

Alberta Doctors' Digest

Letter: For Ed, my construction manager

For Ed

My construction manager

For many wonderful talks

And the inspiration

For this

To pen.

From home

Yesterday

After three weeks away

I ventured forth

To get gas, groceries

Visit the Registry.

It was eerie

The air felt tense

Peoples' faces

Registered fear

I thought to myself.

We doctors

What have we unleashed?

At what expense?

We might have saved

the elderly
But put our people, our children
In jeopardy.

The little ones
huddle at home
In front of screen and TV
Bewildered, unseeing
Not kissed
Not hugged
By grandmas
Such as me.

We might the curve
have lowered
The clinics and hospitals
embowelled
But at the very heart of it
Our spirits have been crushed
Our pockets emptied.
Our children bereft
Our old ones alive
But feeling a touch guilty.

For we could have done
Like Sweden
Sheltered the old
Freed the young

Kept the economy
Lively and robust.

But, instead we chose
We doctors
In our arrogance,
In our single-mindedness
To compel
All folks
Whether ill or well
To hunker down
In lockdown.

Who were we?
To instil such grief
To put our children in jeopardy?
To instil such fear
in hearts so dear
And to top it all off
To declare
Smugly
For all to hear.

Hear ye, hear ye
We, the doctors
have conquered COVID
That wily fox
That dirty dog

So that you old folks
May live forever more.

Thanks and have a great day!

- Dr. Muriel Solomon

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