To be seen

Dan Ieremia

Alone, we make you
to “reduce the risk of transmission”, we say, isolated, labelled as red, and without support.

And we watch.

Daily there are references to you in hospital, a number read by a government official, your suffering and identity, without expression. We know that you are a minority, being old or ethnic in hospital makes your death more likely.

And we watch.

We observe mass graves being filled, elsewhere, “other countries”, we say, not ours, a fate not allowed for our patients.
To put patient care first is our imperative; to respect dignity, an equal and ultimate worth, we are taught is fundamental.

And we watch.

Yet doing so seems difficult, when we allocate another to that ICU bed. We weigh your claim to a right to life to be less. We deny you family; social interaction, a funeral, and medicalise your final days.
The care of the patient, a casualty to the “good for the many”.

And we watch.

Alone, you are, insisting your worth, and, in our treatment, have been made less.

And we watch.