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# Pure Intentions

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This piece is inspired by the continuous debates that surround whether or not humans should trust medicine, a frequent issue science journalists must navigate. The poem is written from the perspective of a pill in a bottle as it explores this never-ending debate from the side of medication and science overall. It examines not only the potential that humans have to depend on unnatural substances, including just how dependent on them we have actually become, but also our innate potential to doubt everything in science—even while depending on it to save us.

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My pure intentions,  
overshadowed by doubt and mistrust.  
Trust me, I want to tell them.  
I hear their shouts and screams and cries of agony.  
All I want is to soothe these desperate pleas.  
Trust me, if only I could tell them.  
Plucked and dumped  
from one soft, weak hand to the other.  
Tossed around, contemplated,  
I am small but even I feel the weight  
of the decision being made,  
of the responsibility I carry.  
They do not trust us, you see.  
Well, some do.  
Some believe in our unadulterated purpose to relieve them.  
But how can those few convince, brainwash,  
assure and reassure the aboundingly dubious,  
when they themselves are not sure,  
when they themselves do not entirely trust?  
So they test us,  
try us, tear apart our bodies.  
Crushed, shattered, pounded,  
until we fade into dust.  
Then, obstinate and sedulous as they are,  
they try us yet again.  
However skeptical, they put faith in us.  
Pawns in their kingdoms,  
like plasters made in confining mold,  
like precarious waves pushing and pulling to the moon's command,  
we arise from their design and desire.  
We exist only to prolong and promote their existence,  
tempting their use.  
But still I float hesitantly,  
passed from hand to hand,  
my invariable objective regarded and disregarded,

while I am stared at with such piercing scrutinization,  
such overwhelming fear,  
such terrifying hope.  
Injected, sucked in, swallowed – they consume us.  
Our unwavering truth to alleviate their spectrum of troubles,  
doubted, even when we are the same,  
us and them, our components so similar.  
The only stark, crucial difference being how they assemble,  
how they operate to a rhythm, a united beat,  
while we amass aimlessly.  
Despite countless efforts, we cannot match them,  
how when properly put together, they breathe.  
The miracle of life, is it not?  
Alive...but we are not?  
So we perform our duties with solutions  
and elucidations packed into our small, lifeless bodies.  
We heal, we addict, we repair, we break.  
They place boundless faith in us, but they can never trust us.  
For even roses have thorns.  
So after all this,  
how can I make them understand?  
My pure intentions.