

Poem

The Doorstep

As I rushed to greet my faithful friends
 A harsh wind stood sentinel,
 Nearly preventing their entry
 Responsibility, long abroad, alighted on my doorstep
 As I held out my hands to Duty and Opportunity
 Those rare but welcome friends
 Bliss, an old ally, glowed as he entered inside
 And in a moment, Truth rang at the door just behind
 With Empathy waiting silently at her heels
 Once they stood in the hallway, white coats on their hooks
 They laughed and whispered in my ear:
 Be not frightened, my little dear,
 Your ruse is growing quite old
 You have found your patients, your life's calling; be bold!

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