

# Slightly Less Silent

*Navigating homophobia and transphobia in clinical settings*

Maverick Gravesworth

A Medical School, Somewhere

[Through the looking glass](#), I swam  
Submerged in amniotic waters  
Fed via the [umbilical vein](#) of medical dogma  
Four years of studies and [servant leadership](#)

I have seen the growing pains of a root system that has forced cracks into my sidewalk  
Medical Education shifting under my feet as I traverse the meaning of *quality* of life  
A [root cause analysis](#) begs us to ask, “[why?](#)”  
As was before so will be until we willingly leave comfort

I no longer wince at windshield-cracked skulls,  
I can [approximate](#) borders of gashes and large holes with poise,  
But I cannot close the systematic crevices that my patients fall between  
As I salvage my energy to address the censorship of those perceived as weak

We survive in a system that calls people names that died long ago  
[Residents](#), finding safety and power in the structures and systems where they reside;  
In hospitals to [pimp](#) and be *pimped* at a [salary of 20 dollars an hour](#)  
Earning the inheritance of quid pro quo education for captivity

Western Medicine bestows power through penance  
We say we are going to change the face of medicine  
To question a [hierarchy](#) as ancient as the hieroglyphs  
So we masked our faces and walked straight into a wall

Built to separate us from the queer and those who speak different languages  
Those who in their suffering ask, “why do you defend what is unholy?”  
And in those moments, I hope we answer something other than “it was difficult to get here”  
That we are so near to the title of “Doctor” that to risk truly being seen would be a liability

I fall back on my five senses, but most importantly my sixth:

“Will this best serve my patient?”

We are not police or juror

Thankfully, we only have ourselves to judge

So, before you mock the [queer](#):

Know that there is a generation of medicine coming that has nothing to lose

We have learned new languages and prefer a peaceful silence in the place of silent suffering

A lion cub's first wail will waver

But even a novice poacher knows to fear its [bite](#)