

A SURGEON'S PRAYER

I stand in awe of who you are
Creator, teacher and morning star.
As sculptor of the galaxy
Why would you bother to look on me?

For who am I but a piece of clay
That you lifted and formed in your usual way;
Then breathed in life and set me free
To explore the depth of who I might be.

Then you gave to a few a special art
You strengthened our hands, and touched our heart,
And gave us a bit of who you are
Though we sometimes forget and stray too far.

And what is that gift of which I write?
It's the power to create, to restore lost sight
To complete that unfinished at the time of birth.
Continued creation right here on earth.

It's restoring ones form that's been crushed in a crash
Or replacing some skin that's turned into ash
Or remarking what's lost to a cancerous growth,
All far in excess of Hippocrates' oath.

It's altering a nose that holds back a face,
Or rearranging the jaws as might be the case,
Or brightening one's eyes, or tightening their skin,
Or giving a breast, or strengthening a chin.

And for some simple reason that escapes me just now
In your infinite wisdom You elected to allow
Imperfection in creation. Perhaps it was so
Restoration and healing, Your people could know.

That part of your power you gave to these hands
Is an awesome endowment with awesome demands.
So I ask that you keep me both humble and clear
That it's Your gift and Your art that made my career.

Robert S. Flowers