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Authors	Hamza, Zaineb
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Purple Scrubs

ZAINEB HAMZA

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Hues of purple scurrying in the rain,
A buzz of energy and calm anticipation lingered in the air.
This was the day we all waited for
My thoughts drift back to years ago, same rain, another place -
Skipping my way onto the stage,
Stethoscope dangling around my neck,
My parents' laughter and cheers lighting the crowd.
Oh, the nostalgia of a "dress-up" day in kindergarten

Rows of purple now stretch endlessly,
Phones floating, ready to treasure this moment forever.
This was the day we all waited for
My mind, yet again, wanders to years ago,
My uncle's voice over the phone
"Try your best," he said with quiet pride,
Calling me "my future doctor."
Oh, the warmth of hopeful car ride calls

Silence settles as a stream of red fills the room,
Sheets of yellow passed hand to hand.
This was the day we all waited for
My heart and mind wander back precisely a year and a half,
Sitting in Brookfield Go1,
Nearly the same seat, heart brimming with excitement.

The first day of medical school,
Oh, the tremble of first-day nerves
Now, voices of promise and commitment carry through the air,
Loved ones tune in from close and afar.
This was the day we all waited for
The beginning of our clinical years has commenced – our next chapter.

Repeating back in a single breath,
I will...