

Healthcare Heroes on the Mournful Sea

From doctor, nurse, to hidden x-ray tech,
To every healthcare worker that takes a check,
We lift our hearts in admiring praise,
Praying each you should get a good raise.

Few know all the blood and guts you see,
Of sick and tired on the mournful sea.

The brave ambulance crew that delicately ferries,
An emergency room that quickly scurries,
In the dark of night or in midday bright,
For the soul fading—you're the *only* light!

O'er yonder hill another gunshot blast,
Down in the valley of the big city fast,
Mayhem and mischief, misery and pain,
Monsters roam for their own pitiful gain.

Then sadly innocent were all of us,
When crashing came the Corona virus,
Masks, closings, and all manner of worry,
And many a conspiracy theory.

Yet who but you stood vigilant and true,
Mystery healthcare workers in masks of blue.
Hospitals became the battle frontlines,
Where the last hope for life brilliantly shines.

As the world locked down tight and dark,
There you are courageous and so smart.
Clean and mysterious with a kind eye,
We beg your help with a painful long sigh.

Protests and riots and buildings burned,
Businesses closed as the world turned.
Racism and hate and party blather,
Do rub all into a heated lather.

Few know all the blood and guts you see,
Of sick and tired on the mournful sea.

Yet midst the long and frightful tomorrow,
A couple of truths do break our sorrow.
For we trust and pray and have confidence,
A few places remain without diffidence.

Each ambulance and hospital room knew,
The blood of all is **RED** through and through;
In corridors long where the blood does drain,
There's **NO COLOR** to a patient in **PAIN**.

