



*“Ships in a Gale” by Willem van de Velde. Courtesy National Gallery of Art, Washington.*

## On Dying

Qiang Zhang<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>David Geffen School of Medicine at University of California Los Angeles  
Correspondence: [QiangZhang@mednet.ucla.edu](mailto:QiangZhang@mednet.ucla.edu)

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is she dying? Is she,  
going to die?  
her words laced with a depth more profound than death,  
i could not soothe -  
both our hearts.

“but I saw her move”,  
she said, pleadingly,  
“i held her hand, and i felt,  
her tighten her hand around mine,  
it was real. it was real.”

i wonder if God exists. in this hospital bed,  
surrounding these white walls, God in the dim light of day,  
in the IVs,  
the ventilator,  
in the swimming sea of us - lost.

i sit with her. she plays me a song that,  
she danced to at her wedding;  
i sing it with her -  
again, and again, we both drown together.