

If Words Could Heal

If words could heal,
I'd write rivers of Get Betters
and then sleep, knowing
we'd all wake up
the next day.

If my breath created life,
then I wouldn't be afraid
of passing on,
even as I
pull up my mask.

And if my blood could save,
I'd pack vials of the stuff
and ship it anywhere, everywhere
first thing and
fast enough.

If my body were a temple
big as Jerusalem,
I'd let everybody in
as could fit
six feet between them.

And if it were bread, well then,
the other horsemen, Famine,
would be on his way,
not preying on
our homes.

And if I thought it were enough
to simply pray,
I'd be in church, or Temple,
every single day,
my words, my breath,
my blood and body
something of a hasmat suit
and I'd know that we were
safe.

But it isn't, can't, and won't,
I'll sing the praises of
those willing souls
so well-versed in
the breath, the body, blood,
doing all they can
to heal, sustain, and
save us.

May these words,
as little as they are,
be blessed enough to
give you
hope.

By Jessica Covil; From book: *Prayers & Blessings for Healthcare Workers*