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Daughters of the Doctor

A Poem in Honour of Dr Suporn Watanyusakul, Chon Buri, Thailand

by Kari Freyr McKern.

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There were several hundred at least, and while few carried weapons, his knives were always sharp.

Climbing aboard silver craft, they flew toward their sun and turned towards his star. Having said goodbye to friends and foes, they began a journey far. They did not fear the pain and hurt that had grown so large so fast but tendered hope about where their future lay, for they no longer feared the past.

And when they finally came to Suvarna, each looked at its damp rich earth and felt the kindness of the people and ways strange to those of their place of birth. And so the girls took leave of their sky ships and, gladly led by angels, took a shuttle craft, Chon Buri bound.

Danny drove, because trust was new, the road was dark and the way before untravelled.

And round the Doctor's table all the strange girls sat and told the truths and fables of who they were and of karma hard and fate cruel and then asked him "rid my hurt by way of easier rides and second starts, let these wrongs of gender, unjustly blighted, be righted. I'll pay well your talent rare for level spirit and great care."

Be strong and caring, relaxed and wise, and most of all, my girl, more mindful than in your prior guise.

This man was wise and did as bid, cut carefully and healed them well, and made them new as best he knew.

So when they departed, bound for city life, old cares and new lives, they remembered his way, hard learned and crafted well, and used his art best by his example, as implied. "Be strong and caring, relaxed and wise, and most of all, my girl, more mindful than in your prior guise."

The circle closed, the Dharma done, a father's love at long last won, now marked by the purple aura they retained, his loving daughters they remained.

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