

Worth the Battle

By Amanda Percy

At times the work is not worth the battle,
Continuous pushdowns and not a helping hand
Each hurdle more to overcome than the last,
Always having to be your own fan.
Not for the weak or disloyal,
The journey takes dedication of body, mind, and soul.
Queries arise if the end is worth the means?
Is the damage on me worth the toll?
Together with many, now forever connected,
But much more we're a generation.
A subset of our peers whose life is not to self-service
But rather now to devotion.
To tomorrow, yesterday and most importantly today,
We seek the value of life.
Being able to save one, change one,
Or being able to help let go of one full of strife.
We're the shoulder to cry on,
The one to blame when plans go awry.
But peace and serenity for us are personally hard to find.
Who would understand the feelings and thoughts we keep?
They can panic, surprise, and simultaneously amaze
But importantly they run deep.
Each occurrence accumulating in a vast vault of knowledge we accept.
It is part of the duty and our promise to do our best will be kept.
Hold strong we're taught but what is wrong with tears others may see?
Does that make me less just the "doctor" and more a "me"?
No one said it was easy, for then all would take on the oath.
The hardest part of medicine is being a good doctor and good human, balancing both.