Poem

The bleeder

Red inky words scrawled aggressively across the paper,
he’s looking over my shoulder thinking don’t worry
blood’s not red it’s blue/purple except air oxidises it just so fast that
our imperfect eyes don’t see
I reply you’re scientifically right I’m sure but it’s pretty red
when you’ve severed an artery accidentally and it’s pump pump pumping away
reach in, find the bleeder, hold it down tie it off use cautery make it stop stop stop

I don’t believe for several long seconds that I can do it and I’m terrified
but I’ll tell you this man looking over my shoulder
hope also turns red when it hits the air.

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