

MIND TO MIND

*Creative writing that explores the abstract side
of our profession and our lives*

Carol Wiley Cassella, M.D., Editor

A Foot

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I ntestines and their manila frill of fat
nestle cozily in a metal bowl

but a foot
can't be contained even by a tub;
jutting over the edge
the calf exposes its brutal ovoid slice

a foot
perhaps with purple gangrene
black-lipped ulcers
toes already missing
itches to hop off
a mutant bunny on the lam

a foot
could jerk its big toe to hitch a ride
or, impatient
stomp out of the operating room

anything to forget the fine crack of bone
from bone

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Accepted for publication December 6, 2010.

but even if the foot flees the scene
the nonfoot remains
below the stump, below the wound
sealed by interrupted sutures
perfect blue knots teething a frozen smile
see, there it is
faux foot, doppelgänger foot,
ghost foot.