

I heard this bizarre phrase,  
I could not digest or fathom,  
Can you answer my deep question,  
Bugging like a gnawing chasm.  
Please explain the latest craze,  
Friends keep on recommending,  
At every time and session,  
They repeat like never-ending.

They believe that every being,  
Wearing scrubs who is in healthcare,  
Must indulge in their temptation,  
In the term that they call “Selfcare.”  
Whether it is shopping spreeing,  
A gym workout energizing,  
SPA massaging meditation,  
Or some yoga exercising.

Perhaps time is to invite them,  
Without seeming very brusque,  
To a tour into a day,  
Life in Healthcare dawn to dusk.  
“Morning” is morning, ahem,  
When the world is still quite sleeping,  
Yet I head to my forte,  
Hearing when machines beeping.

Like a never-ending dance,  
Is to ensure what’s PRN,  
Smiling brightest in each room,  
To rate their pain from one to ten.  
As every patient gets their chance,  
I hear pain and tears and yearning,  
Yet my face conceals the doom,  
When the vitals are concerning.

While the marathon is on,  
Charting is none to be snorted,  
Every spec of what you see,  
Is to be detailed and recorded.  
Then the day is close to gone,  
When every bone knows many aches,  
Is when I see I was not free,  
To get a chance to take a break.

And tomorrow greets a morning,  
Close related to today,  
Propelling yet sighing body,  
Oh, and then another day,  
Then without ado or warning,  
Burnout hits me very real,  
Like the dryness of a wadi,  
I lose strength and spark and zeal.

We are no super-humans living,  
Us, wearing scrubs in healthcare,  
And I will make the divulgence,  
That our me-time is no “Selfcare.”  
It’s what’s stimulating giving,  
Patient caring prime,  
Don’t mistake it for indulgence,  
Call it ~~Me-time~~ “community- time.”

# Me-time Myth



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