sustaining professional support networks; and inspirational leadership. The increase in numbers of practising GP obstetricians has enabled more acceptable rosters and greater flexibility in accommodating personal commitments. These key features should be foundational considerations in replicating this successful model elsewhere.

Acknowledgements: We acknowledge the Victorian Department of Health, Health Workforce Division, for their funding of the GP obstetrician training program, and the clinicians at Western Hospital and Southern Health Clayton and Bandemon for providing valuable clinical placements for Gippsland registrars and GPs.

Competing interests: No relevant disclosures.

Received 28 Feb 2014, accepted 29 Sep 2014.

References
4 Pesce AF. Rural maternity units: how will they have a future [editorial]? Med J Aust 2008; 188: 70-71.
17 Brown J, Simon D, Young S, Kinsman L. Leading the rebirth of the rural obstetrician. Presentation at General Practice Education and Training Convention, 2013 Sep 11-12; Perth, Australia.

Poem

The art of hovering

No small feat, fifty wing beats per second, sixty, the tongue searching for sweetness, seventy. Territory matters, beauty matters. In the right light, at the right angle, the throat shines. Recovery feels dependent on their brilliance, bones in mid-ear vibrate to their frequency. Learn the meaning, the magnitude of small and nothing and easy and little. The procedure is nothing, they said; the scars are small, there will be little pain. Try to swallow.

A hummingbird’s heart is smaller than a pearl, larger than a grain of rice; it’s nothing, just a little larger than nothing. Three hundred heartbeats per minute, check your pulse, five hundred, rub circles over scars, nine hundred, a thousand, try rising from the bed. Admire their acceleration, manoeuvres through acres of cherry and locust, predator and gust. Soon every move will cease to cause a flinch; you will adjust your vocabulary — no big deal — will refer to the surgery and smile.

But months later, long past summer, you hear echoes of the birds in midair and your heart beats faster

(although like hovering you appear still)

Donna Steiner
Oswego, NY USA.

Donna.steiner@oswego.edu
doi:10.5694/mja14.01330