

The Cadaver  
By Andrea Goldstein

Unrecognizable, tattered  
One leg intact, the other gone forever  
Stringy tendons exposed, meat-like  
Fingers motionless but my hands shaking  
Gloves separate us  
I shudder at the leathery texture of the skin, mustard yellow  
Nothing like my own  
Faceless, without an identity  
Unable to interact, to touch me back  
Once alive, connected  
Now an empty vessel, a silent “teacher” of anatomy  
A roadmap  
Never breathing, never moving  
Always mangled  
Emotionless, unfeeling  
Much like my own detachment and stoicism  
I feel no pity, no loss  
Maybe we’re more alike than I thought.

Author Bio: Andrea Goldstein is currently a freshman at Stanford University. She is hoping to major in Biology with a specialization in Neuroscience and has been fascinated by Science and the Medical field since age seven. She plans to pursue such fields in the future. You may contact her at: [andkgold@stanford.edu](mailto:andkgold@stanford.edu)