**A Friend’s Illness**

SICKNESS brought me this Thought, in that scale of his:
Why should I be dismayed
Though flame had burned the whole World, as it were a coal,
Now I have seen it weighed
Against a soul?

**Her Long Illness**

Daybreak until nightfall,
he sat by his wife at the hospital
while chemotherapy dripped through the catheter into her heart.
He drank coffee and read the Globe. He paced; he worked on poems; he rubbed her back and read aloud. Overcome with dread, they wept and affirmed their love for each other, witlessly, over and over again.
When it snowed one morning Jane gazed at the darkness blurred with flakes. They pushed the IV pump which she called Igor slowly past the nurses’ pods, as far as the outside door so that she could smell the snowy air.

**Doctors by Dean Thorpe**

Nasty tablets, side effects.
Moody people, emotional wrecks.
Deep inside, were people too.
Even when, were feeling blue.
Doctors comment, think they know.
Exposure our lifes, pain we show.
Lifes a bitch, in the end.
See us vanish, round the bend.

**ENCOUNTER ON THE STAIRS**

By Warner V. Slack, MD

Next to Children’s Hospital, in a hurry Down the stairs, two at a time Slowed down by a family, moving slowly Blocking the stairway, I’m in a hurry I stop, annoyed, I’m in a hurry Seeing me, they move to the side A woman says softly, “sorry” in Spanish I look down in passing, there’s a little boy Unsteady in gait, holding onto an arm Head shaved, stitches in scalp Patch over eye, thin and pale He catches my eye and gives me a smile My walk is slower for the rest of the day

**Emotions**

By Nagma KC, RN

With an inspiration to heal Eyes open up without much sleep Rushing, off I go towards my journey Heart full of love and care hands full of divine touch less load, alas! no much work there is, and so is hope

I try my best to heal Lessen the sorrow and erase the inner soul with pain Easy work it ain’t, emotionally drenching it is, My heart is filled with pain Seeing the moans, and the groans helplessness and shrill cries Oh Lord! I whisper Please Help Him/ Help Her Dear God, I say take away their sorrow, Oh Please! take away their pain

Doctors are called, medicines are given Eyes become teary and my heart heavy Why is there so much pain, I ask Everyday, every hour, every second Hazy my view becomes I quit! I say A hand on my shoulder A smiling face, it’s my colleague It's the Nurse It's okay she says, You can do it

With a new vision, off I go
Helping again, the sick
8 hours are gone, now is the time
Mercy Lord, I survived I say
And, I healed and spread love
Tired, sad, happy
I leave for home
Will be back tomorrow, I say
Will do a better job, I dream
Help us all, I pray
Dear God! Dear Lord
take away all sorrow and pain!

On the Subject of Doctors
By James Tate
I like to see doctors cough.
What kind of human being
would grab all your money
just when you're down?
I'm not saying they enjoy this:
"Sorry, Mr. Rodriguez, that's it,
no hope! You might as well
hand over your wallet." Hell no,
they'd rather be playing golf
and swapping jokes about our feet.

Some of them smoke marijuana
and are alcoholics, and their moral
turpitude is famous: who gets to see
most sex organs in the world? Not
poets. With the hours they keep
they need drugs more than anyone.
Germ city, there's no hope
looking down those fire-engine throats.
They're bound to get sick themselves
sometime; and I happen to be there
myself in a high fever
taking my plastic medicine seriously
with the doctors, who are dying