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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