

***Dedicated to our healthcare workers who put others
above themselves in the SARS outbreak.***

4 April 03

TTSH ICU

***Tan Tock Seng Hospital, ICU,
after closure due to
SARS outbreak***

By The Hobbit

The unhurried whispers
They seem to rush at you with an unnatural cadence
And remind you that they are here,
They that fight with almost nothing
But a mechanical lullaby of a ventilator
Against a long, oh, very long, sleep

Masked from fatigue and feelings
We try to wrangle some hope
From cold beeps of monitors and trickles in tubes
To stay the unseen sickle consuming
The spirits of those that lie before us
They who only yesterday were among us

The fulsome silence of emptied corridors
Begs for answers from an invisible foe
Deafened with echoes of grim steps
We make our way through
Closed wards and vacant corridors
Hopefully to some end of this grand suffocation