

## The Blood Club

In the room there are appliances,  
brushed steel, two speakers  
playing the middle strains of *Carmen*.  
Nurses unfold instruments,  
the anesthetist checks signs.  
My mother hears an accordion,  
the tick of probes, suction. Then  
the doctors' version of silence  
and the white drone of sleep.

From the visitor's gallery, I see  
pockets, flesh watering over  
like spring oysters, cupped  
holes, the stretched space  
in which I used to live.  
The procedure is routine:  
something becomes nothing.  
There is a window between us.  
In a pan, the glistening fist.