

# MIND TO MIND

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

*Stephen T. Harvey, M.D., Editor*

## Hyphenated

Apryl M. Craighead

They make room to cut you away,  
slice into me, flop organs out.  
For six months my belly was warm with you,  
but they have found something is broken,  
and declare me inhospitable.

Now six pairs of hands sever us,  
slip you up to your neck  
into a plastic bag for warmth.  
Their work so swift, so quiet,  
this murmured well-lit war  
blood-colored sterile blue.  
But still, a depth of ancient mother-ache  
finds me, flood-welling earth of knowing,  
a sudden and new gravity in your silent arrival.

They piece me back together,  
and work and work to bring you  
back from blue and do,  
but you are gone from me,  
blood-divide, a bridge-spanned  
chasm of love, a dangerous unknowing ahead,  
and finally a machine breathes for you.  
You glisten red inside a clear plastic box,  
my heart beating outside of my body.

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This poem is one of the finalists of ANESTHESIOLOGY's 2018 annual creative writing competition, The Letheon.

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