

MIND TO MIND

*Creative writing that explores the abstract side
of our profession and our lives*

Carol Wiley Cassella, M.D., Editor

A Foot

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I
ntestines and their manila frill of fat
nestle cozily in a metal bowl

but a foot
can't be contained even by a tub;
jutting over the edge
the calf exposes its brutal ovoid slice

a foot
perhaps with purple gangrene
black-lipped ulcers
toes already missing
itches to hop off
a mutant bunny on the lam

a foot
could jerk its big toe to hitch a ride
or, impatient
stomp out of the operating room

anything to forget the fine crack of bone
from bone

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but even if the foot flees the scene
the nonfoot remains
below the stump, below the wound
sealed by interrupted sutures
perfect blue knots teething a frozen smile
see, there it is
faux foot, doppelgänger foot,
ghost foot.