



The fallen warrior

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They say I am a ray of hope for the fallen
They look at me and tell me not to fear
I walk into an unknown battlefield, nervous
My face does not show it, I am a warrior

I have no sword to run through the enemy
I don my armour and pick up my shield
A sword is being forged I am told
Till then, to the enemy I must not yield

Each step is heavy, the armour suffocating
With an Oxygen probe, from bed to bed I move
I have my struggles with the armour but I see the ones gasping
Noting their struggles, my lungs suddenly improve

The enemy is sinister and deadly
It moves from man to man, leaving a trail of bodies behind
With no solution or weapon in sight
A fear keeps lingering in every person's mind

We battle hard each day, with all we have
Tend to the fallen while trying to save the rest
Most are saved but many lose the battle
We are unable to contain the enemy despite trying our best

I return each day, battered and bruised
My family is anxious, for me they keep praying
Warriors are falling each day now
The war wages on, the enemy is still slaying

I wake up one day, my body burning hot
I cannot smell the coffee in my flask
Panic runs through my mind
I rush to the hospital, wearing my N95 mask

They plunge a stick down my nose and throat
The report is out, positive it reads in front of my name
I reach the familiar COVID ward
Just this time, nothing appears the same

I lay on the bed I had passed by so many times
I gasp out loud, with arms flailing
My chest is so heavy, I cannot breathe
Seems like the warrior's body is failing

They rush to me and put on the Oxygen
Even on the highest flow, I cannot maintain
"Rush him to the ICU", I hear someone scream
I look blankly at the faces, my body paralyzed by the pain

Their faces are hidden by masks but their eyes are serious
"He is young and healthy, how could he deteriorate?"
This virus does not draw a line between young and old
"We must not wait now, we have to intubate..."

A long tube is pushed into my windpipe to help me breathe
I will improve, they still believe
I see a faint shadow of my grandmother smiling at me
She's waiting for me, I know I must leave

My eyes are heavy, now they're closing
I am relaxed and feel no fear
If you meet my parents, just tell them
I fought hard, I was a warrior.
