

## Enough Is Enough

The tides have returned to the shores  
Bearing an audit of men and women who braved the rage of the seas  
We call them health workers

They return dead with weight  
Weight of sailors who journeyed into the unknown  
Rowing the tide with their bare hands for oars  
Atop a sinking boat  
They returned to their mothers - necks stiff  
Faces, the colour of nothingness  
A memory of promises lost  
Another day  
Another statistic

*2,000 bodies and still counting  
We are running a race of numbers  
The blaring sound of sirens is witness  
And the media has become a graveyard  
A piggy bank of government's excesses  
Private healthcare providers reign auctioneer  
While the public healthcare system remains  
a malnourished child  
Cowering under the shadow of empty promises*

But...  
The heads of the house  
Have long been on vacation  
And while away, visitors have pitched camp in their bedroom  
They have taken to counting their wife's waist beads  
And while at it have found a way of prematurely shoving whole foods  
down the throats of their weaners

It's a game of figures

Cheque in before you can be checked in  
This, the new Hippocratic oath  
And the price of breath, suffocating  
The highest bidder, gets the bed

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Again  
We return to the heads of the house  
Gasping for breath -  
Pallbearers carrying mothers, sons, daughters  
As postcards -  
With stretched forward hands  
Longing for answers  
But all we get is a sneer  
We are told  
Security is priority  
And just like the previous harvest season  
The public healthcare system chokes on crumbs  
And with it, its dependants

But our voices can no longer be covered  
Under muffled whispers  
Of resignation  
Of it is what it is  
Because our grief hears no language of compromise  
Our grief leaves us howling in empty hall ways  
Dead in the night  
Our grief knows that these lives could still be

*2000 bodies and tired of counting...*

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