



### The Unsung

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Tomorrow,  
It will be 31 days,  
And yet, you can't come home.  
I don't say it,  
But yes,  
I do miss you.

I crave for the way,  
You used to gently pat my head,  
To soothe me to sleep.  
Maybe that's why,  
Tonight seems so long.  
And I whisper your name  
In the dark.

I crave to hear your voice.  
But this darkness reveals nothing.  
There is a reason for this distance,  
I understand.  
If it were a poem,  
I would have called you,  
And held you close,  
So that you could never leave.

But the reality needs you.  
They might not acknowledge you,  
They might never understand  
The work that you do.

This virus,  
That is evoking panic,

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And the world -  
So crowded nowadays.  
But not with life,  
With lifeless bodies.

And all hopes are shattered:  
For the daughter,  
Who couldn't see her father,  
When his body no longer could bear his life;  
For all those families  
Who don't get the chance,  
To see their loved ones in their last days.

You, my dad,  
Are their final solace,  
Laying to rest those lost souls.  
Working all day,  
In the house of the dead,  
You provide closure  
To the piling heaps of human corpses.

You, too, risk your life every day,  
To bring this world,  
A little peace.  
To anyone else,  
Your work might not hold importance,  
They might not even acknowledge you.  
But the reality needs you.

I will wait for you,  
Whispering your name in this darkness.  
And I want you to know,  
That I understand,  
And I am proud.

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