

# Alberta Doctors' Digest

## Poetic letter to the editor: Going A-Vaccinating

To my son, David  
Who is holding down  
the home front,  
While I go a-vaccinating!

Since May fifteenth,  
I have been vaccinating  
In downtown Calgary  
TELUS Convention Centre  
On Stephen Avenue  
A huge facility.

I volunteered  
Learned the six modules  
Declared no criminal offence  
Yes, had liability insurance  
No would not renege  
Committed to train and to vaccinate.

I knew downtown parking  
Would be a nightmare  
But at City Hall  
for us it was free

Then an easy walk to the TELUS facility,  
Where a long snake of people greeted me.

Security was tight  
Every five meters  
Folks in vests, neon bright  
Guided me to where I should be.  
My spot was 5E  
Where a tiny vial of Pfizer  
in a cold gel pack, awaited me.

Lot number, Batch number  
Draw point three gingerly  
No tapping, no shaking,  
Complete all forms carefully  
Remember to sanitize hands  
In between and frequently.

My people are nervous, excited  
Trepidation  
Mixed with anticipation.  
“We have waited so long for this  
Yes ! Yes! You have my consent  
But, I’m scared of needles – hope I don’t faint“

Teenagers;  
“May I take a selfie  
to send to my friends and family?“

Two migrant workers

From Quintana Roo to DeWinton

No habla Anglais

“Doctora, doctora , can we have cerveza after?”

It's eight pm

Lights have dimmed

I'm getting cross-eyed

Time to quit

Remove mask and shield

Sanitize desk.

Security guard says

“Thank you for doing all that you do “

It's a balmy evening out

Sun is still up

Homeless addicts

from their drug stupor are up and about.

One sits in a sunny spot

Smiles at me

Invitingly

Holds up a bag of buns

I think,

Only the poor, still know how to share

I am touched.

Woman, in tight jeans, still high

rides a bicycle  
in Rhine-stone heels  
While nearby  
A man with deformed hands  
Swollen legs, in his chair  
Wheels by.

The sun is still high  
It's one of those spring evenings in Calgary  
When a breeze blows, Warm and balmy  
Invoking in me  
a certain longing  
to be  
In Hawaii  
Then, I remind myself  
I am with my people  
I am  
Where I ought to be.