

Neurosurgeon's Ode to Meningiomas

A neurosurgeon's ode to meningiomas, written in the style of Shakespeare's Hamlet, is presented below.

To operate, or not to operate, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to observe
The slings and arrows of the tumor's natural history,
Or to take up a scalpel against a sea of troubles
And by operating, end them. To observe - to radiate,
No more; and by surgery to say we end
The heartache and the repeated scans
That observation is heir to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To observe, to radiate;
To perform radiosurgery, perchance to dream - ay, there's the rub
For in that action without surgery what problems may come
When we have shuffled off this decision to action
Must give us pause – there's the chance of freedom from recurrence
That makes the journey of life so long
For who would bear the scans and other treatments of time
Th'oppressors wrong, the proud surgeon's treatment
The prangs of unknown, unappreciated risks taken, the law's delay
The insolence of some journal's critic, and the spurns
That patient merit of unworthy thanks,
When the surgeon might his quietus make
With a 10 blade. Who else would be willing
To grunt and sweat under a stressful life
But that the dread of some complication after surgery
The undiscovered event, from who was bourn
No patient returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than to fly to others lives that we know not of.
Thus, conscience doth make cowards of us all,
And thus, the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied over with the pale cast of fear
Rather than enterprises of great courage in the moment
With this regard, non-surgeon's turn awry
And lose the name of action. Soft you now, non-surgeon
Nymph, in thy prison,
Be all our sins be remembered.