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Nocturne with hysterectomy

how you paused when the nurse said your name, not
your real name, but the one lodged onto your government ID.
where you correct her, slurred and fevered, claim your pain level

is a seven, and she tells you you'll slide into the white cove for
a CT scan. the drip in your veins allot enough energy not to wince.
you hold your breath. they record your pelvis, tell you that everything

will be hot, your toes spark star fire. *don't worry it's temporary*
is a saying you have heard & squint at. are you peeing on yourself?
did the nurse use the wrong pronouns again? you laugh at this new

privilege—how your white nurse will have to pick up after brown piss.
how the rust you make is homegrown, how you can't tell who
is the butcher anymore. your own uterus after all asked to be bent,

did you sling the slaughter? you imagine warmth, the fish roasted by your
mother's hands, how seafood is the joke metaphor between our legs.
after the scalpel, what will you smell like now? never mind this pandemic

how your partner is informed she cannot go any further, she cannot sit
with you in re-wiring, your dizziness lacquered by less organs.
Two weeks before: *emergent*. The report dictated, the field of

your abdomen appeared a rorschach of cells, *both my parents died
of cancer*. You confess this inheritance of blooms. *ovaries can stay*,
the surgeon repeated. To not cry at the cephalopod shaped clots,

shells of who you once were. To peel back sheets as they contort
colors you didn't know you had in you. To not have the face of anyone
on the pamphlets. To know you are again, your own manual.