



Scopophobic with a stethoscope

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Half a century ago, I started to understand,
And found myself among well-wishers and friends.

Yes, there were many with beautiful faces
but none could match your unique grace!

I visited you always when something was wrong
Your voice so reassuring...sounded like a sweet song.

The twinkling eyes were playful, full of life and hope.
In the serenity of whites and lights, fear had no scope.

The smile radiating from the glow had the power of
220 volts
But, alas, times changed...now you look like a
dreaded ghost!

I wonder are you the same beneath the darkness?
or a robber...terrorist...pirate?
You touch me not...keep away...abandon me to fate.

I'm too scared to read the fear in your eyes
It seems like you announce I am going to die.

I wonder if you are representative of life or of death
I understand your fear...of my each breath.

I too fear for your health...I care,
But seeing you confused itself is a nightmare.

I wish you to be strong...do the right thing, I pray;
these times are sure to pass, but the scars, forever...
will stay.

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