
POETRY | FALL 2014

Procurement

By Doug Hester

Autumn winds wander
among the boughs outside the OR.
Leaves tremble and release,
whirling in joy and gravity,
then rest on the pavement.
Inside a sad solemnity holds court
as monitors document last moments,
noting the times.
Steel slides in skin,
tissue planes teased apart,
ice cradles newborn organs.
The cold holds the hemoglobin,
slows and stops the flow of blood
until winter passes.
Hibernation precedes
anastomosis as
organs thaw.
Yellow orange red wisps
swirl along the street.
With darkness as garland,
bare branches bide time
for the flow of budding.

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