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## Operating Room Rhythm

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Purple ink  
Curving across her neck  
A surgeon's guide,  
A future scar.

“Cutting!”  
The blade touches the tissues  
And they part  
Seamlessly

An orchestrated dance  
Of scalpels and scissors  
Of ties and clamps  
Of hands moving back and forth  
Crossing over  
Under  
Next to  
Each other.

A torrent of blood!  
We halt and search  
For the culprit vessel  
Suction this, grasp that  
Tie this, cut that

The outpouring of red has abated  
Let us resume.

Pangs of hunger go away  
All urges disappear  
Standing for hours on end, effortlessly  
Our minds engrossed  
Suction this, ligate that  
Tie this, cut that  
Identify this, preserve that  
Cauterize this, coagulate that.

The floor is littered with  
Gauze and gowns and gloves  
24 hours have gone by  
In a second

The surgeon's mind returns  
to the present  
to sleep  
to study  
to rest.

Tomorrow is another day  
To cut

### **About the Poet**

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