

## POST OP

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By William Goldsmith, MD  
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Time's anesthesia worked for me at last  
The keloid scarring of her loss endured  
What seemed eternal misery is past  
However I am not completely cured

Time's intravenous flow has cooled away  
All but a trace of passion's happy heat  
The midbrain might as well be made of clay  
The sullen heart just condescends to beat

Somnambulistic day to neutral night  
No appetites that I must satisfy  
OK, OK, I've given up the fight  
Not glad to live, but then, not sad to die

Any operation takes its toll  
Love's extirpation numbs the soul.



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