

Autopsy

By Jan Chronister

A poem appeared
on my phone this morning—
almost brutal, sparse.
No cute phrases
like a schoolgirl
showing off her Easter dress.
No clever ending
to impress, just clean cuts
in the velvet curtains
behind pulpits, caskets.

My fingernails were scraped,
the skin over my skull
pulled back, my heart
ripped out and weighed.
When it was over,
I stitched myself up