

Pathology

By Bella Cox

Dissection is ugly business. Each moment sliced and quartered, atomic slivers. A lingering fistful of hair. An almost-chuckle on the word *don't*. Genuine tears as you held me, or forced? Zoom in. Scalpel. Peel another layer. *Goodbye*. Anguish or relief? I could do this all year. Whole months sacrificed in pursuit of reliving. You'd let me. Haggard and time-worn, dragging my thoughts again through the gore. A frown: confusion or scorn? Blade flash. Every intake of breath is suspect —

All this is hindsight. Even if a prognosis is found, ours is a minced cadaver love.