



## Save the doctor and the nurse

Murtuza Ghiya, MD

Assistant Professor, Department of Emergency Medicine

Corresponding Author:

Dr Murtuza Ghiya

Email: murtuza.ghiya at gmail dot com

Received: 04-MAY-2020

Accepted: 16-MAY-2020

Published: 30-MAY-2020

I choose not to strike with rage,  
But to write my thoughts in prose,  
As they often wisely say,  
The pen is mightier than the sword!

Urban Doctors and Nurses,  
Are like construction site labour,  
They toil to build other's homes,  
Yet face the angry neighbour.  
The boss spends countless bucks  
In building a fancy marble structure,  
But nothing is done for the frontline men  
If the safety harness should rupture.

No funds are ever gleefully spent  
For doctors' emotional well-being,  
While they are held responsible for  
The misery of all the poor and ailing!

"If one accidentally falls and dies  
Lets replace most of their baggage,  
With another one who willingly settles  
For the same 'attractive' package."

The boss never treats patients himself;  
Drives his Benz donning an Armani suit,  
Then Plays the Health care business,  
In his office with all of the loot!

The assault and deaths of doctors  
Are Never thought to be mysterious,  
Instead, All the joker says is "Dear Worker,  
It happens, why so serious?"

Cite this article as: Ghiya M. Save the doctor and the nurse. RHIME. 2020;7:120-2.

Yet, these swordless soldiers march on  
With their steths, syringes and gowns,  
While the poor masses are made to believe  
That these are, in fact, the greedy clowns.

Although we have made Doctors  
Both the butcher and the scapegoat,  
They still strive to treat and heal  
By vow of their Hippocratic oath.

Over time, the building grows taller  
With sparkling window panes,  
But under the lustre of the walls,  
We fail to see the stains;

Stains of blood and sweat,  
Stains of sacrifice and tears,  
" shhhh.. you are in a noble profession  
So just Smile and Say cheers!"

"Maybe you should be like other  
Stressed out pals and peers,  
Hop into a bar that offers  
Some sparkling shots and beers!"

Or maybe, we should sit back, introspect,  
Percuss, palpate, and also inspect -

Are things any different  
In under served rural lands,  
Where both healing and billing  
Is entirely in our hands?

Maybe the village is dusty and drab;  
No Armani, no Mercedes Benz;  
But you'll get a good night's sleep  
With the hard-earned two petty pence!

Maybe the rural folk'll welcome you,  
Or maybe they'll shut their doors,  
But you can't savour the sparking seas,  
By simply sitting at the shores!

So no point in grumbling and crying,  
Either dive in or simply die trying!  
Be a lion outside your urban comfort cave.  
Heaven whispers - fortune favours the brave!

---

This article has an associated commentary written by [Dr Olinda Timms](#).

**Poet's note:** COVID-19 has exposed the weakness in a largely privatized, profit driven health-care business, soaked neck deep in corruption both within and without the so called noble health care system. This is likely to have stemmed from years of under-funding of health care. Although there are a few unscrupulous, unethical black sheep within the medical community, there are many who have dedicated themselves to serve patients with their heart and soul. The media tends to sensationalize and exaggerate physician errors and corruption while not throwing light upon the systemic errors that ensure that business men make the big bucks in private health care while the doctor is made the face of it!

**Acknowledgment:** Mrs. Manjulika Vaz, Health And Humanities, St.John's National Academy of Health Sciences, Bangalore, India, for inspiring me to write this article and for the setting up of humanities in my alma-mater.