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Diagrams of the Heart

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DIAGRAMS OF THE HEART

At eighteen I could draw one in fifteen minutes: fretted arteries and veins clearly limned in black, chambers colored blue and red. Watching the

technician wield her cursor, gazing at the screen, I thought How messy it is, its sound so sloppy, wet, inefficient.

I think of the robber scientists gazing at the real thing, how they must have felt, their hearts falling in their young chests. The awful reality of it, globs of fat clinging and swimming, the flapping of valves. Worse than the catacomb of the intestines, worse than the sinister hollow passages of the cheesy brain.

We are not marvels at all, not even pieces of work or design, mere meat in a prism of bones.