

My Time will come...

*Poem*

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# My Time will come...

Nasima Rahman

University of Essex

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## Abstract

A health care practitioner waiting in hope, for her moment to prove why she is worthy of being here, in England.

**Keywords:** migration, belonging, home, discrimination, ferrying, unfair

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There you go, you have it all in writing,  
this will help you be like the rest of us,  
so, there should be no more nail biting.  
Come on you, it's time to get on the bus.  
You are expected to feel liberated,  
but the shape on your face looks puzzled,  
the feeling of just being migrated,  
BREATH, you are finally unmuzzled.  
I am one of them, a sense of belonging,  
so, use your A+ and stop worrying.  
After all this time, why is it prolonging?  
It's almost like you want me ferrying.  
Just as the sun goes down, and the moon shines bright,  
I will keep rising, as long as there is light!

My Time will come...

## References

I wrote this piece to raise awareness and stop the continuous discrimination healthcare practitioners face in trying to save lives!

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