

An Autopsy Report Gone Awry

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I must admit that I don't really know what I'm talking about. All I have are these thoughts. And these thoughts don't do much for you. These thoughts are quite self-indulgent, for I must believe them to have some significance if I'm writing them down. That explains why I'm writing these thoughts out. Or attempting to write these thoughts out. Once the words are written, once I attempt to form my thoughts to match the words, they aren't thoughts anymore. They're words in the guise of thought. And these aren't really my thoughts. These are just my attempts to transcribe thought. The attempts vary in success. Sometimes I look at the transcribed thoughts and think "not bad," but other times I can only shrink away from the attempts in distaste. That is not what I meant to say at all; that is not what I meant to say.

If it were up to me, I most likely wouldn't be writing this. I would just sit here and brood, and I would never have to put my thoughts forth into a realm other than my mind. And then the thoughts would just bounce around in my head, their elastic forms changing with every successive jostle. Their life spans are short, but they have this strange habit of appearing and disappearing in irregular cycles. A thought may re-surface at any time and remain for any duration. Most of them are drudgery, tepid snippets of past monologues, but there are a few trains of thought that give me hope. They come and go so quickly, leaving me with a sense of nostalgia. Those are brief moments when I can breathe freely and my mind feels unfettered from the mundane occurrences, monotonous thoughts, and meager restitutions. Ephemeral revelations keep me on my toes. I wish to capture those moments of something and draw them out as slowly as possible.

Maybe that's why I'm writing. I wish to pin down those evanescent images with words. The words are not light enough, though, not delicate enough to pin down the thoughts without marring their meaning in the process. And I have not the dexterity to handle the words or the thoughts with the care they deserve. But I'll attempt to do so anyway, ignoring the fact that whatever I do end up writing will just be a pale corpse of what the thoughts once were.

There are lessons to be learned from cadavers, though. It's done all the time. Autopsies preview the bodies that could not be saved so that others may attempt to know. Every word that appears can point to a cause of death and a life once lived. We are constantly exchanging the autopsy reports we've compiled thus far, editing and adding as we read the reports of others. The report is interminable, spanning before one's birth, and will be unending, reaching into the future with long tendrils that grasp and wither as they move forward.

We want to know. We want to know everything, every aspect of the death,

every symptom of sickness, because we want to see if there's anything we can do to cure our own condition. We're sick. We've been sick for a while. We are all afflicted by the same illness and we seem to know what it is but not how to cure it. We'll continue to search for the cure, though. We'll spend our time thumbing through the autopsy reports of other peoples' thoughts and hoping the answer will appear in their words. We'll continue to speak to each other, speak to ourselves, write down our thoughts, read others' thoughts, all the while keeping a record of the corpses. We've kept track of the failed attempts to find meaning. We've kept track of the numerous attempts to assuage the sickness.