

Through My Eyes – Through Her Eyes

Through my eyes

As luck would have it I see her walking into the admissions bay. She's smiling gently at the nurse, who's chatting casually with her.

I wait 10 minutes and then I go in to see her and talk to her about what will happen from here - when she's in theatres, and what will happen in both stage 1 and stage 2 recovery.

We have a lovely chat then, about nothing. I leave. She's fine.

Someone walks past and the flimsy curtain flaps in their wake.

I go in to the theatre and talk to the scout and anaesthetic nurse about the patient who's coming in next. All good, I tell them - she's all right. Let's put some music on.

It's the last case of the day. I look at the clock, and think to myself that we should all be home soon.

She comes into the theatre and I hold her hand while she goes under. We start the procedure, it doesn't take long.

We finish, do the count, get the doctor to sign the procedure sheet and specimen form, then head out to recovery to give handover.

It's busy in the recovery room - all 5 bays are occupied.

I say to the nurse - I spoke with the patient pre op - a strong lady, she's all right.

I turn to go, but something pulls me back and I say to the nurse that I'm happy to stay with the patient until she wakes as she might like to see a familiar face.

The clock ticks.

She moves, the anaesthetic is wearing off.

She looks into my eyes with tears in hers and asks if it's over, if her baby is really gone?

Yes, I say, it is.

She's not all right.

I take her hand and she holds it tightly - and she cries.

No words are spoken for countless minutes.

She's not fine.

The BP cuff goes up and down, the beeping of the monitor continues.

Her head is turned toward me - looking at me, wondering why? And she continues to quietly cry.

I turn my head and blink away my own tears.

It's time to move. It's time to go in to stage 2 recovery, where I can call her partner to come and be with her. I sit her up, and then another nurse and I assist her with her clothes.

Clasped in one hand are tissues - in the other she holds my hand tightly, so very tightly, and we walk to the recliner that awaits her.

She's not all right.

The chatter of other patients, the clink of tea cups and the ringing of a buzzer goes on around us - no one else knows of her pain but her.

I sit with her until her partner arrives, I tell him how brave she is, how brave they both are.

Then I leave them to hold each other and cry.

I go to the tea room. It's amazingly quiet and I sit and think.
I wonder how I got it so wrong.

She wasn't ok, she wasn't all right.

I return. I see their sadness. I listen. I hear their grief.

Then it's time for them to go.

She hugs me tight, her eyes brimming over with tears.

I watch them leave.

I will not forget.

The door closes and the flimsy curtain flutters in its wake.

☺

Through Her Eyes

Since I found out, I haven't slept. I haven't eaten. I haven't smiled.

Every minute of the day is sad.

I look at the clock, it's time to go.

This is the day we say goodbye and start over again.

We sit in the waiting room.

Waiting for question time, hoping the answers will come and hoping even more that this will all be over.

My name is called.

A kind nurse introduces herself and I'm told to give my love a kiss goodbye and that I will see him soon.

A phone rings, someone coughs and I hold back tears as a toddler laughs.

I walk in to the day surgery and oddly, I smile nervously at something the nurse says.

I hear nothing.

I feel alone.

I see the admission nurse, I see the surgeon, I see the anaesthetist, I see the anaesthetic nurse and I see my angel.

She talks gently to me, holds my hand and tells me what's going to happen from start to finish.

A buzzer sounds, a toilet flushes and the phone rings.

It's time.

I'm on the bed, someone is talking and I hear music.

I see my angel, she is smiling kindly at me with her eyes, holds my hand
and I remember nothing more.

My arm is being squeezed, I hear beeps, I open my eyes and my angel is
there.

I start to cry.

Don't leave me.

I move from the bed to a chair & my angel comes with me.

I am inconsolable but still she stays.

My love arrives and my angel talks gently to him and leaves us to hold each
other and think of what could have been.

A patient is laughing, the nurses are talking and a bell is ringing.

My angel is back, she listens. She talks, and she listens some more.

We hug.

Then I leave.

Time has passed.

I think of my angel often, she doesn't know that I think of her daily and we
talk of her weekly, how much she touched me, how much she cared for me
and the amazing difference she made to me. To us.

I place my hand gently on my belly, I feel an elbow or is it a foot press back
and I smile.

The birds are singing, the sun is shining & the curtain flaps gently with the
breeze.