



# The patient, the physician, the virus

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### Chapter I – The Patient

In the solitude, I lie confined,  
Prisoner to unseen chains that bind.  
Within my lungs, a tempest rages,  
A silent war, contagion wages.  
Beside my bed, the monitors hum,  
Each beep, a heartbeat, a fading drum.  
Isolation wraps me in cold embrace,  
Breaths grow labored, a desperate chase.  
Visions of health, a distant memory,  
Now replaced by viral treachery.  
Fevered dreams, an uninvited guest,  
In this battle, I find no rest.  
The touch of loved ones, a distant grace,  
Lost in this troubled clinical space.  
Yet hope persists, a flicker in the dark,  
A journey through illness, a resilient spark.

### Chapter II – The Physician

In white-clad armor, I stride the halls,  
A healer's duty, as darkness falls.  
Our sea of masks concealing fear,  
Yet through the storm, we persevere.  
The charts unfold a tale untold,  
Of battles fought, of lives controlled.  
With my stethoscope as a guiding rod,  
I navigate this realm where shadows trod.  
I find their pulse, a rhythmic code,  
A viral symphony, where bodies erode.  
Though in medicine, where uncertainties mar,  
Resolute I stand, no matter how far.  
In the silence of sterile air,  
I bear witness to the patient's prayer.  
A shared connection, a touch through gloves,  
A healing bond that forever loves.

### Chapter III – The Virus

I whisper in the midnight breeze,  
A microscopic, ancient tease.  
A strand of code, a lifeless cloak,  
Yet in each host, my power woke.  
Through tiny droplets, I make my flight,  
An invisible waltz, a silent plight.  
In breaths you take, I find my song,  
Melody of chaos, I dance along.  
Within your cells, I replicate,  
A secret mission, insidious fate.  
In veins and organs, I swiftly spread,  
I stealthily conquer, my hopes you dread.  
I see the globe, my canvas wide,  
A pandemic tale, nowhere to hide.  
In every life, I play my part,  
What you call COVID, I call art.

—James Hwang