



Volume 15
Issue 2
2020

Surgery

Jordan Oakes

The skin is soft,
splits passively
at the red
line drawn
by the scalpel—
a precise violence,
a controlled battle
between scrubs
and bedgown.
I must have
a memory
of the knife,
the shiny scissors,
the laser eyes
burning me
with concentration.
But it's off
the record
of consciousness,
a slice of life
between sleep
and death.
I wake up
with my chances

looking good,
sewn up
beneath
a mummy arm.
I'm on a rolling bed,
attached
to an external vein,
moving down
a corridor
that's thick
with the stench
of recovery,
awake
just enough
to be aware
of my own
mortality.
Soon I'll be easy
prey for pain,
my wounds
at the mercy
of time's
ability to heal,
the corrected body
unstitched,
ready to resume
the calculated risk
of being
human.

Jordan Oakes is a
poet and music jour-
nalist based in St.
Louis MO. Email:
lifeiswryt@aol.com