special operation

Sofiia Bartnoyska

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

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

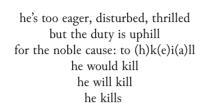
to the left
missed
deeper down
missed
his forehead is covered
(inside?)
with a sweaty mist
he's hyst(o)rically pleased

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



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 i M

he tightens the gloves aptly rolls up his sleeves with his fingers in the flesh digs 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.

Sofiia Bartnovska

My name is Sofiia. Sofiia with two 'i's for the transliteration of the [\$\mathbb{H}\$] sound at the end of my name. Sofiia with Ukranian passport, Sofiia 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.