

# 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.

