

# 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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