

Dissection (II)

by Lorenzo Sewanan

Her first cut. Dull.
But penetrating the skin
So soft and so easily sliced
The tiny elastic tendrils, the embrace.

She wields the blade. Quivering
Cadaver carved into skin and flesh
Never again one tissue, one body,
One person.

Her knife fails against the yellow sheath,
Webbed by blue and red, vasculature once.
Beautiful work. Intimacy apparent in
Her face, taut with satisfaction.

She can no longer recognize him or hate him for who he was.

