

UNPAID AUTOPSIES

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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.