



‘A space that rekindles the fire in my mind’

BY HARPREET KAUR

The end of 2024 offered us many reasons to celebrate, one of which was the eventful, annual UKISCRS conference in London, during which we saw our editor, David Lockington, step into the role of President and lead the society into its next chapter. Amongst the many delegates we managed to speak to was Harpreet Kaur, a Specialty Trainee in the South Yorkshire deanery, who had written a poem to commemorate the event. We are pleased to present it below for this issue’s Culture Section...

*At UKISCRS 2024 the halls came alive,
a space where passion and knowledge thrive.
Seventy-five years since Ridley's grand stride,
the intraocular lens, now a cornerstone of pride.*

*I entered weary, my heart feeling spent,
once eager, almost lost in descent.
The road I had chosen felt heavier still,
the spark I once had seemed distant, unreal.*

*But then, as sessions began to unfold,
I felt something stir – a story retold.
The themes were clear, “Learn to survive, then thrive,”
and that message, it sparked me, reignited my drive.*

*The legacy of Sir Harold rang true,
His vision so bold, his dream coming through.
In the 1940s, with courage untamed,
he changed the world, and ophthalmology was renamed.*

*Cataract surgery, once humble and plain,
now a realm of breakthroughs, a true, vibrant gain.
The future is bright, with innovations grand,
complex refractive cases, now well in hand.*

*The surgeons and experts, with wisdom they shared,
taught me that ophthalmology's more than it appeared.
It's a journey of learning, of skill, and of care,
a mission to heal, a responsibility we bear.*

*As I listened, the lessons took root deep inside,
the tools and techniques, the science, the guide.
Each story and breakthrough renewed my belief,
that I could survive—and thrive in this field, beyond grief.*

*These cataract surgeons, so skilful and wise,
spoke of the future, where precision lies.
With technology rising, and techniques refined,
the road ahead gleams, with vision aligned.*

*The refractive challenges, once daunting and vast,
now seem like opportunities, not shadows of the past.
In each case, a challenge, a chance to grow,
to help those in need, to let that light flow.*

*And as I looked around, the faces were bright,
fellow trainees, experts, all sharing the light.
A community bound by a love for the craft,
a reminder that in ophthalmology, we're all on the same path.*

*So here I stand, my spark reignited,
grateful for the journey, far more clear sighted.
The legacy of Ridley, the future ahead,
all woven together, in a galaxy instead.*

*For if I burn out again, I know just where to find
a space that rekindles the fire in my mind.
In the hall of UKISCRS with hearts full and free,
we thrive together, shaping the future I can now see.*

*And if the road gets tough, and the fire fades fast,
I'll return to these halls – where sparks will always last.
With coffee in hand, a smile, and a cheer,
at UKISCRS, I think I'll always find the spark to reappear.*

If this poem has piqued your interest in UKISCRS, be sure to join us on 12 November 2025 at the UKISCRS 49th Annual Congress at London Millennium Gloucester.

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