

Heroes with No Capes

By Grace Qinyuan Yang

They rush in white to the emergency space,
A burden in hands and a grim look on face,
Put on white masks and gloves of blue,
Hurry to help and save, rescue.

They help the sick ones, the ones in need,
They help at once, they must succeed!
Readying their spears, fight fatal germs away,
They must not have any distraction, any delay.

Fighting against many tough looking things,
Readied are spears, notched are arrows on bowstrings,
Keen sword on keen sword, shield upon shield,
One day the little germs will yield.

One day, all would be healed, none would be ill,
The tiny terror, finally bending to doctors' will,
From horror the patient is at last to be freed,
And all of it is due to medics' heed.