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## He'll Have Surgery on his Brain in the Future

Farrah Field

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## Field: He'll Have Surgery on his Brain in the Future

### HE'LL HAVE SURGERY ON HIS BRAIN IN THE FUTURE

Farrah Field

It's no secret Sonny lives in a home and didn't hang  
his coat. Snow in the creases melts smoothly through  
a box of pastels on the floor. He was good at this:  
my fault he waited for spoonfuls and my fault, no art.

He looks like a nice boy and acts like a smart person.  
I cut my legs for marrying potential. A baking woman  
will wait four hours and twenty minutes to be touched.

Those who set tables have napkin rings and questions.  
Anchored with brim and banned nurturing, my eyes  
are big for wrong reasons. I didn't touch the weeks

of dishes, nor the garbage can lid. Rain nets his hair;  
I barely speak. He's not invited under my umbrella.  
A waitress asks how I let him out in no coat! Sonny  
smokes. At home, I mix bleach to clean up maggots.