

The Doctors, The Nurses, and The Fighters by Evelyn Parra

I wake up to the sunny days of California wondering why my days are on repeat?
Smiles hidden behind masks,
Screens that have now turned to become people,
Hospitals filled with people trying to beat death,
Doctors who forgot their days before a virus,
Nurses with their sleepless nights,
Fighters in the streets,
Fighting for rights promised to them,
Where is the hope that once roamed this world?
That once was used to motivate us to be good,
I have come to the realization that hope isn't something that is given to us,
Or something that is within us,
As I stand in the streets holding the hands of the nurses, the doctors, and the fighters,
I feel an energy rushing through me that can dominate the world,
I turn to look at them standing in the wary street and say "we will be united in hope",
With the strength of a doctor's toughest days,
The hardship of the nurse who hasn't see her family in months,
The determination of the fighter with no rights,
And me, the young girl with repeat days,
We will make our hope with the tears of our bad days,
We will see better days