

Wild to our marrow

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*an architecture of bone ...
a branching network of nerves flickering ...
Inside the human body lies a realm ...
each of us, wild to our marrow.*
(Robert Moor, *On Trails: An Exploration*,
Simon & Schuster, 2016)

Lying cruciform on the exam table,
she asks, “If you cut off my leg, will that stop
the pain?” Her body destroying itself, diagnosis
unknown. Oxycodone, Percocet, Fentanyl —
cannot help her now. Alone
within an architecture of bone.

In the research lab, he measures reactions.
Whether she feels heat or cold on
her fingers. Is there sweat behind the knees?
Can she feel pinpricks on the soles? She is
unable to sit up without vomiting,
a network of nerves flickering.

The human body, a realm
still unknown, pathways
branching like a deep-rooted elm,
the gallows of Yggdrasil.
We navigate in darkness, systems collapse,

the body’s chaotic ecology.
Who sees the fall of every sparrow?
Within each of us, a horde
of microorganisms burrow —
wild to our marrow.

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