

## IN THE THEATER

Start with three holes drilled into bone,  
Medium bore, enough to get a jigsaw in.

Cut skull and skin until the cranium becomes a hinge,  
Trapdoor to the brain.  
Scissor the dura, peel back pink-leaking flaps,  
Poke and prod within the suppurating space.  
It's zonked and yet it kicks. Mindless, it is mine.  
An hour passes, anesthetized.  
Then inspect the wound. Leave behind no stray debris  
As the shell is put together again. Apply FleshSeal™ liberally,  
Superglue for our selves.  
Groggy, suffering headaches and tears but otherwise unimpaired,  
The beast can go its way.

I've done this to monkeys.  
Tool-less, she's doing it to me.

F. C. Brown Cloud teaches creative writing at the Monroe County Jail and corresponds with inmates across the Midwest for his work with Pages to Prisoners and as director of the Indiana Prisoners' Writing Workshop. His publications include short fiction in the *Vignette Review* (forthcoming), *Bartleby Snopes* and *Toasted Cheese*; nonfiction in *Literary Orphans*, *the Weeklings* and *Chicago Literati*; and research articles in *Molecular Membrane Biology* and *The Journal of Cell Biology*. Brown Cloud received his B.A. from Northwestern and his Ph.D. from Stanford. Find him in Bloomington, Indiana or at [fcbrowncloud.com](http://www.fcbrowncloud.com) <  
<http://www.fcbrowncloud.com>> .

## List of Poets

### Wendy Taylor Carlisle

## I THOUGHT

I thought the sky would amount to something  
different but he put it in his hatband  
and strolled down to the end of the dock.