



6-15-2001

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Jarret Keene

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Recommended Citation

Keene, Jarret (2001) "Kucklehead Anthem #73: Heart, You're a Hospital Now," *Westview*: Vol. 20 : Iss. 2 , Article 23.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol20/iss2/23>

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Knucklehead Anthem #73: Heart, You're a Hospital Now

by Jarret Keene

Nothing is worse than a dying patient,
Except the surgeon, who gives your life lease,
Cuts you open, removes a sick piece,
Stitches you up, and grows impatient
Of your bloated face. No wonder he dons
A mask, gloves. His scalpel is a scepter.
He's a priest to whom God must pray. Better
To chew prescriptions than become pain's pawn.

Darkness congeals like a forgotten bruise.
Tonight you will salvage narcotic bliss.
Each tablet, capsule, injection and dose
Is an angel kissing you with scarred lips.
Nurses read your chart over and again.
Nothing? No more pain? Then close the curtain.

