
REFLECTIONS**Radiation Room***S. Lochlann Jain, PhD*

Department of Anthropology, Stanford University,
San Francisco, CA, USA.

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“D_o you want to die alone?”
my lover asked me,
when I left our lives together.

But I've been there
precision steel purgatory.

The technician
like a new wife
trussing her first turkey
arranges elbow, darkened
armpit, inelegant twist:
“Well...I guess
that's good enough...”

Leaving me
snow-flecked prey.

The machine purrs
its vicious tongue
prying open scars
scraping the gristled cavity
with its stinking sterile breath.