

“Rock Salt and Iron”

by
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Open my soul and look for the ligaments,
tendons, oddities, intestines and brainpans,
identify, classify, collect.
White rubber gloves, scientific detachment
as you detach my Self from the rest of me.

Open my soul and take out the lining,
don't handle with care, it's sturdy stuff,
guilt-proof, ghost-proof, rock salt and iron.
You have nothing to lose, a world
to gain. Take up the scalpel, and:

Open my soul. Don't forget the ampersands.
Morally ambiguous, curved &
beautiful like everyone I've ever loved. Pack
them up in a ziplock baggie, freeze until
freezerburnt, don't let them see the sun.

Open my soul and wait for the punchline.
Blood and guts perhaps, or better still
a confession. Give me my absolution.
Pass the holy water, please. I know
your hands are rubbed raw from trying.