

MIND TO MIND

*Creative writing that explores the abstract side
of our profession and our lives*

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Phantom Limb Pain

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This lithe arm swung the hammer that forged my home
Old Doctor Sawbones did visit my tent last night
These mighty legs gave force as I plowed the loam
I lay dying in the embers of Shiloh's fight

This addled arm raised cotton as his Lord
As I fade in to the black of ether's sleep
These youthful legs drawn by Dixie's tune to war
I pray for my arms and legs to keep

This hating arm laid lashes to the Negro's welt
My limb lays lifeless as the ground grows colder
These legs before a weeping God have knelt
Blood tainted cotton to allay my shoulder

This soft and pious arm did hold my child
Once a master and Lincoln's bane
These tired legs grow weary with the passing miles
I lay shattered and humbled by phantom pain

This angry arm bore the weapons of strife
In this land my father is buried and did toil
These bleeding legs have no hunger for life
On thanatopsis, our limbs shall return as Free soil

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