

Medicine

## The Anesthesiologist

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**B**EFORE THE MORNING fog has cleared,  
 Before the rounds or gowns appeared,  
 He stands beneath fluorescent beams,  
 Awake within unfolding dreams.

The list is posted—case by case,  
 The names, the times, the room, the face.  
 A hip repair, a C-section,  
 A child with blocked conduction.

He reads the notes with thoughtful pace,  
 Each heart rate, pressure, past disease.  
 He sees the risks that others miss,  
 The rhythm veiled in quiet bliss.

A sip of coffee, half still warm,  
 The scrub room calls in muted form.  
 He masks his face, he gloves his hands,  
 And steps into the day's demands.

The OR waits—a sacred stage  
 Where time and trust and steel engage.  
 Surgeons speak in curt, sharp tones,  
 But he alone minds breath and bones.

The patient lies on sterile bed,  
 With quiet eyes and unvoiced dread.  
 He leans in close, his voice subdued,  
 And speaks with calm, not platitude.

“You’ll feel a pinch, and then you’ll sleep,  
 We’ll watch you safe and breathing deep.”  
 He finds the vein with tender skill,  
 A pulse, a push, a quiet thrill.

The propofol like milk-white rain  
Slips through the tubing into vein.  
A moment's pause, a fluttered lid,  
And from the world, the patient slid.

He tests the mask, adjusts the rate,  
He guards the lungs, controls the state.  
The body slackens, voice is gone—  
But he remains, the will, the dawn.

A beep, a blip, a waveform dance,  
A bloodline's rise, a pupil's glance.  
The scalpel cuts, the surgeon hums,  
While he ensures the silence comes.

He drifts between two sacred doors,  
Where pain is paused and time restores.  
Where consciousness surrenders deep,  
And trust is traded in for sleep.

Each minute monitored, each breath read,  
Each silent war fought from the head.  
He is not seen in hero's light,  
Yet carries bodies through the night.

The pressure dips—a sharp alarm.  
He does not flinch, he stays calm.  
A bolus here, a drip increase,  
The numbers rise, the vitals ease.

A whispered call: "The blood is low."  
He primes the units, lets it flow.  
He tracks the clotting, platelets, gas—  
And knows which thresholds not to pass.

His fingers dance on drug-filled screens,  
A pharmacopoeia of unseen means.  
Fentanyl, etomidate,  
Rocuronium, time, and fate.

The case is done, the wound is sewn,  
The patient soon will breathe alone.  
He tapers down the flowing streams  
And calls them back from padded dreams.  
A cough, a blink, a raspy cry—  
The airway cleared, the tongue kept high.  
He speaks again, now calm and low:  
"You did just fine; we took it slow."

The gurney wheels into the light,  
Another soul survived the night.  
But as they roll beyond the door,  
Another name, another chore.

A baby waits to take first breath,  
The spinal needs a careful depth.  
He arches mom to find the place,

A needle's thread, a breath, a brace.

The fluid flows, the nerves resign,  
The belly numb, the heart in line.  
The curtain hung, the cut precise,  
The mother waits for baby's cries.

He watches both—the womb and chart—  
Each heartbeat sacred, each restart.  
And when the child lifts lungs to scream,  
He feels it all, yet stays serene.

The mother cries, the surgeons cheer,  
He wipes his brow, resumes his gear.  
There's no time left for deep delight,  
Another case is set for night.

A tumor deep within the brain,  
A high-risk bleed, a flood, a drain.  
He meets the team, reviews the scans,  
He plans the dose, adjusts the plans.

He places lines where none should go—  
Arteries deep, where pulses flow.  
The drips are hung, the agents spread,  
To hold the life near walking dead.

The hours pass, the blood runs thin,  
The surgeon whispers, "Almost in."  
And still he watches, silent, still—  
Protecting flesh with practiced will.

The brain exposed, the cortex bare,  
He tunes the gas, controls the air.  
No movement now can break the peace,  
No spike, no tremor must increase.

The EEG is clean, the depth is fine,  
He guards the blood across the line.  
And when the last suture is tied,  
He brings the dreamer back with pride.

A hand may twitch, an eye may blink,  
And from the dark, a mind may think.  
He tracks the soul through pharmacos,  
Like Orpheus from shadows' throes.

The clock now ticks to end of day,  
But still the list says not okay.  
An emergency from ER calls,  
A ruptured gut, a colon falls.

He pre-ops fast, he races in,  
With gloves not dried, he starts again.  
A tube, a scope, a surge of meds—  
He moves as though on thousand threads.

The surgeon snaps—"We need more time!"

He nods, adjusts the drips, refines.  
He holds the pressure like a dam,  
A million thoughts, a one-man jam.

And when at last the bleeding slows,  
He breathes a sigh that no one knows.  
He packs the tools, reviews the slate,  
And checks the ICU intake.

A child post-op with fever high,  
Another groans with swollen thigh.  
He rounds again, his eyes now dim,  
Yet still each breath belongs to him.

He teaches young ones by the chart—  
“Don't chase the numbers, know the heart.”  
“Know when to treat, and when to wait—  
Timing is the keenest trait.”

He signs his notes, removes his cap,  
A sweat line marks his final lap.  
The dawn is near, the sky turns pale,  
His legs move slow, his face grown frail.

He finds his locker, folds the blue,  
The world outside begins anew.  
And no one knows what he has done,  
Except the files, the drugs, the sun.

Yet somewhere now, a mother sleeps,  
A father cries, a young girl eats.  
A man returns from surgery's tide—  
Because he kept them safe inside.

No glory beams, no stage is set,  
No news will print his silhouette.  
But he will sleep and rise once more,  
To walk again through OR doors.

For every soul that slips from pain,  
For every gasp he must sustain,  
He bears the role not sung or praised,  
But on his care, the world is raised. ■

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