

Poem

Yes, I wear the Hijab. Yes, I am a Doctor.

No, I am not a patient.
 Yes, I can hear you.
 Yes, I can still use my stethoscope.
 Yes, I can speak English.
 Yes, I can speak Arabic - you're welcome.
 I am honoured that you were hoping I would call your name in the waiting room. How can I help?
 We are the same.
 Yes, I have changed this hijab and covered it with a surgical balaclava, I am sterile.
 No, I do not want to wear this sterile green drape over my head in theatre because you think I should.
 Oh well. Here goes.
 I'm from Sydney, thanks!
 Yes, I am Australian. Accept me.
 Yes, I am supposed to be in the drugs room. Here is my ID. Again.
 No, I will not take my hijab off for the interview.
 Please turn off the TV in the staff tearoom. It's really upsetting me. I don't want to hear what they are saying about me.
 Yes, I am good at my job.
 Thank you for your kind words.
 I really can't come to the Pub. Can we please have a meeting elsewhere?
 Thanks for the coffee, but I'm fasting.
 No, I can't just eat because nobody is looking. I'm fasting.
 Trust me, it's ok for this male doctor to examine you. I understand. I will stay here with you.
 I am so happy!
 I am so exhausted.
 Please world, stop attacking me. I am trying to care for my patients.
 The baby is born. I cry.
 I will do obstetrics, of course.
 I will do it.

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