

KIT KAVANAGH-RYAN

Stitch sonnets

The surgeon plays cat's cradle with my guts.
There is no ether, light
breaks
leaking
glass casings in the dark.
Sap. Her mouth. Lips stuck to teeth.
White flowers try on new colours in scent.
"I think I left the gas on," says the nurse.
A cannula waits for a new needle.
Calf muscles are wire taut. Snapped.
She wonders when
the coffee won't be burnt.
Children in waiting rooms
walk steps I know.
Shadows
well bent, strapped down tight
and smiling.
Check your wires.
Nerves flare bright before they skitter
and die.

The surgeon plays cat's cradle
with my guts.
Glass casings
the breaking dark
leaks white flowers

whorls colours.

A cannula waits for a new needle.

She's strapped down tight. Sunshine
well bent.

For monsters under the bed, check your wires.

Nerves flare bright before they skitter
and die

smiling.

Children in waiting rooms walk steps I know.

Calf muscles are wire. Taut.

Snapped.

"I think I left the gas on," says the nurse.

Lips stuck to teeth. Sap.

Her mouth.

There is no ether. Light.