

Tribute to Nurses

By : Mistress of Word Play

I wrote this poem for those people like my sister who are nurses. They are people who rarely get the respect they deserve. What I wrote comes nowhere near what they encounter each day as they tend and heal the sick and dying.



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She travels up and down
the fluorescent lit hallways
death, disease, new life,
joy and sorrow as she goes.
Doctors are making rounds,
long hectic, monotonous days
passing medications,
sharing triumphs and the bitter woes.

The concrete floors along the way,
always neat and clean
too many things to do
and too few hours are left.
She feels the pain in her back
and the aching of her feet.
Those moments she has to say good-bye
leave her so bereft.

A quiet moment to sort it out
where she can stop and think
she loves her job and tells herself,
"Yes, I am content."
Call light is on she walks the distance.
Her patient wants a drink.
The time clock calls. She heads for home,
proud but tired and spent.

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