

The Buffer



As a nurse in the ICU
I get drained by that feeling,
When there is nothing I can do,
To stop the angst and reeling.

A darling little girly,
Who battled lymphoma,
She lost her gorgeous curlies,
Before falling into a coma.

Older gentleman, Umar,
Fight for life with vigor,
But he signed for DNR,
Then lost when his heart triggered.

The sadness of Ms. Pierre,
With her terminal prognosis,
Struck down with the nightmare,
Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis.

My heart is hurt and sinking,
What is my role, and why?
I cannot help but thinking,
Am I here to watch them cry?

Does it help my being there,
When illness still hovers,
Dark does not disappear,
And some do not recover?

As a nurse in the ICU
I got to know the feeling,
There is so much I can do,
Besides for health and healing.

*My heart just feels like mashing,
Like crushing glass and shreds,
As my brain keeps on rehashing,
All that happened in those beds.*

*Our breaths were bated,
As we waited,
But then the hopes all faded.*

*Our hands were chained.
I felt strained,
My heart pained.*

*We tried.
How I cried.
But our hands were tied.*

*My patients debated,
They stated,
How much I have aided.*

*It is about support,
Dispensing comfort,
Being an island of fort.*

*My ever presence matters,
In a place where loved ones suffer,
As I withstand some worlds shatter,
I am a comforting buffer.*

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