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apoptosis

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apoptosis

Emily Nelson

paracrine words:

time to go.

like circus tents, membrane flaps

bloom up;

cold zinc fingers

package me,

in neat vesicles, a tatter

of soul in each.

in one, my hopes;

another, my dreams:

maybe some other can use them.

my heart, pale liver, twin

glistening kidneys

bob along, swathed in phosphorus glow.

and my blood, each burgeoning

drop I bled, I shed

in vain, poured molten,

still pulsing.

I sail, like reed boats on a river,

my likes and dislikes,

my irrational fears,

my habit of blinking when confused,

those thousand tricky puzzle pieces that,

scattered a certain way

and peered at squinting,

made up me.

sealed in watertight,

floating and nodding in vesicle safety,

so neat, so pert, like

gaily wrapped gifts addressed to no one.

gifts drifting without end,

tape crackled and yellowing,

cardboard soggy; bright colors

faded.

this the best way to go.

no mess, no fuss, nothing to bury in the mud;

death is chemical. ▾