



# The superhero, forgotten: an ode to those we take for granted

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They smiled at him, but his eyes dewed.  
He felt numb at first and then, nothing.  
A lost tiger, snared long ago, in an unseen trap,  
helpless, he felt as though the path to escape was unknown.  
Who were these faces that bore a possibly condescending smile?

*His friends and family members,  
well-wishers and mates he had known,  
those he had sacrificed for and loved.  
He had always been their dearest gem,  
but his troubles, they did not comprehend.*

Surrounded by all, he was still alone,  
lonely in a crowd, with not one to call his own.  
A familiarity in their greetings: seemed they had met before.  
With a courteous smile and curt answers,  
like a chameleon he blended, yet, there was something amiss.

*Progressively, he became more and more irritable,  
Changes were noticed more and more at the dinner table.  
An old man's cute tantrums is what was concluded.  
Busy with their individual hectic lives,  
They failed to realise his strife.*

Independent since forever, he still continued;  
an alien stuck in an uncomfortable group,  
a bonhomie and camaraderie he didn't welcome.  
The Sun rose and the Sun set.  
The bees buzzed and the flowers bloomed.  
One day, he did not return.

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*Frantic, they searched.  
At dawn, he was finally found.  
Sitting in a farflung public park,  
staring and smiling at a honeycomb.*

He had followed the bees to their home.  
He had watched the Sun set and rise.  
The grass was verdant green and dew drops gleamed.  
Wondrous sights, yet, none seemed to pay any heed.  
But then these random people came - why did they create a scene?

*A million similar stories brew around us everyday.  
A concerned ear, an attentive eye, a patient shoulder,  
is even this too much to expect?  
That, too, for those without whom  
we would yet be but fumbling newborns.*

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