

Facing

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Finally, the day came
Face to face visit.
A small examination room built for efficiencies
A blue, well-worn table against white walls
Sun shining through the lonely window
With dappled shade from a tree that wanted to peek inside
Rays of light flitting with the fluttering of leaves
like a grand symphony of nature, pure and bright!
She sat in nice colorful sandals, green, yellow, and blue
Newly pedicured toes with pink nail polish
and feet tapping nervously in anticipation.
Some color on her hair and a mask that tried to outshine her.
Mask of silk in tangerine adorned with flowers in pink,
Sequins that stole the light and sparkled with her every move.
Hope in the eyes at the same time as pain,
Like the double lenses shining in her deep blue eyes.
“It has been so long Doc!” she moaned.
“I missed you so much!”
How are you I asked.
“It has been a long year” she lamented.
Her lonely eyes dropped couple of tears.
“I lost my mom and dad” she said.
The blessings and curse of empathy,
Pain and despair from the harsh slap of tragedy,
Mingled with love and longing for the lost ones,
In the vortex of emotions, I was ready to get sucked in alive...
Gentle sympathy came to my rescue.
Silence.
I have work to do
Holding back my tears, I said.
I am so sorry It has been such a tragic year
She gingerly adjusted her wayward mask to cover her nose and cried.
I slowly touched her wondering what the right thing was to do
Should I give her a hug? I pondered.
Protocols. I am not so sure.
“Can I hug you doc?”, she pleaded.
Of course, and clarity came.
Yes. We are both vaccinated.
Open arms gave way for her flood of tears.
Time, merciless for so long, stood still, gently returning something it took away.
No Zoom. No Doximity. No flickering screens.
Sparkling tears over two wet masks.
Facing the pandemic, pain and death with human love and resilience.
Wiping the tears and healing the hearts.
So glad for face to face.