

*It's not about other people knowing.
We don't even tell the victims.
We just whisper to him,
Your Day has come.*

~ Morrison, *Song of Solomon*

*The difference between poetry and rhetoric
is to be willing to kill
yourself
instead of your children.*

~ Lorde, *Power*

*Whether the world calls it "suicide"
or not, every death is a suicide.
Because there is no one else
to take it from me.
Even though he shoots me.
No matter what he does to me.
It's only myself.*

~ Goddard

DIĒS HEBDOMADIS

DIĒS SŌLIS

DIĒS LŪNAE

DIĒS MARTIS

DIĒS MERCURIĪ

DIĒS IOVIS

DIĒS VENERIS

DIĒS SATURNĪ



now you have to harvest our humanity to send it to the laboratory, a small piece from this vertebrate brain, to be transferred in formalin, to harden, as was harvested from every organ cut away and weighed *when I was just a little girl*, from the heart the lungs and all the visceral rest *I asked my mother what will I be*, from the liver *will I be pretty*, from the kidneys *will I be rich*, for once the ventral and cranial cavities are empty, *here's what's she said to me*, the decedent looks like a canoe, *qué será, será,** it's gone out, you've got to believe in something, it's gone, *no qué será, será*, because unless you have an unquenchable curiosity to solve puzzles you would surely need to believe in some bliss or rebirth or requite or else dealing with this *damn song in my head* all day every day you would not be able to deal with it, so that now you're only remembering it because it has gone out and smells a bit, briefly, because of the beeswax or the stillhot paraffin that was encasing the wick and in kind these small tissue samples will be encased in paraffin too to be sliced by razors for microscopic slides, smell it despite the dulled, sickly sweet stupefying stink of the cadaverine and the blood black in the bowl, the piss and the late shit, the devil's cake batter you've been told your face is shielded, you are masked, gowned and gloved and have

been standing and studying the decedent on this slab with a gutter under a downdraft in this room of brightdead fluorescents and have fucking forgotten about it, about why *why does it only smell when it goes out* are you even doing this, your scrotum's tightened, a cream-colored candle lit out of respect and yet you are used to it, *my life is ripe for suicide* so you don't need the fable of coffee-scented snuff or the peppermint oil or the camphoric, eucalyptic, methylated liniment to snuff out the noise or make the terrible smells tolerable, since they would only open you, you just need to stay in the downdraft of this first-floor room with its air coming down from the ceiling vents to the vents above the floor sweeping the smells down and not up into your face to inundate the receptors since every time you would leave the room and return you would just be assaulted all over again, so you keep the receptors flooded *I don't want to die in this country* that's kind of like snow blindness, *I don't want to die in a room full of people who are afraid to touch me, before executing me*, like acoustic trauma or a callus or the inability to taste sweets due to the overconsumption of sugar you simply smell what you smell and discern yourself smelling the smell since none of them no longer nag you anymore, *I long to miss this*, no longer triggers the reflex of retch or spew or enervates you, *I long to miss this place*, you just do the work

let me see, let me see, let me see
you Sōlis said, four hours ago and just before the dictation, as you're working without an assistant today, and then you were speaking our existence into the tape recorder Sunday

May the fourteenth, nineteen ninety-five, eight twenty-six in
the morning, the postmortem examination of one Lucy
Anarcha Westcott

and now it has guttered out, for you are almost finished with us, a candle
lit like a riot out of respect and rot and ensured to burn for us for hours,
and even over a year from here, because the necropsy would impeach the
police report, and would fail to justify the future adjudication, the verdict
which would ignite our uprising at night, over a year from now on the
Fourth of July, nineteen ninety-six, with fireworks cascading like
nightmares in the sky above the rioters and outliers, the reactionary angels
*I know the long tail of your soul what it would say to this dissolution of flesh, this
monstrous smell ratted me out since you didn't want to be found out, not like this, not
like this, what you were wearing, the smell the unbearable unbelievable noise of it
amping up from the grassy, drainage ditch, your face facedown underwater and your
skirt hiked up with you mooning the moon the fat officer laughed, on the morgue
telephone, as if I wasn't standing to the side of him talking to the investigator
overlooking you in your sleeping bag before being gurneyed into a room the florescent
colorlessness and temperature of your father's refrigerator or as if the fat white fuck
wouldn't even be able to see this forensic niggernurse in front of him let alone in his
periphery despite the fact that I am not another niggernurse but a forensic pathologist
summoned again to examine another nigger, that white pig fuck, laughing over the dead*

