London Landscape

Carousel of servitude

Sonali Mukherjee-Bose
General Practitioner

A kaleidoscope of snapshots,
Veering towards the unknown,
 Tormenting,
 Teasing,
Like a stone that groans.
 Catapulting,
 Yet appeasing,
The conscience left so alone.

The carer who bares her soul,
For the sake of compassion,
Only to rot away,
And spiral into oblivion.

So known to this profession,
To which we allude,
Without as much as challenging the truth.

The glint,
 The panorama,
The sequence of woes,
The tide of which
Renders one so morose.

The patient with disease
That draws them to demise.
We try to comprehend
The lingo in their eyes.

Too scared to speak?
For fear of exposure,
I know how you feel
Over and over.

Please don't despair!
And just sit and stare,
Relinquishing your spirit,
I will help you to be fair.

Scientists are we
Or so thus called.
Yet our vocation itself
Is much more bold

To Indulge,
 In the realms of imagination.
What could be?
The drama,
 The spirit,
 The very Art.

Of Caring.
 Feeling,
 Delving,
Into the recesses of the mind,
So no regrets that sight be in hind.

This body is worn,
Yet mind adorned,
One knows nothing else
But to serve the forlorn.

If all we can give
Is a glimmer of hope,
Then so be it,
This able rope.
To take you higher,
To a place of bliss,
Transcendental thinking,
A furtive wish.

No regrets have I ,
Surmounted as I am,
In this maze of servitude,
A particle of dust,
Positioned carefully,
In this uncanny interlude.

So go on,
Our lives in parallel,
Alas and bravo!
Most intriguing carousel.

ADDRESS FOR CORRESPONDENCE

Sonali Mukherjee-Bose
smukherjee-bose@nhs.net