

Dissection notes: first day

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Wrapped in black plastic, a gift
to science waits in the cold laboratory.
Your pupils, moon-round and flat,
reflect my face when I unzip
your body. Thick, damp hair flows
across twin scars on your chest,
suggesting cancer. From the clefts
below your hips, two tattooed roses
bloom in the silence between us.
As fear and sacredness touch,
my scalpel hovers over your skin.
The living resort to action when
words don't offer anything
much by way of introduction.

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This article has been peer reviewed.

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