

Surgeons and Poets

Bruce H. Campbell

Surgeons read each other's incisions.
Poets dissect each another's alliteration.
Working with sinew and word.

The surgeon recalls her recklessness.
"I was too quick to cut! My mistakes
returns to me at night."

The poet glares at his faded chapbook.
"This word! And that! I hadn't learned
to trust."

Pen and scalpel once dove through surfaces but,
given time, tissues, and traces,
the fragments nestled back, hard one upon the next.