

UNPAID AUTOPSIES

Emmanuel Akintoye

In the
cadaver room,
a scalpel is a key.
bodies, doors with keyholes in
all the weird places, too strange to house keys.
so new keyholes are broached because
no one accuses of theft if there is a
key.

no one cares to know that
the keyhole is dug, like a well.
What name do we give this?
this quest for knowledge
that pushes to search for
absence and/or presence even
in the belly of the dead.

once, we found a cadaver

who had the kind of haircut our parents warned us about.
we cracked open his chest like a nut
& found dark lungs.
how much burning and smoke (-ing)
leaves an iroko-hard hearted man
with charcoal standard lungs? I was left
wondering. if his soul diffused till vanishment,
like ashes blown into air.