

The Boxer

Jab. Hook. Uppercut.

Long ago, I entered this arena.
For the duel of my lifetime.
Surrounded by love.
Strong and proud.
Dignified.

But as the coach and the front rows keep cheering.
The crowd is running out of steam.
And I'm getting short of breath.

How long has this fight been going on for?
My body's crushed by the adversary.
And my blood keeps dripping.

A hit - I stagger, my vision blurs.
Hey, this is what you wanted.
But is this what I wanted?

Saved by the bell, I look around.

Up - I'm blinded by the light.
Back - My cornerman won't throw the towel.
Ahead - K.O. feels like the death row, and I say no.

Why can't you all understand.
There is no such thing as surrender.
It's just the odds, then the obvious, really.

Enough with these rounds.
Some may pursue glory, but not me.
I have my very own definition of bravery.

I could not choose my entry.
But let me decide my exit.
Surrounded by love.
Strong and proud.
Dignified.

Draped in a white flag.

The Boxer is inspired by our patients that courageously navigate grief and sometimes find acceptance before their loved ones - and even before us, as health care providers.