

## On the wings of a Nightingale

Slowly, ever so slowly  
She slips away into a netherworld free of pain  
Her whispered breath, light and almost silent  
Like the beating wings of a tiny nightingale  
Slowly fades away into a passing breeze  
And we stand there in silent awe  
Sole witnesses to the passing of a heroine  
And we begin to prepare her for her awaiting journey.

We clean her soft white hands  
Gently wiping away the evidence of her bitter engagement  
Covering her wounds with shining clean brocade  
And straightening her languid limbs  
Brushing her long chestnut hair  
And wiping away her salty tears  
As we renew her crisp white sheets  
And wrapped her in her final pale cocoon

Her spirit is now free to wander  
Drifting away outside the limits of our visual sphere  
Her graceful movement leaves a tiny wake in the scented wind  
Like the beating wings of a tiny nightingale  
As she searches for her loved ones long gone  
Who have left before her to await her passing  
She is drawn to them like a tiny bird to a blossoming flower  
She passes through our living boundary to their veiled domain

And we continue our life-long vocation  
Lending peace and love to those souls in need  
And being reassured by those that await in the future  
Believing that our loving will-power alone  
Is enough to broach an unexpected recovery  
But losing the mighty struggle with every day that passes  
As those in our care gracefully succumb  
To the demands of the eternal cycle

We are nurses of both skill and belief  
It's in our blood, our very DNA  
We cannot resist the desire to alleviate suffering  
Dreaming of the giving of a last comforting embrace  
But knowing that our struggle will be never-ending  
We are like the beating wings of a tiny nightingale  
A joint venture of engrossing and consuming effort  
Until we finally become that which we endeavour to save every day

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