

Hands That Heal

Before the sun cracks the sky, I'm awake.
The weight of another day already in my bones,
I put on my scrubs—armor for a fight I can't win,
Where the battle's already lost before it starts.
There's a quiet in the halls that tells you something's wrong,
A stillness that can't be shaken.
The weight of all the stories I won't know,
Of lives fading, one slow breath at a time.
I hold their hands like I know what it means,
But I don't.
Not really.
I see them, and for a moment,
I want to give them back everything they've forgotten—
The way they used to smile,
The way they used to stand tall.
But it's just me here.
And all I have are my hands,
Cold and steady,
Carrying their pain without question.
There's a kind of loneliness in this work,
A quiet ache you can't name.
You move through the motions,
Turn the page, change the sheets,
And somehow, the room feels emptier than before.
I can't save them.
I know that.
But I try,
Because it's all I know how to do—
Pour my care into empty hours,
Until the weight of it drags me under.
They tell me I'm strong,
But they don't see how the edges of me fray,
How I carry each loss like it's my own.
And when I leave, the silence follows,
Like a shadow that doesn't lift.
I don't ask for thanks,
I don't need praise.
But some days, I wonder if anyone will remember me,
When my hands aren't steady anymore,

When I've faded too.
I'll keep moving, though—
Like the hands I hold,
Like the work I do,
But one day, it will be over.
And maybe I'll be forgotten,
Or maybe I'll be remembered in a way I never was.
But for now, I stay,
Even though it's breaking me.
I keep holding on,
Because someone has to.
Even when it feels like no one else will.