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

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A Foot

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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.