

# MIND TO MIND

Creative writing that explores the abstract side of our profession and our lives

## Puncture Wound

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I have only these hands,  
this blood-warm body,  
the snap of gloves against  
aching wrists.

Because I cannot take  
your place, I carry silence,  
heavy as pooled rain.  
What do you do

when the wound is too large  
for one body to carry?  
Wound in the present tense.  
Wound as weapon.

Wound as sleeping body,  
unfamiliar in its stillness.  
Your face unmoving,  
anesthetized into memory.

I want to say  
that rupture can be  
forgotten—limb by limb,  
bone by lonely bone.

I want to say  
that the operating  
room never carries  
a sharp angle of light.

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Instead, I say nothing.  
I pour day down the drain  
like antiseptic, my hands  
hollowed with silence,

groping for remedy. Past  
tense. I try to make  
room for my grief—  
it makes room for me.