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# CODE BLUE

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*FROM "IMAGINE THAT", DR. ORLANDO E. SILVA'S MOVING ACCOUNT OF THE  
EVENTS THAT CHANGED THE LIVES OF THE SILVA FAMILY FOREVER.*

**T**HREE DEADLY WORDS  
THAT FIRST TOOK US BY SURPRISE IN  
THE WAITING ROOM,  
WHILE SITTING IN THE LOBBY  
RIGHT OUTSIDE THE OPERATING ROOM  
WHILE WAITING FOR OUR MOTHER.

AS THE DOORS OF THE WAITING ROOM  
OPENED THEY'D SWING  
AND THE BREATHLESS SURGEON  
GASPING WOULD STEP IN.  
ORLANDO, RUN!  
TO MY FATHER SHE WOULD SCREAM  
TERESITA HAS STOPPED BREATHING  
AND WE ARE TRYING TO BRING HER BACK!  
WE ARE DOING EVERYTHING WE CAN.  
BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD.

ONE OF THE TWO GIANT PILLARS  
THAT NOURISHED AND SUPPORTED MY HOME  
AND MY FAMILY HAD COLLAPSED,  
THE ROOF HAD CAVED IN  
AND OUR LIVES HAD CRUMBLED.

IT CAME AS A SURPRISE TO US ALL  
A SIMPLE PROCEDURE ON A FRIDAY NIGHT  
WOULD TURN INTO THE NIGHTMARE  
WE COULD NOT HAVE EVER IMAGINED.

THE ANESTHESIOLOGIST WOULD CLAIM "A  
FLEXIBLE MEMORY" AND WITH IT THE LIFE  
OF HIS FOURTH VICTIM,  
TERESITA, MY MOTHER,  
AT THE TENDER AGE OF 39.

SOME OF HIS PEERS WOULD CALL IT  
A MISTAKE, A MALINTUBATION,  
OTHERS WOULD CALL IT MURDER  
AND WE WOULD HAVE TO LIVE WITH IT  
AND CARRY HER BODY TO THE GRAVE.  
THE FOURTH VICTIM WAS MY MOTHER.  
THE OTHER THREE VICTIMS  
HAD BEEN COVERED UP,  
SWEPT UNDER THE RUG,  
BURIED.

FIRST THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN  
WITH TESTICULAR CARCINOMA, A  
CURABLE DISEASE.  
THE NEXT TWO VICTIMS WERE  
MOTHER AND CHILD, A YOUNG  
BLACK WOMAN, HEALTHY  
EXCEPT FOR A PREGNANT CONDITION, A  
BABY BORN A VEGETABLE.

ONE LAST TIME, WE WOULD MEET  
IN THE FREEZING AND EMPTY LOBBY.  
THE LOBBY WITH THE PALE ELEVATORS  
COLORED OF CREAM YELLOW BILE,  
FLOORS COVERED WITH A PASTY GREEN RUG  
SURROUNDED BY A FEW UNCOMFORTABLE SOFAS  
WHERE WE STOOD EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK  
WAITING FOR A MIRACLE TO HAPPEN WAITING  
FOR A DREAM,  
...THAT WOULD NOT BE  
NOT THIS TIME,  
NOT FOR TERESITA  
NOT FOR HER HUSBAND  
NOT FOR HER KIDS