with morphine slow,
 And oxycodone takes its flow.
 Acetaminophen for the mild,
 While stronger scripts are reconciled.
 Nerve blocks whisper into skin,
 To quiet storms that rage within.
 Epidurals, patches, gels—
 Each one a tale the body tells.
 But pain is not a single beast,
 And one small pill is not a feast.
 It needs a plan, a team, a map,
 To trap it in a healing trap.

The doctor ponders from the chart,
 The nurse knows where the twinges start.
 The pharmacist ensures the dose

Is safe and right and not too close.
The PT bends the limb with care,
Despite the moans that fill the air.
“Just breathe,” they say, “you’re doing well—
This work is hard, but time will tell.”
A counselor may pull the thread
Of memories the body’s fed.
For not all pain is flesh and fire—
Some burns come from an older pyre.

And then there is the one who lies,
With teary eyes and aching thighs.
The one who bit their tongue to cope,
Who clings to pain as last of hope.
“I’m fine,” they say, “It’s not so bad,”
For strength, they think, is being glad.
But truth is strength, and trust is too,
To say, “It hurts,” and “help me through.”
And some fear drugs—afraid they’ll fall
Into the depths beyond recall.
They’ve seen addiction’s heavy toll,
And fear the fog that drugs control.
But here, in care, there lies a way
To honor pain and not betray
The human fight to stand, to heal,
To hold what’s true and still feel real.

Too much, and minds begin to float,
Too little, and the wounds will gloat.
So every hour and every chart
Is read with science and with heart.
The nurse checks in at 2 A.M.—
“Still aching here? Let’s rate again.”
A pillow shift, a heating pad,
A touch that says, “It’s not so bad.”
Pain changes shape from day to night—
A stabbing now, a dulling fright.
Each update finds a new disguise
And brings fresh tears to drying eyes.

A quiet room, some calming sound,
A therapist who stays around.
Acupuncture, mindfulness,
A stretch, a walk, a guided rest.
For not all pain needs pill or vial—
Some shrink with warmth and human smile.
The scent of lavender, a breeze,
Can sometimes bring the soul some ease.
Music therapy, healing art—
A voice that lifts the heavy heart.
Distraction helps the minutes pass
Like hourglass sand through aching glass.

Some pain will leave, like clouds that part,
Some stays behind, carved in the heart.
And when it will not go away,
The goal may shift to ease the day.
To make the climb not quite so steep,

To soothe the wounds while learning sleep.
To offer more than just a cure—
But presence, comfort, something sure.
And when the pain outlives the flesh,
The hospice hand, the breath refreshed,
They do not fight the end in vain—
But soften edges of the pain.

So pain is met with mind and plan,
By medicine and heart of man.
In white coat, badge, or scrubs of blue,
They come with skills, and something true.
To not erase what can't be gone,
But walk with you, and help you on.
For healing isn't just remove—
It's knowing how to soothe and prove
That even pain, though sharp and cruel,
Can be endured with loving rule.
So next time when the morphine flows,
Or lidocaine's cold comfort shows,
Know this: behind that calm control,
Is one who tends your silent soul.
And in that room where pain once reigned,
The fight for peace is never feigned.
For in the hands that mend and hold,
Pain meets compassion, calm and bold.■

Received: April 29, 2025 | Revised: June 21, 2025 | Accepted: July 29, 2025
