

THE SURGERY

I gave it up into those guided hands,
the piece of myself that morphed somehow, and massed
and grew an alien will, a hungry thing,
stronger than me.

Hours and hours, under white light and oxygen
I slept, breathing deep and slow, while everyone
I ever knew, the whole cast of my play,
stood by.

I felt the witness, too, of immaculate steel
and glass, and the small crucial instruments that cut
and clamp, staunch, clean and sew, adjusting
our mortality.

I dreamed of tiled walls opening, translucent
to the near pastures and the far blue hills,
the birds, goats, a sound of bells, and the salt smell
of the sea.

That day is long past. I lived and healed.
Those gifted hands rewound my spool of years.