

"The Bulbs We Plant"

For remembrance, healing, and change in medicine

We plant in fall, not for the now,
But for a spring we can't yet see.
Beneath the frost, the silent vow—
To keep those close in memory.

If healing lives in what we do,
Then we must also be healed too.
A weary healer cannot thrive
Without the help to stay alive.

We show our skill but often hide
The aching heart that beats inside.
We're praised for strength, but rarely shown
A space where we can share or own.

When reaching out should bring us care,
Too often shame is waiting there.
When openness brings blame, not light.
And fear of losing jobs or rights.

Now let us also speak aloud of laws
Of rules that harm, of systems flawed—
Where institutions see machine,
Forgetting those in pain, unseen.

We're judged by rules no others face,
While time and pressure blur our place.
We lose perspective, lose the thread—
Of why we cared, and what we said.

Hear your mission, loud and clear
Break the stigma, lend an ear
Legislate to change the game
To break the silence, shift the frame

Now dig the earth with quiet hands,
A tulip bulb, a promise clear
For those whose lives slipped through the strands
Their voice not lost, we still can hear.

K McAleese, October 18, 2025