

# Phantom Limb

My missing limb persists.  
The loss was bewildering—  
a dismembered bereavement.  
But still I have the constant, vivid sensation  
that the arm remains,  
belying both the mute stump and vision's veracity,  
while the absence throbs and aches.

The electric chemistry of nerve and brain  
power a grid of alternating hot and cold pain,  
insistent that the recaltrinant limb  
is present if not correct.  
Proof that the brain is the organ of sensation,  
physicality just a conduit  
through which passes information.  
I dreamt that someone had stolen the discarded limb

and used it for nefarious witchcraft  
but actually my wracked flesh is now dispersed ash—  
it was disposed of without ceremony,  
denied the funeral my other limbs expect.  
But it has left behind a perpetual echo—  
like the luminous trails that follow moths through the night air.  
And I can't help but mourn it when  
the memories of the nerve's roots are pulled taut  
and plucked like a neuralgic harp.

So the severed fact persists and so does the pain,  
because the corresponding part of my brain will always remain.