

When in a White Coat

My White coat hails hundreds of behaviors in pain, I hardly remember their names, so I recognize them with an ailment, so as to unscramble things in my brain.

And they get a diagnosis, for me to identify; Which nevertheless they delve into web and let Google ratify.

But from somewhere I feel the frowns on their faces sneak, their quivering voices shriek.

And their trembling hands; Oh.. They speak much more to us...I only amass them in subtleties...

And then both the sides of table are kind of same; We wait to witness the power of pills and practices, Of tenderness and tolerances...

Tolerance of an emergency call at 3 am in the night, Yes, it might have blurred the boundaries for us, Between the days and nights, in being available 24*7 outright.

Little do they know; all these times we've been sharing just the hopes to their whines...

To those weary eyes and wrinkled faces holding grief in their depths, all we do is to listen.

And healing is half done, isn't it too humane?

Though there is no epitome of goodness this side, I believe- Where their suspended sighs seek solace

Yet for aught-If unassuaged here, the onus is on the white coat; To strive till its last and yet embrace the ephemeral...

For we've touched the both, the life and the death...

So closely that it appears as fragile as this bustle of breaths

And thence, When in White Coat- more than the humor

There's more of a humane this side.

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