

MIND TO MIND

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

Stephen T. Harvey, M.D., Editor

Surgery: The Night After

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Soft light floats in from the hallway,
embracing the narrow bed.
I lie cradled by
nurses' low laughter.

I capture the glow,
Cup it in my hand, wrap
Fingers around it, watch it
Pulse, this heartlight.

They opened the leg.
That is yesterday's knowledge.
Tonight
I am without sensation.

Rough spots march down that thigh.
A line of ants? But no, stitches.
Hot to the tip of my finger.
This army holds me together.

Ah! Silver socks! I see them now,
Adorned and adding warmth.
One silvery toe ignites the
Other. Angelic fireworks.

Light dims.
Eyes close.
I send sleep to my parts as we
Drift toward morning.

This poem is one of the finalists of ANESTHESIOLOGY's 2019 annual creative writing competition, The Letheon. pen2paper.susand@gmail.com.

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