

Echoes of a Pandemic: A Resident's Lament

In the year of the plague, a resident I stood,
In the heart of the storm, where all was misunderstood.
Exposed early on, with no test in sight,
Illness in solitude, engulfed in fear's might.

Quarantine followed, alone in my space,
Thoughts of mortality, fear on my face.
Returning to the ICU, a scene of dismay,
Ventilators in hallways, the sick in disarray.

Our unit stretched thin, beyond capacity,
Death on every floor, a grim reality.
Patients on the brink, in numbers too vast,
Intubated, on dialysis, breaths fleeting, their last.

Our once bustling service, now a scene of despair,
Overflowing with suffering, beyond our repair.
We cried in stockrooms, worked without rest,
Each day a new challenge, a relentless test.

Administration vanished, leaving us to cope,
With patients in crisis, devoid of all hope.
Education halted, off-service learning ceased,
We were alone, the pandemic increased.

Short on masks, ventilators, and more,
We improvised treatments, to even the score.
Intubation a sentence, not a saving grace,
A desperate attempt to quell death's swift pace.

Vaccines emerged, a glimmer of light,
But they too were met with doubt and slight.
From heroes to villains, the narrative changed,
Blamed for restrictions, our roles rearranged.

The next wave hit hard, with those who refused,
The vaccine, a shield, they blatantly recused.
Anger replaced sorrow, for those who wouldn't heed,
The call to protect, in the time of need.

As the world moves on, forgetting our plight,
We carry the scars, through day and night.
Residents of the pandemic, marked by the fight,
A chapter of sacrifice, in our hearts held tight.