



Keep Climbing

By Amanda Percy

Painting By Jill Grayson

Coming home, little did I know of the people I would see
On the road, a quarter down, in the journey to MD
Three weeks full of knowledge, help, and tips to be a star
The ability to hold it all 'til the time present itself seems too afar
For who knows when I might save a life hoping I don't mar.
Based on how they look, what they tell me and overall my internal sense
It all makes me a little queasy in my abdomen and just a little tense
How can it be possible to keep books and books on mental tape?
Working harder and harder to keep my mind in tiptop shape
I write it all down and absorb as much information as I can soak in
Praying at the right moment the wheels to a move will begin
Helping me make some future patient better with the info that I know
Letting me make a person smile by not having to take their big toe
Each day I saw people I never thought were part of my hometown
Yet through the weeks how to be a responsible doctor and woman I found
Before this I felt like an imposter in my coat with my toys
But each day people came and needed me to hear their story
I listened patiently and tried hard to lend a hand
Reciting a million times, "Just do the best you can"
Sometimes I feel like I am not smart enough to do my people proud
But my heart is in 100% so I continue to climb the mound
It never shrinks and at times I think it grows quicker than I ascent
I try to look forward and not worry I'm not making a dent
Even when you think you have almost reached the height
Another obstacle occurs and you have to hold on even tighter
At the peak sits the ability to be the best doctor I can be
For each mound I accomplish to climb a better view I see.