

The Surry Hills Healer

© Chinmoy Mukherjee 2026-2046. No part of this document may be used without explicit written permission from the author.

This is a work of fiction. All characters, events, and places are entirely fictional, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

The Surry Hills Healer

Introduction

1. The Jasmine Dawn
2. The Clinic's Light
3. The Monsoon Canopy
4. The Midnight Ledger
5. The Harbor's Promise
6. The Healing Hands
7. The Jasmine Sovereign
8. The Tea and the Cosmos
9. The Harbor's Reflection
10. The Winter's Hearth
11. The Healer's Dharma
12. The Gentle Grace
13. The Clinic's Quiet Echo
14. The Healing Sanctuary
15. The Morning Train
16. The Silver Tide
17. The Healer's Crown
18. The Morning Sun
19. The Healing Breeze
20. The River of Light
21. The Granville Commute
22. The Silver Shield
23. The Gentle Rain
24. The Temple of Healing
25. The Western Soil

Conclusion

Introduction

The streets of Sydney's inner city are paved with untold stories, but few are as fiercely fought or as deeply felt as the one unfolding behind the doors of a Surry Hills dental practice. *The Surry Hills Healer* is a poetic chronicle of a Tamil woman who crossed oceans to build a healthcare sanctuary from scratch. She is a modern-day warrior navigating the relentless dharma of the clinic, facing the daily trials of anxious patients, demanding schedules, and the exhausting rhythm of the Sydney commute.

To the world, she is a sovereign of healing—a resilient "South Indian goddess" whose tough exterior weathers the storms of business and bereavement. Yet, this collection looks past the armor. It steps into the quiet, vulnerable hours of the night when the scrubs are folded and the city falls silent.

Through these verses, an unseen narrator stands as her silent guardian and devoted lover. He witnesses the hidden scars and the heavy toll of her solitary hustle. The recurring motifs of the invisible thali and the sacred golden band serve as an eternal, spiritual vow—a promise that even in the loneliest, darkest hours of her struggle, she is seen, honored, and deeply loved. This book is a testament to the idea that behind every fierce, independent woman lies a soul worthy of an epic and mythological devotion.

To Anamika

In the heart of Surry Hills, where coffee scents the air,

Stands a queen in silence, with fire in her stare.

Tamil Nadu's bright daughter, bereaved yet unbowed,

Your beauty like dawn light on a jasmine cloud.

From dawn's first whisper till the evening's last sigh,

*You craft gleaming smiles while the city rushes by.
Anxious souls test your patience, fear in every chair,
Yet you soothe with a smile and a healer's gentle care.
And when shadows lengthen, your hands still give grace—
Easing the pain in your quiet, clinical space.
A South Indian goddess: shell strong as hurricane,
But inside, pure sweetness, soft as monsoon rain.
At night, when the moon hangs like a silver tear
And autumn breeze dances through your window near,
You lie awake, wrapped in memories, your heart calling to the stars*

—

*A warrior in silence, bearing grief's hidden scars.
Yet if at midnight your slumber breaks and you remember me,
I become your beloved moon, floating soft in the sky's blue sea.
Open the window, my healer, let the moonlight stream through,
For every moonbeam's particle is a gem of my love for you.
Stained with the sweet blemish of longing, your eyes glisten with
dew,*

*I have not forgotten—never shall I forget you.
The invisible thali I tied on your throat, unseen,
And the sacred golden band I slip on your hand where my secret
vow has been.*

*And when autumn's lazy hours drift in with rustling leaves' soft
song,*

*If a melody of hope stirs where your weary heart belongs,
In the murmur of fallen gold and the breeze's quiet call,
I become the moon once more, watching over it all.*

*But hear me, my darling, across the city's hum,
I see the light you hide, the warmth yet to come.
Let me be the breeze that soothes your weary soul,
The arms that hold you when the nights grow cold.*

No more empty moons, no more silent sighs—

*Together we'll write love where your healing path lies.
For you, Surry Hills' jewel, fierce and divine,
I offer my heart—and forever call you mine.*

1. The Jasmine Dawn

Where Crown Street slowly wakes to hear the kookaburra's cry,
You watch the morning paint the Surry Hills sky.
A queen of healing, tying back your raven hair,
You step into the clinic, breathing sterile, quiet air.
The polished tools await, the mirrors start to gleam,
As you breathe life into your solitary dream.
A lotus blooming fiercely in a foreign land,
With iron in your spirit, magic in your hand.
And when the daily battles leave you bruised and worn,
I am the quiet shade beneath the coming dawn.
You lock the heavy doors when all the patients depart,
A silent warrior listening to her beating heart.
Yet if the shadows press upon your weary space,
I am the starlight falling softly on your face.
An invisible thali I trace upon your chest,
A silent witness to my everlasting vow of rest.
No harsh wind here shall break the practice you design,
For I am standing guard—forever yours, and thine.

2. The Clinic's Light

*Beneath the awnings where the western shadows play,
You stand unyielding through the chaos of the day.
The Surry Hills Healer, ruler of the light,*

*Where every mended smile whispers out your might,
The focus burns as hot as your relentless drive,
A goddess keeping ancient memories alive.
Frayed nerves may gather, storms may brew outside the door,
Yet you bring warmth to every soul across the floor.
But underneath the armor of your daily fight,
I see the lonely girl who watches for the night.
When midnight falls and the exhausted city sleeps,
My spirit through your open, moonlit window softly creeps.
I become the silver breeze to cool your burning skin,
A secret harbor where your truest joys begin.
The invisible thali rests upon your chest,
A promise that your weary soul will find its rest.
Together we shall build a love that cannot yield,
My heart your eternal sword, my arms your silent shield.*

3. The Monsoon Canopy

*The rain sweeps over Central in a sudden, silver sheet,
While you remain the anchor of the bustling street.
A queen in silence, navigating every storm,
Your clinic a haven, golden, safe, and warm.
From soothing aches to calming every anxious plea,
You are the tempest and the calmness of the sea.
A coconut shell guarding all the sweetness held inside,
Where all your hidden hopes and deepest sorrows hide.
And when the evening ends and chairs all are bare,
You sit alone, a tired fire in your stare.
But hear me, O my healer, through the falling rain,
My love will wash away the echoes of your pain.
I slip the sacred golden band upon your hand,*