

Hello, Angels:

By Rhianna Levi

To She, He, and They,

Across county lines and medical staff files,

Who see us as more than patients, but humans with golden feelings.

Through operations,

Remarkable transfusions,

Life and afterlife through deprived metallic clogs in NHS spinning wheels,

Stroking our backs in nauseating mind and body fields.

Comfort bracing our blessings in their dearest, esteemed design.

As they have a duty to care,

We have a duty to propel our cherish and praise for them.

They're the motive for so many becoming proudly grown and not overthrown.

We must gift them more than treaded, bolted clapping on single eves.