

**O.R. Symphony No. 015: A Robotic Surgery**  
**EMILIJA SAGAITYTE**

Come, meet the opening act  
Who waits behind the blue curtain  
Feel its coarse brush  
As we take center stage in  
An orchestral performance  
To extend a life

Arms wielding the strings take their place  
A robotic quartet positions about center stage  
Hands raised  
Murmurs stop  
Save for the beeping metronome  
of the patient's beating heart

All look up, they nod, surgeon's fingers pinch  
Conductor takes their seat, quick swoosh of the wrists  
Those awaiting in a windowless room  
Now quiet  
The first descent of the arms  
Incises into silence

Like fingers dancing on  
Tightropes, tense  
Atop a fingerboard  
Practiced hands  
In synchrony  
Perform  
Any mistake a jolting broken  
cord  
Every pluck releases  
Skin from core

Cup and caress bows falling  
Falling, falling  
Sweeping up in domino effect—  
Bach's dis-  
joint  
-ed precision  
Surgeon's head in the console  
Relaxes, retracts  
Applause pulls the conductor out of  
His trance—the end