darkskinned black female: fifteen-years-old, height: five feet
and six inches, weight: one hundred and eighteen pounds,
eyes: brown, hair: black, shoulder-length and relaxed and

laughing over the dead darkskinned girl: I will have the last laugh now that I am no longer and long after now you the salesman said, Sōlis, deep inside yourself, even then trying to sell yourself on the assignment, instinctually, during the dictation of this external examination, before you even knew of the color of our killer, or killers, before you even knew of the color of the cop, or cops, yes a salesman Sōlis, for each knife has already taken a life, all seven of them, all seven of them and if, one day, someone were to want to use one of these knives against you, the first knife, you would take out yours wears and spread them across this adjoining table, as you would need to have everything out on the table, and you would tell them to make a selection, and then they would tell you the price, and then they would tell you the price, and then they would tell you your forehead felt dead your father said, lifeless and unlovable, neither warm nor cool like cardboard a hardcover, for when he came to identify your face you were an open hymnal to him and you knew it, his only motherless offspring, after closing his eyes once you began whimpering and whispering to hear what you were truly trying to say to him, like an animal that eats teeth, his jaw's an archeologist's dream, before he broke face and started whimpering and whispering ladybug ladybug as if he would forever see, no takebacks, but then he sweetly reached over and touched your forehead as if expecting a fever or to wipe away the mark of some very evil memory your father the priest, and not the Jheri-curl'd confectioner who always licked your legs with his lashes or those brown bodega boys who would hail asses, the punani on the Jamaican lips, as the clouds scudded the sky, no, you didn't want him to find you like this, not like this, but he treated you so much like a child, motherless, yet had he not written down the address in

the jacket of a fifteen-year-old girl what were you thinking girl, what were you wearing, but what does it matter what you wearing, you were human, and I shouldn't blame you for my finger thoughts, were you waylaid on your way to some towered project party where all the flygirls are way past the age of menarche, pudenda means to be ashamed of in Latin but most of them knew that you were not, dressed for skin and veined labia to bloom into the satanized door of a confessional, unknow, unload it said the price, yes yes Sōlis the salesman, but for now you have not been betrayed or discovered or destroyed and everything is as it always is so that this morning, after eating a chocolate croissant, you just gurneyed us from that refrigerated room to this autopsy station, leveled us down to this slab, unbagged us, releasing the odiferous puff of released bladder most likely done from when we were throttled because this happens quite a bit with females with short little urethras, and then slid us onto this slab supinely as if we were just anybody, unaware of the killers' color, with a sheet under us to collect any trace evidence you may miss, which along with the clothes will be rolled up after we've been rolled back into that refrigerated room the size of a charter bus, and then bagged for the slow process of the deoxyribonucleic acid analysis to be begun by some obscure alcoholic academic with a special interest, as for now with a camera and some interchangeable lens, some stainless steel tools, a reciprocating saw, a transparent plastic speculum and anoscope to avoid obscuring any potential site of injury, and other specialized items needed for homicides and sexual assaults on the adjoining table at the ready, now, for the transcription to be done later, with the use of diagrams and clockface

position references to avoid any ambiguity when relating to a genital injury, you were dictating into a cordless headset while photographing

the decedent's eyeballs were bulged out and softened...her mouth was open, tongue protruding out, hemorrhagic bite marks around the tongue, due to hypoxic seizure, the teeth are still intact...her face has been disfigured by massive swelling on the left side...a burn scar near the hairline, perhaps from a hot comb...a continuous ligature furrow and some bruises around the neck, the embroidered imprint of a belt is neatly imprinted on the skin, tiny abrasions from where a knife blade was pressed against it...the decedent is partially dressed in the athletic fashion of the day, a tight pink hooded sweat jacket with diamond simulant studs, an opened front zipper, and a torn yellow crop top with vomitus...fingernail abrasions around the breasts...a soiled black miniskirt...postmortem lividity was present on the dorsal part of the body when it was found lying prone, the mini skirt hiked up, naked from the waist down...circumferential bruising to the wrists and ankles...abrasions on the knees...blood around the vaginal area...multiple genital lacerations, abrasions and bruises...radially oriented, split-type lacerations of the hymenal tissue, the labia minora, the posterior fourchette, the fossa...some insect activity in the vagina...perianal, anal and

