

## **Words Unspoken**

In the face of darkness, I fiercely stand,  
A beacon of hope, a healing hand.  
Death's cold touch, it visits often here,  
A somber reality, a haunting fear.

The beeping monitors, the urgent calls,  
Navigating crises that often shake walls.  
Running CPR codes like a frantic rhyme,  
Families crying, running out of time.

I hold the hands of those who slip away,  
Guiding souls to rest, a heavy price to pay.  
Witnessing last breaths, a profound toll,  
Dancing with mortality, in a somber role.

Despite it all, God has chosen the fate  
Laying awake at night, I bear the weight  
Through long nights and days without reprieve,  
I face the challenges that few perceive.

But in the midst of all this pain and plight,  
I find my purpose in the darkest night.  
To heal, to comfort, to mend the soul,  
To make broken spirits once again whole.

Society often forgets, as we mend and heal,  
The sacrifices we make, the pain we feel.  
Overworked and fatigued, yet we remain,  
Shouldering the burden, the endless strain.

So here's to us, the healers of the night,  
With courage and compassion as our guiding light.  
May we find solace in the lives we've graced,  
In the midst of the losses bravely faced.