

# Doctor or Farmer: What am I?



Illustration by Steve Derrick

I have walked the earth since the time of Christ,  
A steward of life, devoted and precise.  
Through the ages, my tools and titles have evolved,  
Yet the essence of my labor remains resolved.

Where biology and mystery entwine,  
I guide the forces of nature's design.  
Seeds entrusted to my careful hand,  
Rise from the shadow to light's command.  
Yet all that rises must one day descend,  
A return to the soil, where beginnings amend.

I wield instruments of nurture and repair,  
Balancing growth with vigilant care.  
Elixirs potent, their power contained,  
Heal the broken, yet harm if unrestrained.

The journey to this calling demands a high cost,  
Countless seasons of toil, with much gained and lost.  
The wisdom I harvest is not mine alone,

But passed to others, as seeds are sown.  
The weary, the hungry, the fragile, the lost,  
Turn to my hands, their hope embossed.  
Through silent vows, unspoken yet clear,  
I offer my hands to quiet their fear.

I labor at the border of life and decay,  
Tending the cycles that govern each day.  
I nourish, I heal, I mend, I renew,  
Guiding life as time courses through.

Health is a harvest, both fragile and true.  
Sown in the soil, yet mending anew.  
A union of hands, bound by earth and care,  
Restoring what's broken, to rise and repair.

What am I?

—Harjot (Shaun) Uppal