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Category: Poetry

To the Scalpel

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Has anyone compared you to Moses before?
Parting seas of red.
Well, in your case
you split black—
and red gushed
from a three-year-old's chest.

But you know—
same thing, right?

Is red your favorite color by the way?
I just wanna know
what color dress to put her in.
Can't do black.
She said a princess
never wears black.

What type of music should be played?
Classical is too boring,
pop seems weird and
I heard enough gospel at the wake.
I want something that really
connects the two of you—
I was thinking I'd just play
her flatlining
on a loop.

Until it captures the cold
that crept into that sterile room.
The way her air-deprived lungs crumpled
when they gave up and collapsed.
The grey that frosted over her brown skin,
as her ghost drifted from her body
between parted blue lips.

I will loop it until it captures
the last wheeze that danced
out of her constricted trachea
The last jerk
and sigh
of her exhausted heart.

Until people stop
with the *I'm sorries*.
Until Walmart refuses
to sell my mother tissues.
Until my dad stops
taking a shot of Hennessy
for every slice | you put in her.

Until maggots feast on her
pretty pink nails
and use her mouth
as a disco hall.

I will play it until I rip you
from her obituary and
bury you inside my wrists
so I can lie beside my little sister
dressed in your favorite color
because princesses never wear black.