

A Plea for Forgiveness

Category: Mistakes

written by Gabriele Grossl | June 30, 2016

I am in a dark place, and all my senses riot against me.

Despair tastes sour and rotten on my quivering lips. Dishonor feels heavy and tight on my heaving chest. Dejection means hearing only my own sobs through my covered ears. Disgrace sees only my mistakes, and with blurry, red eyes. Depression smells like sweat and fear, even through a clogged nose.

How do I forgive myself when I don't even recognize myself? Whose foot is this that led me to the patient's room? Whose hand touched his hand? Grant me release from this wretched torment. I broke my Oath: "Do no harm."

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