The bathroom stall was a sanctuary.
Behind the doors and upon that toilet, the lip-stained smile could be wiped and twisted.
Nurse?
Transporter?
Doctor!? You?
There, the tears could fall freely.
Emotions were allowed an outlet, but the hurt from their piercing words persisted.
Alone with profound sadness and frustration.
Questioning the worth, internally.

The call room was a sanctuary.
Behind the doors and on that bed, the powdered face could be peeled off and blackness shown.
Nurse?
Transporter?
Surgeon!? You?
There, the spirit could rest freely.
The colors could shine, but the hurt from their pungent words and disregard echoed.
Alone with profound darkness and frustration.
Questioning the worth, internally.

Now, mentorship is a sanctuary.
In front of them, I can genuinely smile and thrive from within.
Diversity?
Allyship?
Sponsorship?
Here, my future is promising.
Their encouraging words resonate, inspiring me to share them with who is where I have been.
Together with representation and vision.
Academic Surgeon?! Absolutely. Me!

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