

Patricia Darby

FORENZIC FREEZER

Two blue feet,
cold marbled flesh
of the freshly dead
tombstones
rising from the formless
shrouding sheet.
Bold feet
like pinnacles exposed
from dunes by time drifting away
softer than body bag cocoons
pupae pale in fluorescent light
lonely yet not alone
in rows of thirty trays;
rigor mortis on stainless steel
waiting for identity.

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