

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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Competing interests None declared.

Provenance and peer review Not commissioned; internally peer reviewed.

To cite Abdou R. *Med Humanit* Published Online First: [please include Day Month Year] doi:10.1136/medhum-2017-011219

Med Humanit 2017;0:1. doi:10.1136/medhum-2017-011219