

Third Opinion

RICHARD BRONSON

For RVW

Chair of Obstetrics and Gynecology,
he'd invited me, fresh out of fellowship,
to spend the morning with him,
nodded from his desk, holding up a chart.

"Recruited for a high-power job,
her menses stopped within months.
Results all normal, what do you think?"

"Pregnancy test negative, she's stopped ovulating,
most likely from stress," sensing I was being judged.
"Likely better in a few months."

"Her gynecologist thought so. It's nearly a year,"
drumming his fingers on the desk.
"Prolactin elevated, Sella abnormal on CT scan,
she's scheduled for neurosurgery next month—
here today searching for a way out!"

He led the way to the treatment room, introduced us.
Exam finished, a fleeting smile, a quick glance toward me—
asked might I examine her.

The uterus was enlarged! "She's pregnant," I thought,
"...must have ovulated a few weeks ago,
conceived without knowing it! That would explain
her elevated prolactin."

Helping her sit up, he peered over his rimless glasses,
a wise owl. "Madam," in his Belgian accent,
"You need an obstetrician, not a neurosurgeon!"

A look of disbelief, then tears.
He grasped her hand, squeezed it.