

# Reading at the Anatomy Museum

*by* Kirsty Logan

Through the stuttering doors of the other  
hall lurks a gathering of spare souls who saved  
for hardbacked notebooks and empty time  
to be filled with fictions. Shivering under  
desk lamps, lit by three dozen eyes, they read  
words splintered with marrow and memory.

Everyone listening is lost in memory  
triggered by the vowels in the story of other  
people's mistakes, made real by being read  
between these glass-lined walls. Objects saved,  
preserved, labeled in tubes, pressed under  
slides. Bodies snapshot just in time.

Those remnants absorbed their sun, now it's time  
for the papery writers to argue their memory  
with confessions. Bones are just bones under  
the dress of skin, and now these organs are other,  
thoroughly undone, slices of person saved  
under microscopes, like palms to be read.

Perhaps the clumsy power of stories being read  
could cause organs to flutter, to wake just in time  
for these stored body parts to be saved,  
to become more than an anatomist's memory.  
Perhaps stories can rouse cells merged with other  
bodies, hidden beneath strangers' skins, deep under

donated organs. Stories kept warm, pressed tight under

the weight of flesh. If you know how, all bodies can be read  
like books, like poems, like scraps of song made of other  
lives in cursive. Stories exist as air. They have no time,  
no place. Bodies in glass cases are a way to preserve memory,  
to label life in neat boxes. A story is shreds of a person, saved.

When the bodies rise, full of prose, finally saved  
by story, these sheathed writers will not hide under  
their torn pages. They will rise up on bloody memory,  
shout their synapses to the roof. For hours they have read  
to convince an audience of their solidity. Now there is time  
only for verbs. Walls won't hold. There can be no other

use for memory now but to save  
the bones of others. Brace them under  
the pages you read while you still have time.

