

Dissecting

by Lorenzo Sewanan

Her first cut is not sharp though penetrating; skin is soft and too easily sliced away from the tiny tendrils that tighten its embrace. She wields the blade with a quivering touch, carving cadaver into skin and flesh so cleanly as if they never were one tissue, one body, one person. Her knife stops once the pinkish outer layer is removed, and a yellow sheath lined through by blue and red vasculature is left. She looks at him, her handiwork. She can no longer recognize him or hate him for who he was.

