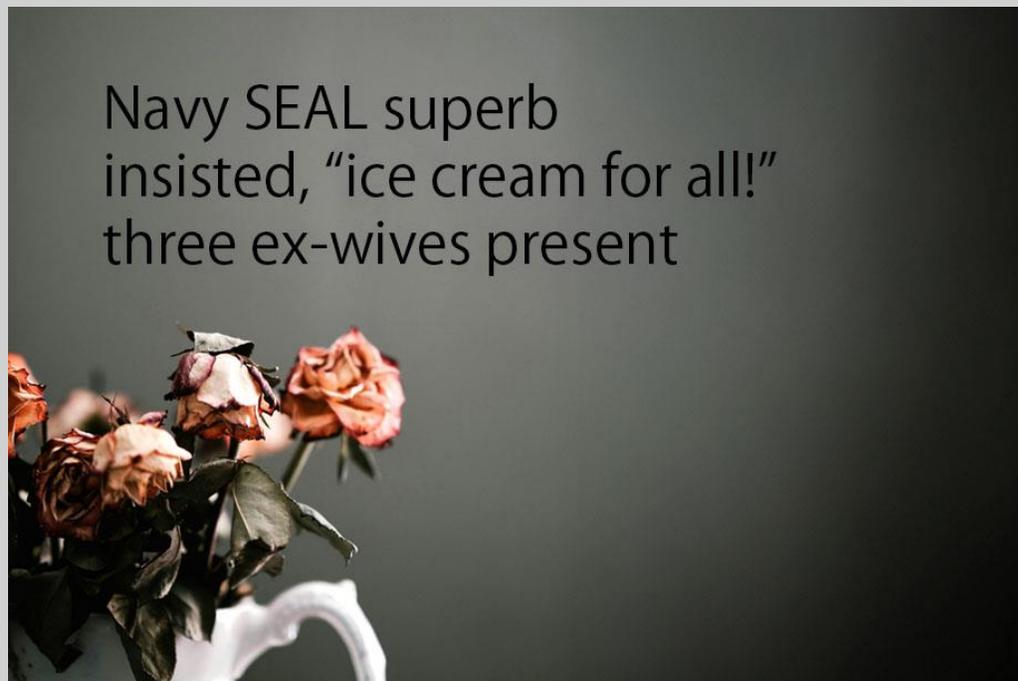
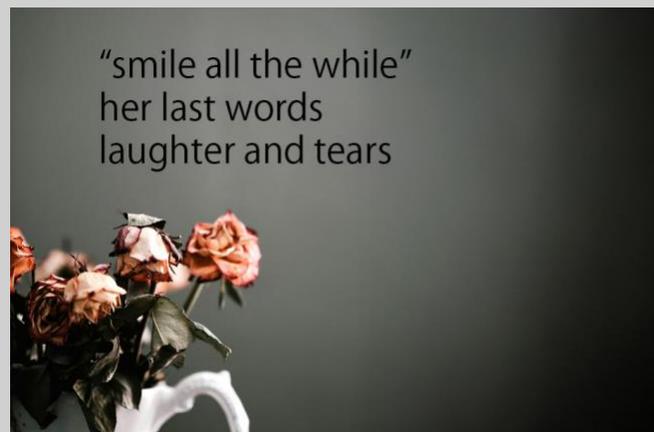


Observations from the aid-in-dying deathbed



These are a gift to me; an opportunity to succinctly and concretely remember my patients. The haiku often begins to form as the patient is dying—inspired by something the patient says or does. Sometimes, as we wait for the heart to stop, a family member, friend or caregiver shares details that slip into the haiku. Or something occurs at the last breath.



final request:  
"don't let me die like a dog  
with my mouth open"



well-orchestrated  
rabbi recites prayers  
husband weeps throughout



palpable love  
between two men  
crow swoops to window



doting sons  
gently roll, dress and cover--  
her kindness lives on



105 yrs old  
three generations cried, not  
a tear from patient



final words to wife:  
"as always, I'm leaving you  
with all the work."



head to head  
he stays in bed  
until wife's last breath



reaches to embrace her  
he dies in her arms  
a blessed way



grateful 98  
she knows her life was charmed  
her three boys surround



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