

DEBORAH BOGEN

*Using a Blue Willow Pattern, the Anesthesiologist
Explains the Procedure*

See that figure on the bridge? She's on a fierce journey, that girl, pockets bulging as if she's been stealing apples from an orchard in another world. It's *elsewhere*, where she's been, not cold or empty so much as a place where there's a need to be altered—the shadows gathered in—so I must turn my valves and spigots to make the god-of-the-body lie down.

No one keeps her eyes open with my magic alive in her veins, darling, but it won't be easy, keeping your eyes closed. This sleep's a rough passage so here's what you should know: *the window through which you will pass becomes a verandah. You will hear the bird calls of tiny scissors and sense in the yard elephants shifting their weight.*