

The Risks We Take

I start thinking
When seated tired in my chair
What work culture we have imbibed
And whose safety do we care?
We handle blood
That we receive from the blood bank
On a price
Tagged on the bag that hangs on its shank.

This Blood is precious we say
When it's contaminated with known deadly germ!
My scientists aliquot it
In tiny bottles conjecturing to them no harm
With tattered garments in shattered rooms,
Where air conditioning often fail.
It's an environment of culture,
Of our sordid little tale!

We make devices
That detect viruses and we are proud and glad
We handle complex biologicals
And many other components in the samples of blood!
HIV, HCV, HBV, tuberculosis
And many other deadly of them
Casually we handle as we with ease,
Utter their name!

Authorities inspect the premises.
For our safety and product quality, many methods they spell.
Alas! blows in their absence
The strongest kinds of gale!
As the factory must run
And the targets must be met

For earning the salaries
Which, after the end of the month we collect.

The new-comers are scared and when frightened they grumble.
The owner loudly tells
"Are not our competitors human
Who produce and surpass our sales?"
"Do their skilled men die
At the work place on the job? "
"Why shall we bog down like cowards
And run away from workplace like a frightened mob?"

Such preaches have no meaning
Nor do they impress or charm
They do not inspire
But deeply depress and harm!
Food, clothing, shelter and care
Are getting expensive and dear
And so the choice is to get in to the risks,
But with real great fear!

Soon the courage comes and operations become routine
When our skilled and experienced men bother no longer!
New comers watch the elders
And they too shun the fear.
But what risks are all of us taking?
To whom can we spell our anguish?
The System is corrupt:
It drags us in to the frightening cradle , pushing us to our grief!