Poem

A surgeon’s hands

It is remarkable how two hands caked in blood distract mortal parts and with stoic grace, weathered pride spellbind death beyond skill to heal.

An elegant performance staged under silver spotlight; steady mysteries weep through mended contours amid smudged drapes—a bandaged masterpiece only few will grasp.

But passed gloved allure, shed smooth silhouette, these hands are left with bony ledge, freckled time to scribe a note or rest in lonely pockets, waiting to cradle life again.

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