

special operation

Sofia Bartnovska

the foreign ~~sergeant~~ surgeon

takes forceps and a knife
makes a cut
dives

deeper - further
deeper - further
stopped
by a solid bone
stuck
-missed

he takes out his blue silicone gloves
with red blood spots
that match so well
to his white robe

pauses

the patient is weak
can wait for a few more years
a few more months
a few more weeks
so the surgeon retreats

trick or treat?

coming back to the state
he prepares forceps
and a knife

makes a cut

and then
pushing the raw flesh apart

dives
again reaches the bone
but this time
it's the point of no return

his shift will soon end
so he has to bring the matter to the last
phase
without taking away the knife
without turning away the face
with an (un)necessary sharp blade

he cuts

to the left
missed
deeper down
missed

his forehead is covered
(inside?)
with a sweaty mist
he's hyst(o)rically pleased

still misses
misses
misses

he cuts
to the right
to the left
left, left, left, right, left!
left, left, your left, right, left!
in a menacing rhythm

focuses his gaze
to find at the place
of the potential cut
a gory wound
still pulsing with blood

it resembles a bomb crater
got distracted, his alma's womb
had given birth to the surgeons greater
but his time for the last comes

he's too eager, disturbed, thrilled
 but the duty is uphill
 for the noble cause: to (h)k(e)i(a)ll
 he would kill
 he will kill
 he kills

operating as if it wasn't him
 who inflicted the wound on the left
 who invaded the ground on the right
 who infringed on my sovereign д і м

he tightens the gloves
 aptly rolls up his sleeves
 with his fingers in the flesh digs
 seeks seeks seeks
 seeks seeks seeks
 found!

pushes his hand deeper down

giddily
 greedily
 grabs the
 drippy
 heart

squeezes
 squeezes
 squeezes
 squeezes several times
 and takes his hand out

with the heart
 with a steel
 sound

but the heart in his hands bounces
 even so it in his hands beats
 and the surgeon grins

he will not sew up the wound
 not even treat it with iodine
 the work shift ends
 blood is everywhere around

time is dim

he puts the heart on the medical plate
 already served with the gauze and pain
 he is dirty but cannot change
 no other suits are known to the place

time is short
 time is hard
 time is dim
 where is god?

now it rains
 with the tears
 of

()
 ()
 ra
 in
 ()

the s(u)rgeon(t) sits in front of the
 plate
 takes off his gloves
 rolls up his sleeves again
 and dines.

forceps didn't come in handy.

Sofia Bartnovska

My name is Sofiiia. Sofiiia with two 'i's for the transliteration of the [ʀ] sound at the end of my name. Sofiiia with Ukranian passport, Sofiiia with German residence permit. I write poetry and short stories to reflect on the world, on the nature of language and express myself. Sometimes my art starts with a small thought that I explore and develop into an art piece; other times my art starts with a big war, which any words won't ever be sufficient to describe. But I tried.