

THE LIFE & DEATH OF STEVE MARION

BY STEVEN QUINN

My mother brought me forth My wife laid me to rest
22 years ago At age 90

Medicine called out to me

Asking for my body, soul, and mind

And I accepted, with my family's blessing

Sporting blue scrubs, blue gowns Resting on my shiny steel bed
And blue latex gloves Over a white tile floor
To cover just how green I am Blanketed by black garbage bags

Getting to know my new partner

His body in my hands His hands in my body

Unsure of proper formalities

Am I his puppeteer Am I his teacher
Do I call him my cadaver Do I call him my student

Or do I call him by name

Fatter Shorter

Than I thought he would be

But I am efficient But he is rough
Blunt dissection An invasion
With fingers, probes, and scissors Without care, restraint, or respect

At least it's over quickly

Immediately I regret that thought

I can't wait to get back in there I can't wait to be opened up again
Digging and mobilizing vessels Allowing you a profound intimacy
To reveal your worst habits To discover my darkest secrets
So plain to see in death Hidden even from my wife

My old self unrecognizable

My new self disparate pieces

Putting everything back together

Redefining who I am every second

Until the day I die Since my first breath

We are the sum of our relationships

And I have a new one here with you