

Poetry in palliative care

Poetry

In the field of Palliative Care, poetic language is one of the essential components aimed at providing adequate assistance - this makes the difference in the meetings with the real characters who work for humanized health care in different corners of Brazil.

Palliative care in poetry requires the integration of multiple expressions of language in action (photographs, visual arts, music, literature, etc.), providing an opportunity for reflective dialogue between palliative care professionals and their patients and families.

Pain

A sadness like that, almost silent, without a comforting lap and without melody in intense dismay in a second.

A sadness like that, of shadow without shading, lulled by the wind.

A sadness like that, at the sound of filing weak and brittle nails, grieving the love that has never been more than one.

Endless sadness in two seconds.

Balance

Throughout the journey he changes reflecting on generosity and selfishness. Which way to go? -Deep inside he knew the answer. But how to live donating your lifeworld the world screams no? - Decision and courage. Neither too many flowers, nor too few stones.

Time

He couldn't bear to quantify the time after the last night he had barely slept. It was his original sin in front of him like a mirror. Would there be time for redemption, or would he die reproducing an eternal doubt? Matter or spirit? Nights and more nights, body on fire and restless soul. How much time is left? - not even the clock knows.

Mourning

A sudden silence

A sharp pain with a swallowed cry

Unwish a wish

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Unpretentious pretension

Asynchronism in prelude to the end

He looked at the apple and didn't eat it

He closed the book the color of his sin.

Thorns

Frustration is like a thorn that sticks in your skin and bleeds

Uninspired

Runaway words

Call for help

Immediate return

One by one in different sense or senses?

The music, the rose and the postman

For many days waiting. Eva with her hair tied, her warm hands over her left cheek, listening to the sound of harps coming from the back of the living room. Concentration interrupted by the sound of the doorbell: it was the postman and the letter without perfume and without answer. She sat down in disbelief, gazing at the lonely rose in front of the sofa.