

A sonnet to a doctor's epiphany

On the eve of the fourth anniversary of the Boxing Day Tsunami, I could not help but reflect on the moment that this catastrophic event reignited my childhood vocational passion in the exact location where it had originated — Matara, Sri Lanka.

A sense of anguish grips my weary soul
For as a young child, my vision seemed clear
But in my youth, soured was my lofty goal
To vanquish my poor sick brethren from fear
Left my island home for a richer land
Forgot the advice of a nun so stern
Exams and selfish ambition to hand
My heart grew heavy, my mind started to churn
Then disaster on a scale unseen before
Waves of destruction strike my island home
Trying to save kindred from death so raw
I was transformed by the human spirit shown
Then I heard a familiar angelic sound
Twas my nun asking, had I my purpose found?



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