

After Electric I

After the electricity
her mouth slipped open
and her tongue loosened
all over—spilled out
what doctors wanted.
She was no longer silent
as a fish or gentle snail,
but leaked words,
a dropped stone
in a murky pond,
rings multiplying,
widening and concentric.

She jolted,
sounds pulled
from her gut,
swollen heart,
teeth chattering
from the current,
the hinges on her jaw
broken and slack,
her mouth running
like water.

After electric she cried
when she talked,
couldn't stop,
and soon no one
was listening to what
she didn't want to say,
mouth flying fast,
sparking from the heat
charging through her.
It was a wonder
she didn't flare
fast right there,
light up fluorescent,
the story of her bones
laid bare for all to see.

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