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A Crown of Autopsies

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D. Gilson

A Crown of Autopsies

Prince Rogers Nelson

The body is divorced. A resident of Minnesota and not of the American armed forces. Baby don't waste your time: accidental fentanyl overdose, an opioid fifty times more potent than heroin. The date of injury is unknown though the last meal was tomato bisque with a simple salad of kale and olive oil. The body may be qualified for a one-night stand but at 112 pounds the body could never take the place of your man. Ambulances arrived at 7801 Audubon Road at 10:35 on a lonely Friday night to find the body scarred on the left hip and lower right leg. Black boxer briefs were removed to dance and she said all she wanted was a good man.

Tammy Faye LaValley Bakker Messner

The body is found fully clothed, makeup smeared on the lower lid of the left eye. When Satan would have the body look at the colon polyps spreading like doubt and fear to survival rates of less than 10%. Just cry out to God, the body beseeches, he is always near as alkylating agents course through the veins upon the brink of a miracle. When chemotherapy fails, God is still on the throne and the body is not alone during sigmoidoscopy surgeries numbers one, two, three times on the brink

of a miracle and praise God the body sinks,
then rises, donating its eyes to the blind.

Elvis Presley

The body is bloated in association with heart attack
and knocked down, stepped in the face, slandered
by name, and hemorrhaging blood at a codeine overdose
rate. Coroner recommends The Tennessee Board of Health
begin an investigation into one Dr. George Nichopoulos,
who from January 1 to August 16, 1977 prescribed
the deceased 8,805 pills, tablets, vials, and injectables.
A note produced at the scene in the deceased's hand
gives the doctor permission to burn the house and steal
the car and drink the liquor. The body is bloated, sicker
than the estranged wife remembers it, wearing a silk
kimono and blue suede slippers, the left of which is laid
to the side of the body, honey, next to the money, one,
\$32.74, and two, a scar of the left wrist that barely shows.

Whitney Houston

At The Beverly Hilton, inside room 434,
the bodyguard has moved my body
from the bathtub to the living room floor.
I try to phone but I'm too shy, can't speak,
dripping with bathwater, 93.5 degrees,
early signs of atherosclerotic heart disease.
There's no mistaking what I really feel,
cocaine has weakened the cardiac system,
death is consistent with heart attack, atrial
fibrillation, fluid inhalation with every heartbeat.
The body bares a necklace, seven small stones,
white, and a small intrusion scar, yellow.
When I wake from dreaming, tell me is it really
how the coroner says: the body is pretty somehow.

Freddie Mercury

The body is drowned
of bronchopneumonia
because the body said
Jaws was never its scene
and the body chocked
I want to ride my bicycle
so God give me a choice
said the body 24-hours
positive of an AIDS diagnose
born in Zanzibar confirms
the body neither Frankenstein
nor Superman is to be cremated
smile the body says Jesus
doesn't believe in Peter Pan

Janis Joplin

You might come back home, a lone
tattoo of a bracelet upon the left wrist,
minor, faded heart medial to the left breast.
Maybe dear, I guess I might have done
something wrong: there is a slight amount
of bloody material present in the mouth
and on further examination, some disruption
of the mucosa is noted. Maybe, maybe,
maybe, maybe dear the eyes are blue
and show moderate dilatation of the pupils.
Acute heroin intoxication, oh if I could pray—
and I try dear—you might come back home,
home to me with two fresh hemorrhagic
areas on the lateral margin of the left arm.

Buddy Holly

When I die, a resident of Lubbock, Texas,
the deceased, unknown estate, back taxes,

personal property but on my person \$193
(minus coroner's fees, 11 bucks, plus 65 cents
in mileage). When you say goodbye in account
with blunt trauma, a plane crashes into the winter
dirt of Cerro Gordo County, Iowa, at 146 miles
per hour and the body is clothed in a yellow leather
jacket. We'll all be blue, two cuff links, pure silver,
the top of a ballpoint pen. When I leave, you sit
and hold me and you tell me boldly the skull was split
medially. Please, call me Buddy. Half the brain
tissue was absent, and my Christian name
is Charles, and I am bleeding from both ears.

Natalie Wood

The body is wrapped in a plastic sheet
for safe keeping and underneath
peeks out the hem of a flannel nightgown.
Do I feel pretty? Investigators conclude
the body drowned. I feel stunning.
The deceased's husband noticed the body
missing just after midnight, alerted police
and told them they'd drunk all the champagne.
Toxicology reports confirm the presence
of alcohol and antivert. The body is entrancing.
The body feels like dancing. Do I feel pretty?
The hair is brown and long. The husband states
his wife was not suicidal. Such a pretty face.
The nostrils and mouth show white froth.

Easy E

The body has a T-cell count of eighty-four
at the time of examination, a taste for waste
and a blood vessel metastasized on the verge
of Kaposi sarcoma. The body has an appetite
for destruction and the body has lost weight
to the point of murder in the first degree:

a man slaughter. The body reported flu-like symptoms three weeks ago to the body's family doctor, because the body couldn't hang with the appetite and claimed night sweats, hot chills, and to possess the ten commandments. At the time of late diagnosis, antiretroviral therapy could not suppress the body turning against itself. That appetite is tremendous.

Amy Winehouse

Odds are stacked against the body.
Take number of months sober multiplied
by ounces of vodka the body consumed
in a six-hour binge to equal the probability
the body goes back to what it knew.
The body shows signs of manic temperature
drops, lain beside the bathtub as a tiny
penny rolls up the walls inside. The body
died on Thursday at approximately 7:30 p.m.,
back to the black tile spotted with bile
and left thigh bent against a warm water pipe.
The body failed in clavicular breathing,
a troubled track of inhale, exhale, inhale.
Against the body the odds are stacked.

Michael Jackson

Paramedics arrived at the home to find the body
asystolic. The body claimed you give me fever
like I've never, ever known, and paramedics
continued CPR and ACLS protocol. Just kiss
me baby and tell me two rounds of epenphrine
and atrophine, you're the one for me. At UCLA
Medical Center, an intra-aortic balloon pump
was placed but the body remained without vital
signs. Ain't nobody's business, but the toxicology
report is six full and charted pages of prescriptives:

propofol, midazolam, diazepam, you knock me off
of my feet. Ain't nobody's business, but odontology
charts remark teeth #18 and #19 are artificial implants.
The body's lonely days are gone, unembalmed
refrigerated adult Black male, some discoloring found.

Marilyn Monroe

The appendix is absent, explains the surgical scar
on the upper right quadrant of the superior abdomen.
The scalp is covered in bleach blond hair. The guy
is yours when stocks are high, but he is aware
when they start to descend. No evidence of trauma
is noted in the scalp, forehead, cheeks, lips or chin.
The usual Y-shaped incision is made to open thorax
and abdomen. Square-cut or pear-shaped these rocks
don't lose their shape. The kidneys are of an abnormal
shape, perhaps from the acute barbiturate overdose.
Likewise, men grow cold as girls grow old and the liver
temperature was 89 degrees Fahrenheit at 10:30 a.m.
The gallbladder is of a surgical absence. We all lose
our charms in the end, 32 pink capsules, unmarked.