Kidneys

The shyest of organs, kidneys hide behind the peritoneum and do not join in abdominal rumblings.

Blood flows through, creamy and thick, a velvet red. After a whirlwind of sifting and sorting, a storm of charged ions switching places, what leaves is watery and weak, reeking of rejection.

The kidneys are completely without glamor. In their drab retro-peritoneal closet they will never beat with valor like the heart, never give wind to songs like the lungs, never compose sonnets like the brain.

Working silently backstage, they plumb away, unheralded for crafting our foul, vital waste simply because it is hard to love a drain.

Sandra Miller, MD
Phoenix, Arizona

Sandra Miller is Faculty Emeritus at University of Arizona Family Medicine Residency in Phoenix. She is embracing retirement by crafting evidence-based medical adventure novels (Only Rock is Real and Crooked Trails).

Address for Correspondence: sandwrider@gmail.com


doi: 10.1053/j.ajkd.2018.07.010

© 2018 Published by Elsevier Inc. on behalf of the National Kidney Foundation, Inc.