"Once I was dead,
I didn't fade.
Although my body's
absence was unnerving,
reassurance pulsed
again when I became my home.

My children
and great-grandchildren all grown, I'm alive
here, in these copper cords,
here, in the sacral arches
of my doors, I'm this ratty
velvet sofa where you sit,
the cephalic light
and air surrounding it; filling the bellows
of your lungs, entering their flesh:
undressed
for your soft pink alveoli.

Your blinking
heart's an audience,
and witnesses my darker chambers
fed by moths and dust that pillows
up along these medical halls.
I'm patiently attached
to my anterior walls,
as a wound
around the knife of its own opening
–down through bone;
as the teeth
making a whale-tooth comb.
I've formed from granulated women's prayers
that never ask forgiveness,
only fortitude.

I sat for decades,
silent, and alive
enough to feel all put-togethery,
provided everything remained untouched.
But here you come
to violate my long and pleasant corporality–

And last week, men in orange plastic hats
–all leathery–laced up in clay-caked boots–inserted
stakes into my floors,
nailed dirty signs into my hardwood doors.
Erected chain-link fences.
I'm cornered by grotesque machinery.

What do they have
in store for me?"

From the Files of the EVP Transcriber, Session #18: Woman On the Eve of Her Dismemberment

by: Lauren Brazeal Garza