

Part II

Disputing Deadlines

Because the body really
is Mars, is Earth, or Venus, or the saddest downsized
Pluto. Can be booked, bound, mapped then. . .

Complete: because
the whole body ends, remember?
But each ending
goes on and on. . .

Tell me.

Then tell me, who that
'*me is*', or the
'*you understand*', the any of us, our
precious everything we ever, layer upon
bright layer.

Marianne Boruch, 'Human Atlas', *Cadaver, Speak*
(Port Townsend, Wash.: Copper Canyon Press, 2014, p. 43)

