



Bidding adieu

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He wrapped his muffler tight against the chill,
a casual goodbye, a simple plan –
“Just going for stroll with friends.”
The door hadn’t yet shut, the walk ended before he opened the gate.

Death arrived, not with a footfall or a shadow, but with a brutal blow.
For forty minutes we fought the stillness,
pressing life back into the heart.
In and out. In and out. And then a pulse...

We reached the emergency room, hope thin as a thread.
The Doctor approached us slowly, his expression heavy,
as if he had been holding our sorrow before handing it back:
“Your father is critically ill, on life support, he will likely never wake.”

Then, silence...
the decision was no longer medical, it was ours to make.
I looked up to the Almighty, who decides our fate,
with tears in my eyes and hands held in faith.

Daddy, you were always my compass,
the one who helped me choose my path.
But this is the most difficult decision to take.
In this moment of grief, I have lost my way,
for I am human, flawed, and drowning in the fear
of making a mistake I can never undo.

I want you here, I want to hear your voice,
But you once said -
*Death is the last thing you do in your life,
shouldn't you do it with grace?*

At this crossroad I have to choose between keeping you with me, fettered,
or setting you free and letting you finish your stroll.
As I stare at the form that says - Do Not Resuscitate,
I wonder if the kindest love is sometimes to bid adieu.