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## Breast Cancer Surgeon

**Heather Cameron**

The reverence with which  
You lay your scalpel  
Upon my skin  
Is reminiscent of a lover  
From long ago.

You cut delicately, assuredly  
Your blade tracing  
A predetermined line  
And enter my body  
Just as he did.

I signed consent forms  
For your loving invasion.  
What choice had I?

He took my clasp upon  
His hips as permission.  
What choice had he?

My body has been laid  
Open by the knives of  
Lovers and surgeons alike.  
Scars chosen/unchosen,  
Fade red into ochre lines.

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### **Competing Interests**

None declared

### **Author Details**

Heather Cameron, PhD Candidate, MA App Sci, Grad Dip Prof Writing, BA, Dip Teaching, School of Communication & Creative Arts, Faculty of Arts & Education, Deakin University, Locked Bag 20000, Geelong 3220, AUSTRALIA

CORRESPONDENCE: Heather Cameron, Faculty of Arts & Education, Deakin University, Locked Bag 20000, Geelong 3220, AUSTRALIA

Email: [hcameron@deakin.edu.au](mailto:hcameron@deakin.edu.au)



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