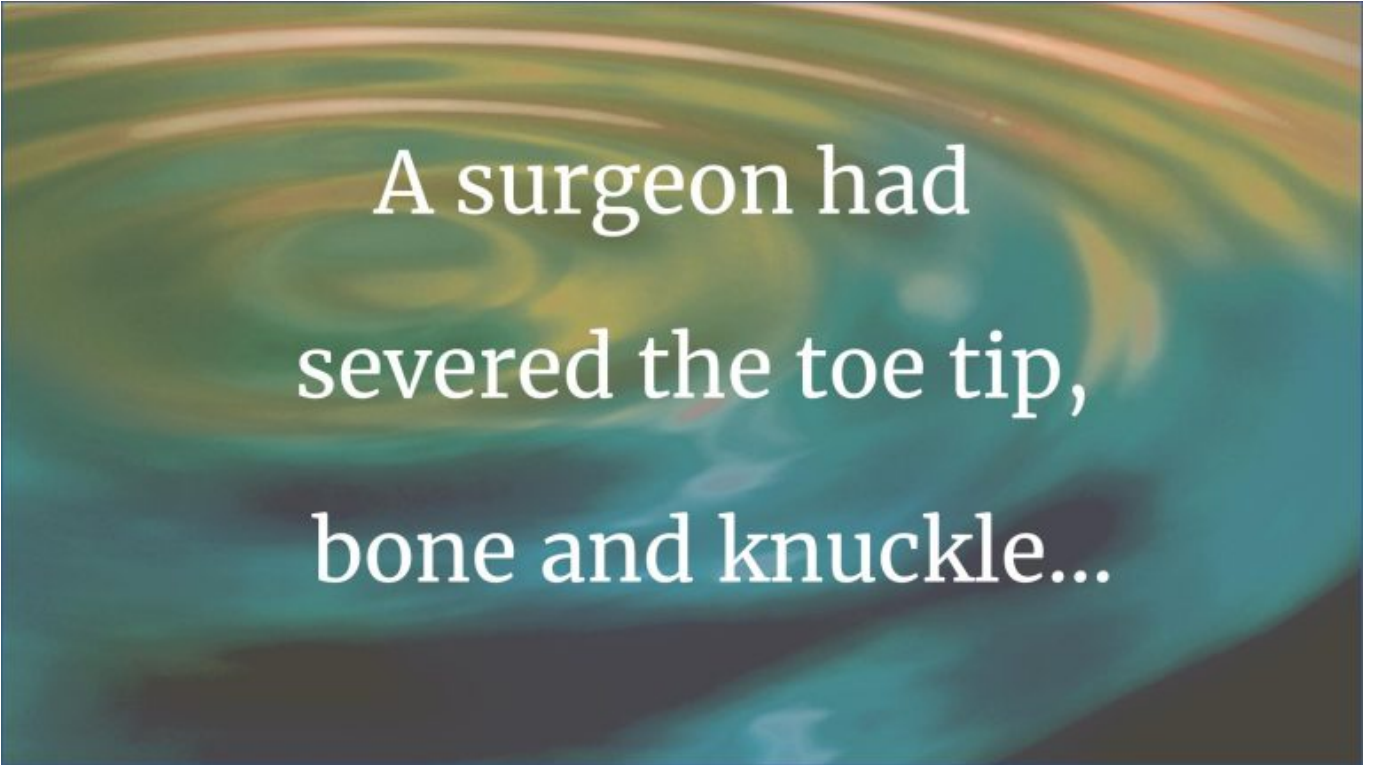


# Six Sutures

Category: Poems

written by David Anderson | January 10, 2025



A surgeon had  
severed the toe tip,  
bone and knuckle...

She did not slice the bandage snugged about the numb toe  
but tickled an end open to begin the unwinding. She  
unwound the gauze slowly as she turned her head  
to see where the cloth stuck to itself and how to cut it.

A surgeon had severed the toe tip, bone  
and knuckle to prevent further infection  
which might mean amputating the toe.  
He said the cut and bone were clean.

Down at skin and scabs, she gently moistened  
a cloth and the skin to avoid pulling open a scab.  
Six sutures lay both over and under new skin.

With scissors from a newly opened sterile bag,  
she nudged a suture from the once infected toe,  
coaxed it out of the skin, cut it and laid it aside.  
She repeated the nudge and snip for five more sutures.

She looked over the scabs and washed every toe  
with a sterile solution and absorbent gauze.  
Before she put the stocking back on the foot,  
she put four Steri-Strips over the toe tip, top to bottom.

Both strips and scabs came loose scant days after  
to reveal no toenail, clean skin and our great relief.