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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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