Enough Is Enough

The tides have returned to the shores
Bearing an audit of men and women who braved the rage of the seas
We call them health workers

They return dead with weight
Weight of sailors who journeyed into the unknown
Rowing the tide with their bare hands for oars
Atop a sinking boat
They returned to their mothers - necks stiff
Faces, the colour of nothingness
A memory of promises lost
Another day
Another statistic

2,000 bodies and still counting
We are running a race of numbers
The blaring sound of sirens is witness
And the media has become a graveyard
A piggy bank of government’s excesses
Private healthcare providers reign auctioneer
While the public healthcare system remains
a malnourished child
Cowering under the shadow of empty promises

But….
The heads of the house
Have long been on vacation
And while away, visitors have pitched camp in their bedroom
They have taken to counting their wife’s waist beads
And while at it have found a way of prematurely shoving whole foods
down the throats of their weaners

It’s a game of figures

Cheque in before you can be checked in
This, the new Hippocratic oath
And the price of breath, suffocating
The highest bidder, gets the bed
2,000 bodies and still counting
We are running a race of numbers
The blaring sound of sirens is witness
And the media has become a graveyard
A piggy bank of government’s excesses
Private healthcare providers reign auctioneer
While the public healthcare system remains
a malnourished child
Cower under the shadow of empty promises

Again
We return to the heads of the house
Gasp for breath -
Pallbearers carrying mothers, sons, daughters
As postcards -
With stretched forward hands
Longing for answers
But all we get is a sneer
We are told
Security is priority
And just like the previous harvest season
The public healthcare system chokes on crumbs
And with it, its dependants

But our voices can no longer be covered
Under muffled whispers
Of resignation
Of it is what it is
Because our grief hears no language of compromise
Our grief leaves us howling in empty hall ways
Dead in the night
Our grief knows that these lives could still be

2000 bodies and tired of counting...

Written by: Kiira Brian Alex