

Divine Physician
By: Joan Pacinabo

The doctor says, you have three more months to live.
In your vital organs, the cancer spread.
Since you found out what kind your illness is,
You became so hopeless...

Your love ones can't afford for your chemotherapy,
You don't bother because there's no cure anyway.
You don't want to add another load in their shoulder,
Because you know watching you suffer,
Their heart bleeds and silently shed a tear.
You already felt so tired and you want to say farewell...

Your friends pitied you so much.
In you, they always keep in touch.
They want you to feel even just a little bit better,
They always pray to God that you'll get well.
But you don't help them,
You don't help yourself.
God's hand is extending from heaven,
But you never reach and hold it.

Your time here on earth is nearly ending,
If you can still walk why not go to the house of God?
You pray there and ask God for healing,
Don't just sit there and play mahjong once again.
A healing, if not for your illness then for your soul.
So that when you die you'll rest in peace,
You never experienced good life here but not in God's place.