rectal lacerations, also due to blunt force trauma...her
perineum is ruptured

and photographing as if you were the investigator at the crime scene who had also covered our hands with these ovenmitt-sized paper bags and taped them around our wrists which we often wanted to slit to preserve any evidence in case we might've struggled with and scratched our attacker or attackers since it would've taken at least one of them to hold us down while the other attacked, yet now in this municipal morgue, before pulling the sweat jacket sleeves over these hands, you removed the paper bags which will also be kept in case any trace evidence has fallen into them and then you lifted the inky fingerprints, swabbed underneath the nails, cut nails and plucked pubic hair, you swabbed our mouth, our vagina, our rectum, our broken perineum and once the femoral blood sample for toxicological analysis was collected, with the hypodermic syringe just below the groin, the skirt, jacket and crop top were removed

there is a row of scars on the left forearm, like the fretboard
of a guitar, or notches, possibly self-inflicted

and laid across another adjoining table for the lights to be flipped off and for the blacklight to fluoresce the fructose-filled seminal stains and blood on the body and clothes, some saliva, then the lights were flipped on and our breasts and buttocks were swabbed because they were clutched, brushed and licked, our teats sucked by the self-begotten sick, men who could be uncle-like not white, news will be gleaned from these swabs as well as from these articles of clothing that will be catalogued and bagged

in paper instead of plastic to avoid any development of mold, now, we are still seeing you placing a rubber block under our shoulders blades so that our head can drop back to expose the neck and to protrude the chest, you select a stainless steel scalpel, sanitized to avoid any cross-contamination, and with the belly of the blade

initiating the internal examination of the torso

you incise an oblique line from each shoulder, from the tip of each acromion, conjoining them at the sternum and above the budding breasts since we won't be wearing any lowcut dress, and then you finish with a single line, making a little twist around our umbilicus, to the pubis, slicing midline to reveal a butterfly midline, creating a crude Y, you then begin to undermine and reflect the skin and the subcutaneous tissue and underlying musculature from the chest wall with the scalpel, releasing a puff of blood, an iron rose, cutting the fat to begin to peel back the side flaps with the top flap flung back like a bib above the underjaw, the V over our visage, inverted, from the neck down to expose yellow fat and red muscle over white bone but around the stem of the Y you go steadily, incising the serous membrane lining the abdominal cavity, and then you lift the abdominal wall away from the organs with the V-shape of your two upturned fingers to guide the scalpel between them and deeper down the stem, avoiding the impetuous nicking of any organs, our bowels, which is why the face shield is worn and you reflect the rest of the skin and underlying tissue to expose the viscera and since this fifteen-year-old had not had the chance to fully ossify yet, no broken ribs, you cut through

the sternoclavicular joints and the costal cartilages with the scalpel instead of the cartilage knife or the saw or the beaklike bolt cutters, the decisive snaps that would've been needed on an adult, and while removing the shieldlike breast plate for another puff of blood you cut away more underlining tissue, the unique, atavistic smell of organs and meat like the meat you thawed out from your refrigerator last week, for the barbeque, forever hankering for a rack of ribs as you rake and appraise the thoracic and abdominal organs in situ, no need for the ladle and the graduated cup, no fluids in the cavities, no fluids and so since it's a strangulation you start emptying and weighing and cataloguing the contents of this box of fear from just the top of the thorax to leave the dissection of the cervix for later, for last, and this part is the boring part because everything appears to be perfect: on a sanitized table near a sink, to avoid any cross-contamination, you rinsed and studied the harvestable heart, the thoracic aorta, the lungs and diaphragm, the liver and spleen, the abdominal aorta and the guts with the pancreas all the way down cut off at the pelvic brim because of the rape dissection that's to be done, on the genital tract, leaving the kidneys and the adrenal glands in the back and yes yes this is all very boring, because everything appears to be perfect, but along with the blood sample for toxicological analysis, with syringe aspiration, you extract urine from the bladder and bile from the gall bladder, because any drugs that might've been in the blood and urine five days ago would still be in the bile today, and vitreous fluid from the eye, because unlike the blood and bile the humor in the highly protective eye would remain

