



Pandemic Virtuosity

Dedicated to the frontliners who await PPE

Shalini Mullick, MD

Specialist in Pathology, National Institute of Tuberculosis and Respiratory Diseases, Delhi

Corresponding Author:

Dr Shalini Mullick

National Institute of tuberculosis and Respiratory Diseases,
Mehrauli, New Delhi, 110030, India

e-mail: drshalinimullick at gmail dot com

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As distance becomes a sign of caring,
and despised screens, our salvation,
Vilified doctors are recognized as heroes,
Hospitals we called mercenaries, need expansion.

We realise our packed schedules
were giving us focus and direction.
Strange it is to see much-hated plastic
becoming quickly our doctors only protection.

Humanity is now rudderless,
lost in anger and palpable pain;
Deeply felt is the despair -
Will we ever know our lives again?

In the search for a new normal
with old paradigms giving way,
Stories of resilience and courage emerge
through the losses and pain each day.

Fragile is this new order -
grasp it too close, and it may disappear;
The struggle is with life, and with oneself -
What all do I hold to myself dear?

Everything that we carefully made,
built, lived for, and steadied,
seems to be distant, floating away -
Emerging perspectives, deep, somewhere buried.

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The times will someday change,
It will then be time to remember:

Those who fought for us, did their part;
At the cost of their joys, calm and somber.

Who braved all odds to do what they could,
in spite of risk, despite imminent danger;
Weaving through faulty systems in which they were caught;
Each day, moment, and each patient a cliffhanger.

Can we urge ourselves, possibly?
To pause, ponder and reflect:
How our brethren we can touch
To make tomorrow a better prospect?

Disease knows no borders;
Humanity is in this together;
Can we also spread love and hope,
Faith and trust, can we gather?

A skewed history will record forever
that the war was sudden and grave,
and that the troubled times that ensued
called for each to be brave.

An affirmative response is not enough,
each must question, and introspect -
Where was the protective gear?
What made the conditions circumspect?

The doctors, nurses, and other workers,
Who worked with so much determination,
stood by your side, steadfast and unwavering,
even when compromised by many an administration.

It is for you, and not for them,
That I urge you to question and reason;
for, maybe, then we can return sanctity
to the healers' maligned profession.

When your life you rebuild,
and have moments with family to savour,
recall how healers were beaten for others' faults,
yet they rose to the COVID challenge without rancor.

When this seems like a long time ago,
Promise me you will not forget
those who continued to heal and repair
just so that you would never have to fret.