

What does it take to **unwind** the **unwanted**? It takes twelve surgeons, in teams of two, rotating in and out as their medical **specialty** is needed. It takes nine **surgical assistants** and four **nurses**. It takes three hours. /

Roland is fifteen minutes in.

The medical staff that **buzz** around him wear scrubz the **color of a happy-face**.

His arms and legs have been secured to the operating table with bonds that are **strong but padded** so he won't hurt himself if he struggles.

A nurse **blots sweat** from his forehead.

He feels a **sharp pinprick** in the right side of his neck, and then in the left.

Although he can't see her mouth beneath her surgical mask, he can see the **smile in her eyes**.

The nurse takes his hand.

One of the surgical assistants **wipes Roland's legs down with brown surgical scrub**.

The nurse **pats his hand**.

Already Roland feels his **limbs starting to go numb**. / He **swallows hard**.

Twenty-eight minutes in.

The first set of surgeons has arrived.

Someone drops an instrument. It **clatters** on the table and falls to the floor. Roland **flinches**.

The nurse holds his hand **tighter**.

An hour and fifteen.

Surgeons leave, new ones arrive. The new ones take an **intense interest** in his abdomen.

He looks toward his toes **but can't see them**. Instead he **sees** a surgical assistant cleaning the lower half of the table.

The nurse was holding his hand before. She's not anymore.

A **clanging** of metal. The lower half of the table is unhooked and **pulled away**.

Roland feels **discomfort** in his gut. **Discomfort**, a **tickling sensation**, / but no pain. The surgeons **lift** things away. He tries not to look, / **but he can't help it**. There's no blood, [breathe] just the oxygen-rich solution, which is fluorescent green, **like antifreeze**.

One team leaves; another comes in. They take an **intense interest** in his chest.

Two hours, five minutes.

Everyone's so close **around him now**. Yellow figures lean **all around** him like flower petals **closing in**. Another section of the **table** is **taken away**. The **petals** move in closer.

He locks his eyes on the nurse, whose eyes **still smile**. / **They always smile**. / **Someone made her have eternally smiling eyes**.

Key:

Purple: Do what the text says

Blue: Repeated fluctuating for rotations

Yellow: Subtext

Dark Red: Deeper pitch

Light Red: Higher pitch

Dark Green: Quick or building tempo

Light Green: Slow, decreasing, or drawn out tempo

Orange Underline: Building dynamics – louder (forté)

Bold: Alliteration

/: Pause