

Donora Hillard

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Exhibition

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The X-Lady was named for the X-like crossing of her straightened legs. The trunk has been split open to allow the heart to be seen.

Two women walk with hands clasped. One introduces the other to her mother.

Dissection of the head in this plastinate is unparalleled. The bones of the facial cranium have been opened like a book to both sides.

A woman seated at an adjacent table says *Oh God, Oh God, Oh God* to no one.

Adapted from "Bodyworlds 2: List of Artifacts" (California Science Center).

Instinct

I stroke the soft fur of my belly
as his eyes strip me clean.

Before, night blindness had
me scuttling along the ground,

searching for meat, sinfully
hungry. Now, I place the sense

of his body beyond me. I see
him scratching his genitals

and licking his fingers,
his stomach's center a lazy eye.

The Profession

Never go without
sufficient weapons:
spike heels, leather,
grammar. The stalking
will come; they are
animals. Remember
you are a hunter, the rifle
alive on your desk.
Deliver death from behind.
Shoot the artist first.

Adapted from John McPhee's *The Grizzly*.

The Plagiarist

I copied your name onto my forearm. I meant I wanted to accuse rather than remind.

I meant I would have stolen your skin before you turned me into an autistic teenager.

I meant men gave me their teeth before you came. I meant the ink bled. Your name ran.

Examination of Self from Lines Overheard in a Bookstore Cafe

How about The World According to Mr. Rogers?

He asked me out once.

Stalker.

That's something I should have done, like, three or four years ago.

It's a sticky situation.

We put milk in it.

I didn't want him to

(gasp)

Stop.

I mean, I'm straight and everything.