



### Touched by an Angel: Remembering Humanity

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“Ah, Medicine! ’Tis a noble profession!”  
The world has its say;  
Fresh out of Med school, we beam with pride,  
Innocent as lambs, if I may.

Enter first year residency – a drudgery like no other!  
As rat races go, its the Grand Prix;  
Run helter-skelter till there are hours in the day,  
Yet no one to hear your soliloquy.

All talk of nobility seems to vanish,  
A haze of blood samples and paperwork clouding the horizon;  
Lost in the barrage of “Why didn’t you?”’s and “What’s taking you?”’s  
We’re human no more, just automated drones.

T’was a time like this, not too long past,  
I was at the apogee of my career as a “First Year”;  
Crazed by blood-lust and dazed by the never-ending work,  
Surgeon par excellence, sans compassion.. Oh dear!

Preparing (and bracing myself) for pre-op rounds,  
“All patients for tomorrow.. line up!” I called out;  
Racing to me came a little not-yet-six,  
A twinkle in her eye, wrinkling her snout.

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“Smells like you haven’t bathed for a week!” she quipped,  
Veering to one side just out of my grasp;  
Dancing on her tippy-toes,  
Giggling away, a little doll in her clasp.

“Catch me if you can!” said the look on her face,  
Off she went prancing away, taunting me aloud;  
Chase after her I did, huffing and puffing,  
All thoughts of work drowned out by the cheers of the crowd!

Mark my words, catch her I did!  
My hands the tickle monster, she its muse;  
Her laughter echoed through the ward  
Long after she finally wriggled loose.

“What’s your name?” She asked,  
“Mine is Pariiiiiiiiiiiii!”  
A twirl of her dress, a fleeting moment of shyness,  
Then bobbing up and down, all a flurry!

“Do you know why I’m here, Doctor Uncle?”  
A shrug of my shoulders, a shake of the head,  
“Don’t lie! You know! Mama told me!”  
She barely got out, her face all red.

Not waiting for an answer,  
Hopping and skipping, she sang:  
“TON-SILS, TON-SILS.. you’re gonna take my ton-sils!”  
Out aloud, in her endearing nasal twang.

Her Majesty graced us with her presence  
For all of four days,  
With a silly grin on her face,  
And mischief in her eyes, always!

From Consultants to Interns,  
She spared none;  
What was once dark and dreary,  
Work now seemed like so much fun!

She was the epitome of all that was forgotten  
Laughter, happiness, emotion;  
The touch of an angel was all it took  
To break out of our reverie and remember that we, too, are Human

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