

## The Leg

*Annette Weed*

Mud to the horse's knees,  
miles with only the moon  
and then his patient screaming,

the leg red and swollen  
and only amputation to offer.  
He would not do this again,

would not only offer loss,

where to go from there  
always his question.

His mind working  
turning possibilities  
must have been touched  
by God, led

to consider the dead bone—  
what he called the sequestra—  
its removal,

it might work,  
and then the mother, Lucy  
pressing him, her question  
what can you do to save it?

He describes his procedure,  
really an experiment,  
with some success and the boy wants  
only for the mother to leave the room,  
the father to hold him.

He proceeds, the cutting  
always hurts his heart  
though he knows it can help,  
places his assistants  
strategically to block the boy's view

knowing this must be quick careful complete  
knowing as weeks go by of the leg's improvement  
not knowing what the boy went on  
to do or why he needed the leg.