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## Limbless

By Marilyn Arenas

A torso without limbs  
is how you ended.  
But you began, like me,  
a woman—  
robust, fleshy and fertile.  
Too soon you were weary, gasping—  
short on air,  
Your kidneys—  
first line organ sentries,  
wailing sirens of a body  
in distress—  
were first to go.  
You began an unrelenting hurtle—  
leaving organs behind,  
dead weight along the trail.  
Each loss left you linked  
to another beeping glowing machine—  
electric organ mimicry.  
The cosmos of your body,  
Entire systems—  
shutting down.  
Your inside spaces  
bloodless,  
black as outer space without  
the sun.  
Necrosis—  
blackened harbinger of death—  
crept up your limbs  
like nightshade vines.  
And so we cut them off—  
one by one.  
‘Till there were none.

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