

Courage

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My courage was feeble,
As thin as the smallest twig on the tree,
I wished to be a hero who was confident and brave,
Oh how I wished that was me.

I headed off to work with hope in my heart,
I know by helping others,
I'm playing my part.
Like the lady with the lamp, I wanted to help,
And it wasn't too late to start.

It was bittersweet walking through the doors,
Not knowing who would come out,
The ward was filled with sick patients,
Their faces filled with doubt.

I tried to encourage the patients,
Everything would be fine, though I feared a lot.
I needed to be courageous,
Because they could not.

So I don my gloves and mask,
Going about my day,
Tending to the sick,
Hoping they will stay.