Zeal to Heal

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Waking up from my slumber sweet,
Cutting short my dreams, I retreat
Burning oil all the night
None to lend a hand, none to hear my plight.

Sacrifices I've made every day,
Yet, time and again I have to prove my say.
When all is well I am their deity
My place is next to god almighty!

Shouldering a huge basket full of Stress
Healing the sick from distress.
The tick of a clock clearly heard,
The small hours of the night spent unspoken, unheard.

A bad patient, an awkward disease,
An imperfect decision in a tricky situation,
Abruptly changed now, is my position,
All at once, I cease to stand in the crease!!

Abuses I hear,
Assaults I bear,
Yet, when the next sick arrive
I strive, to let them survive.

Is this all I deserve?
For the sacrifices I made, just to serve!
All the while I stood on my heel,
Only 'cause I had the zeal to heal!!

—Dr. Naaz Jahan Shaikh

Compliance with Ethical Standards

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