



Poem by Aden Quadros



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She saw a lifetime's worth of final moments,

yet she was never scared of the reaper's omens.

She fought valiantly day and night,

only to unexpectedly meet his scythe.

Killed because she was failed,

because her trust was betrayed,

a mistake costing a thousand lives she'd save,

all because she herself wasn't safe.

The promise of safety shouldn't be a lie.

and the system's failure be condemned.

For a world that let's its healers die,

shall perish without them.