

The Sufferers soliloquy

*To test or not to test, that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The doubt and confusion
Of whether the symptoms fit the disease,
or to book a test with the NHS,
And, by testing know for sure? To test; to know;
No more; and by knowing to say we end
The insecurity and the thousand natural questions
That ignorance is heir to, 'tis an answer
Devoutly to be wished. To test; to know;
To know: perchance to act: ay, there's the rub;
For in that knowledge what thoughts may come
when we have that positive result in our inbox,
Must give us pause; there's the contempt
For those who burn and cough but refuse to know.
For who would bear the whips and scorns
Of being accused a spreader,
The thought of causing deaths unseen,
The crushing anxiety of whether symptoms will worsen,
When they themselves might quell these spirals
With a simple swab? Who would suffer such burdens,
But that the dread of what comes after a positive result,
The untraveled road streamed direct
Through screens and print, terrifies the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know and fear all too well.
Thus conscience does make cowards of some,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is held back by the pale cast of denial,
And any thought of taking steps turn awry,
And lose the name of action. - Soft you now!*

*Dear Grandma! - in your wisdom
Be all my sins remember'd.*

