



Space for Donation

"Can you please tell me whom to call, so I may donate my body?"

Upturned hands can clutch no words,
Leave silence stuck to disbelief—

That even death is a question of storage.

Where to keep the last repository,
when memory is a soft rind that peels away to reveal:

All that we have fastidiously tucked into slivered paper,
thinned and pressed into photograph,
the netted and shimmering fish of our senses,
We must hastily overturn like a glass—

And reeling from life we are left to ask:
Who shall take us again?

Megana Dwarakanath