

The Selfless Road I Ride

-Lea L. Pancho-Ongan, RN

I rode the road my calling chose.
In dawn's soft hush beneath silver skies,
I rode with purpose where my calling lies.
Rain kissed the earth in a rhythmic song,
Yet my duty called, loud and strong.

A swerve, a slip – my wheels betrayed,
To dodge a van, my path mislaid.
Metal met ground, my body too,
Pain surged in – but my heart knew.

Blood on my skin, not on my soul,
Still, I rose, steadfast and whole.
I wiped the tears the sky had shed,
And faced the day, though I had bled.
Though broken, still I walked the
road.

Into the ER, my post awaited,
With every breath, my strength regained.
Colleagues glanced with startled eyes,
But I stood firm – bruised, yet wise.

For nursing is far more than a task,
It's wearing compassion like a mask.
It's bearing the weight when others fall,
It's answering the faintest call.
Though I limped, my spirit soared,
My hands still healed, my heart restored.
Through sleepless nights and grim battles,
I saw the light when all was dim.
Now I know, with every stride,
This path I walk; this storm I ride

It is not just work; it's love displayed.
A vow to serve, though skies have grayed.

So let the rain fall where it may,
I'll walk this road come what may.
For I am a nurse—and in my core,
A selfless soul lives evermore.