untouched by even a puncture of the gastrointestinal tract, and because glucose skyrockets after death and especially after an agonal death when the liver breaks down glycogen and floods the system with the simple sugar, so take a vitreous sample not a blood sample to estimate the antemortem blood sugar level of the girl who might've been a diabetic, you slice open the stomach and the duodenum and fish out the gastric contents as sometimes you can see where someone has been due to the sad contents of the stomach, because the stomach stops working after death and becomes a gastronomic time capsule of someone's final moments, so that these signature finger foods, for finger thoughts, the undigested chunks of flamed-broiled hamburger meat and thick-cut fries with their skins still attached will place us at the new fast food place far from where we were found, in that grassy, drainage ditch, outside our neighborhood, and show that we had died in under two hours of eating this malnutritious shit as you wring out the malnutritious shit we ate earlier from the colon into a bowl, the devil's cake batter you've been told, you conclusively dissect out the rectum and the genital tract to study the uterus and ovaries and such and find fistulas in the anal and vaginal canals, more bruises and lacerations, the stanching menstruation, no word of any spermatozoon and so you slice off samples from every organ and place them into stock jars separately, to harden in formalin, although the cause of death has nothing to do with any naturally occurring disease in any of these, the microscopy will be grossly unremarkable, the histology won't tell you a thing, not a damn thing, notshit, it is merely routine in

case a killing goes to court and the defense speculates something else other than the cause of death as the cause of death you take a deep breath, you take a deep breath and place a rubber headrest under our neck and then study the head for any injury, satisfied, you part the chemically straightened hair a bit frizzy behind the crown of the head, from ear to ear, as if you were about to treat it, especially the kitchenette, the naps at the nape of the neck the niggerknots, and while using our scrunchie to create a topknot pushed forward over our face like a quiet quail's you see the beautiful five-year-old you dissected yesterday and the seventeen plastic barrettes in her poorly plaited hair, dry as hell, so many in her big little hair that you see her getting ready the day before yesterday and grabbing our scrunchie out of a drawer to pull up the long relaxed hair like a white girl into a pony, with no way of knowing as to what the rest of the night would bring or as to how that pink little scrunchie would be utilized today: a biparietal incision is made between the part on the head, where headphones ought to be, so it can be hid by a pillow, then you flay the scalp by gripping the scrunchie, peeling the hair and skin forward and over the top chest flap over the face, exposing that thick fibrous membrane attached to the little muscles in our forehead that made us frown and then the back flap is peeled down, you check for bruising and, satisfied, clip a portable air pump to your belt, don a pullover, ventilated hood, and reach for the hooded, vacuum-affixed, reciprocating saw

initiating the internal examination of the cranium

circling the greatest diameter of the skull recalls that saw wielded to cut away casts, from the padded limbs of adolescence, without cutting skin and now without cutting the brain, you carefully cut the connections and remove the skullcap with part of the dural membrane still attached, a particularly godly experience, and examine the encephalon in situ: despite the downdraft of this ventilation system, the saw's vacuum and hood, the sawing still kicked up some bone dust that is harmful within itself without being a carrier of this new human immunodeficiency virus, still, wearing the ventilated hood and the battery-operated air pump, you sever the cranial nerves and the meninges and the spinal cord, and from the cranial vault you remove the most complex known structure in the cosmos, gingerly, to weigh it: a three-pound mass of fats and tissues the consistency and texture of tofu, which at one time contained many human imaginations and hundreds of billions of cells interlinked through trillions of communications, and on the sanitized table you section and section it, photograph and photograph it, and after finding nothing wrong *when I was just a little girl* with it, a perfect specimen that could go on a tour, *I asked my mother what will I be*, you harvest its humanity to send it to the laboratory, *will I be pretty*, placing the sample in formalin, *will I be rich*, for once the ventral and cranial cavities are empty, *here's what she said to me*, the decedent looks a canoe

* *Que Sera, Sera* (Whatever Will Be, Will Be) written by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans, 1955, Columbia Records.