

WHEN I DIE PAINT MY NAILS A COLOR OTHER THAN RED

Hannah Bishop

donate your body to science
and you don't get to pick where it goes
what it's used for

I hope to be a corpse on a hill in a body farm

study my bloat
wait for my tongue to part my lips
see my hollows move in death
use my bones for corsets
but send my pelvis to a street dog in Perú
knit mittens from my hair
and preserve the freckled spot on my arm
that is exactly Cassiopeia
mail it to a man overseas

how worldly I will become

VIVISECT ME

Hannah Bishop

the ocean was a fruit leather
a color indicating a flavor I cannot imagine

if I were to walk out
to meet you
would I notice your cufflinks were eyeballs
an ocular nerve grazing my shoulder
where your hand comes to rest

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for your next engagement I have offered my hands
I'd prefer if they were epaulets
but I know you will use them for lapels
reuse one as a pocket square
my nails painted to add some sparkle

using me to suit you is innovative, they will say
a pocket square that plays piano
can you imagine