

Look Listen Feel

Nurse Look

Beyond the physical form, functions and structures align,

Not just the rapid changes in a vital sign.

More than the test and findings of human senses,

Not just the science and numbers seen through the lenses.

At the sadness, emptiness and mindless questions in the head,

To soothe scarred and injured bodies restless lying in bed.

At the worn out and battered flesh, spirit has lost its' spark,

A nurses' solemn eye is a glimpse of faith through a labyrinth dark.

Nurse Listen

Beyond the murmurs, pulses and adventitious sounds,

Not just the beeps and hiss of equipment making its' rounds.

More than having a trained ear for a whisper, a grunt or a high pitched cry,

Not just the endless list of symptoms and pills that were given a try.

To the cry of a searing soul, the grief of losing, and the last breathe of dying,

Is a steadfast grip, like the hand of a newborn feeding, tightly grasping.

To the scathing remarks of loved ones blaming, fighting, attempts of coping,

A nurses' voice echoes the humble words of gentle calming and reassuring.

Nurse Feel

Beyond the borders of pressures, rashes and lumps,
Not just the turgor, texture and the sneaky bumps.
More than the rate, the rhythm and the odd missing beat,
To the routes of drains and tubes, does the wound look neat?
The anguish, the pain, the quiver of heart filled with fear,
To offer a relief and comforting presence that help is near.
What life brings to this existence, often no cure to prescribe,
A nurses' heart is all it has, when no words can describe.

Look Listen Feel

A nurses' badge is a tattoo forever - for the worse and for the bad,
And bleeds and toils on all shifts with resilience like clockwork mad.
Today my son asked, "How was work, did you have a break to eat a meal?"
"No son, maybe tomorrow, I gave my time instead ... **to look... to listen...to feel.**"