

## *On Strike for more Pay - Doctors who are they?*

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Busy on the verge of strikes,  
Regardless of the fluctuating ECG spikes

Condemning the law, order and government,  
Forgetting the real cause and purpose, starting a movement

Were we really taught to do so?  
Unleashed madness! How will we ever learn and grow?

Caskets piled filling rooms,  
Lives lost, innocent children, wives and even grooms

What had they done wrong to deserve such a tragic death?  
They came running to you for hope, loosing breath

How would you feel if it was one of your own in ICU?  
You'd be bleeding with tears, of pain and hurt, than I'd see you

Their Dead! Gripped in Deaths' claws,  
Ironic! Funny? Why don't you have dropped jaws?

Soft little hands, the essence of an angel, a baby for Gods' sake!  
Whom you mindlessly ignore and forsake, pretending it's not your mistake

Patient? Do you even know what it meant?  
NO! Of course not! You were preoccupied with tensions to augment

Patient, are you? Able to tolerate delays, sufferings without becoming anxious,  
Peace-less at mind, you'd even argue about an oil painting on canvas

Patient, are you one? A person in progress or requiring medical treatment,  
Waiting in line for you, without a single appointment, so frequent

If anyone ever questioned "**Doctors who are they?**"  
What would I like to say?

I hope to be proud to say beings that save lives,  
People whom work relentlessly, overcoming the impossible, suppressing cruelty and lies,

People whom give up their joy and sleep,  
So someone may see another day, and families aren't left to weep

They're here to preserve and aid to sustain humanity,  
Crave out the pointless doubts, all the insanity

They are the helping hands of a society,  
Treating the ill and injured with kindness, sympathy and piety

So why burst out in seams to prove a point?  
Demanding more money to fix a joint

Why join hands to demolish laws?  
No one's perfect, everything has its flaws

Why go out on strikes?  
Creating roadblocks for even bikes

Shouting and yelling, holding banners,  
You've lost your moral conduct; you've lost all your manners

You show sympathy without symphony,  
Creating chaotic rhythms without harmony

Being selfish, fighting only for your cause,  
Not caring for the helpless, give it a pause!

Rome was not built in a day,  
Hold your horses before you talk, if you may

Was this the only option left for you to portray?  
Was it legit enough for an increase in pay?

Let us create a world full of peace,  
Without hatred coated in grease

You refuse to work, lead a protest,  
Is this best for the economy? Please give it a rest!

Would you like to see serious ills afflict our country?  
It'd be like losing your dignity, it would seem runty

***"Doctors who are they?"***

Yes! They are also made of clay!

Yes! One day they will also decay!

Yes! They may also go astray!

Yes! They are humans they might delay!

But they also have hearts, ones that don't betray!

They are there to support, obey, report, escort and pray!

So If I may, let's not smudge a stain on our names,  
Life's too short to trifle or play games

Yes! They have rights,  
but try not to pick up fights!

Let's continue to be lifesavers,  
Away from trouble, condemning strike breakers!

Allah will reward you for all your good,  
Let's be patient, like we all should