

The Yearly Scramble: Why Healthcare Shouldn't Be a Game of Chance

By Emily Cho

Cold dread slithered up my spine, a plastic shard,
A health insurance notice, utterly absurd.
Family's coverage, vanished in thin air?
A call to HR, a knot of worry to bear.

"Missed enrollment," the voice, flat and official,
Leaving me stranded, feeling unofficial.
Impossible, a scream caught in my throat,
Always enrolled, a yearly, rote boat.

But the records showed, I had missed the date,
Now on the basic plan, it was my fate.
No coverage for my family, it seemed,
Just for me, as if it were a dream.
A lesson learned, a mistake to rue,
A new year's surprise, not so new.

In a nation of plenty and wealth,
Where health care is seen as a form of stealth,
Why must we remember, year after year,
To enroll in a system that brings us fear?

We don't need reminders for fire or light,
Yet health insurance must always be in sight.
Millions must opt in, or face going without,
A cumbersome process, filled with doubt.

So let us ponder, and let us see,
Why health care is not always free.
In a country where wealth abounds,
Why must we struggle to hear healing sounds?

In circles we go, year after year,
Proving our worth, shedding a tear.
Eligibility must be proven once more,

To receive services we had before.

Flawed is the process, leaving many behind,
Lost in the shuffle, struggling to find.
Disenrolled for missed deadlines and more,
Ineligible? No, just lost in the bureaucratic lore.

In the world of insurance plans they say,
A simpler solution we need today.
No more paperwork every year,
Let's flip the script and make it clear.

Auto-renew each year, just like before,
No more hoops to jump, no more to ignore.
Let's make it easier, let's make it right,
A simpler solution, shining bright.

A simple mistake
Jeopardizing my family's health
Endless calls, a week of despair
Feeling like I failed, burdened with care