

Pieces

by Jerry Schatz

If I'd been a nose the smell of formaldehyde would have been unbearable, but I was a kidney. I was a whole man once. Now my home was a numbered bottle in a crime lab. I felt coils of self-pity tighten. Is this how it ends? As I damned my fate a technician brought in a new bottle and placed it next to mine. It was an ear. I sensed it was an organ I knew. By God, it was Priscilla! Unmistakable -- that curled-in lobe. How many years had it been? Priscilla! Do I hear violins?

