Of Surgery Performed Atop a Ford Galaxie

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Anmarie Trimble

**Of Surgery Performed Atop a Ford Galaxie**

Cut from my foot, the bone rests
in a dish like a bad bean.
Awake behind the ether tent,
I ask to have a penny slipped in,
then dream of surgery performed atop
a Ford Galaxie, nurse-white hood
and chrome gleaming, breathing
tubes and morphine singing,
surgeons in Italian shoes transfuse
metatarsals with 10w-40.
Sedated I forget the beautiful black
stacked heels that hurt me,
forget femininity,
the occult of lovely legs,
the hourglass-shaped bone,
its waist fibrous from failed healing,
forget its job,
to keep things from going slack,
forget it failed to be like God
and prop me up from the inside.

Those shoes, something gave in,
as I pretended the fetish was functional,
as I felt eyes upon my ankle and acquiescence,
sensed rings missing from fingers,