

Pathology

by Nonnie Augustine

PATHOLOGY

How awful it is to dissect a marriage!
It lays naked on the therapist's steely table.
He makes his first incision
into the bloated stomach
of our malnourished union.
He polishes his glasses and peers,
cuts the thin taut skin of our collusion.

We're paying him to do this!
Dr. Stahler hums, probes, frowns
as he examines the damage done
by our withholding of nutrients.

"But we took our marriage to England! to Ireland! To the Alps!
It was fine and plump!
We have neglected feedings of late,
but we were busy, pushed and pulled hither and yon!
What will you do, Doctor?
Will you prescribe an elixir, painkillers,
a weekend out of town?"

*"My dear fools, there is no heartbeat!
Here, lying on my table, is an emaciated
corpse. Take the remains away and cope
with them quickly before rot sets in and settles
irrevocably into your poor, careless souls."*

