
Christian Gullette

Gadolinium (Gd)

Intravenous ions,
metallic complex for the MRI scan,

I watch his body become an interstate
of dye-drenched veins,

contrast agent tracing
the melanoma gripping the back of his eye.

Whatever privacies there are in this body,
they are different than what he arrived with,

a body happening
as I watch it,

microscopic spaces
now paramagnetic,

coursing with gadolinium, one of the rare-earths

though I'm barely acquainted with the world
blurring before me.

I pretend to understand these scans.

His brain looks like water
after rinsing a brush

or a night view from space,
the planet's cities

phosphorescing grids
where darkness adheres to the edges.