

# Elegy

At first I enjoyed telling my friends about dissection,  
and they were eager to listen.  
    about our first cut  
    how his chest was like a great white ghost and  
    how we held our scalpels aloft like kites, swaying in the wind.

But the deeper we went—the lungs, the heart, the face—  
the more my friends' gaze shifted,  
their fingers fiddled.

It was around that time I began to see secrets written on the body.  
    how her back must've ached with the impossible arc of scoliosis  
    how the tumors ate his breath away,  
    and how the pathologist said of the triplet placenta,  
    "yes, all of the specimens came from autopsy, unfortunately."

What lonesome wisdom anatomy brings us  
of tragedy best left unmentioned to the neighbors and children,  
of seeing through the skin of our loved ones.

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