

FLICKERS

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ARRIVING AT WORK

Sometimes, on my way to the office, I remain enveloped in the drama of the morning rush; it lingers heavily around me. Sometimes, in the solitary confines of the car, I express my frustration – at the lack of parking, at garbage in the street, at people driving selfishly. But sometimes, through that fog, it happens: I truly notice something. A leaf, a tree, the light. For that moment, my internal chatter and my slavery to time disappear. Awe shimmers through me.

Sometimes, the awe disappears when an anxious thought intrudes. Sometimes, the awe transitions into gratitude. Gratitude for these few moments of unclaimed time: in between home and work, I am neither mother, partner nor physician. I am just myself. I appreciate the silence. I decide that I do not need to obsess over time. I feel generous. These few moments, when savored, are a gem. They render the rest of my trip to work light and hopeful.

Usually though, by the time I walk through the office doors, I have stuffed my private self in my backpack and donned my professional self. Sometimes, it feels like a dead weight. Sometimes, like a privilege. Usually, I drop my keys on the desk. The clutter they make is my reality check, my wake-up call for the beginning day.