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Poetry

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Good days in care,
Looking round at other patients,
Infusion rhythm forms a tone,
Life's melodies of hope.

Five times a day the Adhan rings,
Tunes enter through the ventilation slits,
A sign that the time has come to face God,
Even if it's just with body signals.

Strange room full of boredom,
Days with the smell of medicine,
Its fresh scent holds hope,
Healing for all.

Sincerity and patience shape the tone,
Melody of Zikr for pain relief,
Wrapped in a rhythm of gratitude,
The recitation of the Qur'an calms the soul.

Ustadz came to strengthen,
Sickness is the expiation of sin,
Slowly the sentence of monotheism was chanted,
Facing God lovingly.

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