

The Soldier.

Vocation. Old fashioned idea?
She calls it her chosen career.
She trained hard, she works hard, it's true,
But for so many that's nothing new.
Who thought that it might get this hard
When she first stepped out onto a ward?
That the bruises masks leave on her face
Would become - to them all - common place?
That two of her colleagues would die,
Whilst trying to save you and I?
That she takes her work home to her kin
Literally. On her clothes and her skin.
That she has no idea where this ends
With the loss of one more of her friends?

Even so, on the front line once more,
She smiles as she opens the door
To another man, scared and alone,
He must talk to his wife on the phone.
While his family must all stay away
They rely on our soldier to say:-
"You're ok. You've got this. You're strong"
When, truth be told, all along,
She may know that he isn't at all,
That the writing may be on the wall.
That the end for this man is in sight,
That he may pass away overnight.

But she doesn't say this, there's no need,
And what would it do but to feed
His fear. Which has grown through the day.
The fear that he's slipping away.
And she stays as the man breathes his last
The virus, that took him so fast.

And tomorrow she'll do it again
Your daughter, your sister, your friend.
Our soldier in this deadly war
Our hero. Our darling. And more.

Carolyn Nash