



THE SURGEON

I AM THE SURGEON OF SORROWS;
I WORK HARD AT MY JOB EVERY DAY,
REMOVING AS IF BY DISSECTION,
THE SORROWS I MEET IN THE WAY.

A PATIENT MOST NEEDING OF SURGERY,
IS ONE THAT WHOSE LIFE MUST DEPEND,
ON SKILLS OF THE DOCTOR'S DISSECTING,
REMOVING, RESTORES LIFE ONCE AGAIN.

SHE LEFT ME WITHOUT GIVING A REASON,
AND TOOK ALL THE JOYS OF OUR PASTS,
NOW I MUST CONTINUE WITHOUT HER,
CLOTHED WITH A GOWN AND A MASK.

MY TRAINING IN BEING A SURGEON,
WITH MATTERS SO CLOSE TO MY HEART,
REQUIRED THE SCHOOL OF LAMENTING,
AND THE 'PRACTICE' OF BEING APART.

SO MANY A MOMENT WORTH SHARING,
RECALLING EACH SCENE IN REVIEW;
BUT THEN AM I SUMMONED TO SURGERY,
FOR THIS ANGUISH I HAVE TO REMOVE.

NOT KNOWING HOW LONG TO CONTINUE;
FOR SUFFERING'S NOW ALWAYS MY PLIGHT;
BUT EACH MORNING A SURGERY'S EXPECTED,
EACH EVENING I AM USING THE KNIFE.

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Greg E. Williams
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