

OFFERING

EMILY SCHULTEN

I read a story about a boy whose sister
gave him her kidney, but his body
started killing it before scar tissue
could wrap it like a burn wound
in his belly, because that's how the body
makes it real. The boy gave it away,
again, a kidney that lived in three bodies.
So now I buy out the gauze every time
I happen on the drug store first aid aisle,
snip strips of tattered shirts and make patches
from the silk scarves our mother wore
when we were young. I gather
whatever might make a mummy
of your new body part to bring with me
to the alter of a priest or the surgeon's
clean table, in case the fever comes for you,
the time when I must confess my failure.