



Hope

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Remember me,
If I die tomorrow,
And your heart is filled with sorrow,
Do not grieve, do not cry,
I will tell you things to remember me by.

Remember me as a devoted doctor
And give me a farewell like no other.
Burn me up, or bury me down,
Wrap me up in my surgical gown.
Comfort my parents, they have lost a daughter
To save a thousand sons and mothers.

I die each day bit by bit,
My heart sinks into a bottomless pit.
The earth was selfless
With it's bounty of nature,
But we couldn't stop our greed
And continued to outrage her.

We forgot the wrath of her other creatures.
Even Alexander the great could not serenade her,
And he kicked the bucket, due to a mysterious fever.
The Egyptians, so powerful, so mighty,
Were kissed by the locusts' love potion,
It killed all first borns and destroyed the nation.

Even the prophecies had warned us before
So had the scriptures and tales from the yore.
And so my heart bleeds and it cries,
But it still has hope to live by:
A drop of hope, an ocean of love,
So tender, so pure, that I will never give up.

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Hope fills my heart with a radiant gleam,
To live and to thrive, and to survive;
To heal, to care, to nurture a dream;
I wont stop until the last of the sick is cured,
And the infirm go home, hale and alive.

This chaos, which has made us organise,
Has made us value the gift called life;
Has shown the world - those running after money and might,
That the healers, the cleaners, and the law keepers
Are their only hope in relieving their plight.

This time let's NOT go back to the old normal,
Rather, let's build a whole new world,
one that's filled with hope and trust,
And with health and love and laughter.
