



## Will it be our turn next?

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Thousands aspiring to own that white coat...  
A job of respect and class they said.  
With none of us even being treated like humans...  
*Why be a doctor? To be harmed, to be slayed?*

A sense of satisfaction running deep through our veins,  
the happiness from serving people, intentions so pure,  
but what do we get, for spreading goodwill?  
*Why be a doctor? To suffer for sure?*

Money-minded they call us, years of effort unnoticed.  
If we don't save a life, they curse us to doom.  
Forgotten sacrifices, troubles all in vain.  
*Why be a doctor? To spend a life in gloom?*

As COVID warriors, they hailed us as gods,  
then thrashed us with impunity, humanity was lost,  
Yet, still no regulations ensuring our safety...  
*Why be a doctor? To bear everything at any cost?*

Insane working hours, tired but hanging on.  
Not even assured of peace, of a good night's sleep.  
Skipping meals, burnt-out and exhausted.  
*Why be a doctor? To be treated pettily, valued so cheap?*

For female health workers, the fears escalate.  
Insecurities lurk deep in our subconscious minds.  
Not assured of safety, not even in our workplace...  
*Why be a doctor? To face violence of all kinds?*

A dilemma resides in the back of our minds.  
Should we save the lives of our patients? Should we save our own?  
Work, a never-ending battle, freedom from fears, still unknown...  
*Why be a doctor? Will it be our turn next?*

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