



At the frontline, outside the frame

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I have known pain and death
Without the medical names
I am the one who sees it
From outside the frame

I clean the leftovers
Of the frontline battles
- Some won, some lost -
After the PPEs, the specialists,
I often walk out last

I didn't go to any med school
I don't have specialized skills
But human civilizations
Also need jobs without frills

The sheets need to be clean
The floors have to shine
There is invisible drudgery
And that is all mine!

So what then is humanity?
Is there ever equality?
I wish we save each human life
And learn compassion from this strife

In the world we humans made
Everything has a price
But kindness comes for free
and smiles are still nice!