

# Someone Loved Her Too

Category: Poems

written by Sophia Görgens | September 30, 2016

## **Sophia Görgens**

The first mistake I made  
was leaving my ID card home  
in the pocket of my fleece—  
the one with a zipper that broke  
in Namibia and a hole stabbed  
by a pencil during finals, worn  
deep with worry and time.  
Later, I asked someone else  
to let me into the lab.  
We made small talk in the hall.

Second, it was drizzling and my umbrella  
knew not where it was. How poetic!  
I mean to say, I forgot it too.  
Morning lecture dried my frizzled hair,  
and anyway, maybe cadavers like  
the smell of rain.

Third, I offered to help  
because turning the body is heavy,  
and I secretly wanted to see her face.

Fourth, only this:  
instead, I looked at her toes,  
and they were painted bright red.

## **About the poet:**

Sophia Valesca Görgens attended Boston College, where she studied biology and English with a concentration in creative writing. She is currently a medical student at Emory University.

## **About the poem:**

“On the first day of Human Anatomy’s dissection number two (gluteal, thigh, knee), I offered to help my teammates turn the cadaver. This can be a difficult task, and it’s always easier with more people. Of course, this was the day I rushed out of my apartment completely unprepared—not only without my ID card or umbrella but also without a sense of what to expect. To be confronted by our cadaver’s humanity in the simplicity of her painted toes...it took my breath away. When I closed my eyes, there in the cadaver lab, I was suddenly transported to her hospital room, to a daughter and mother having one last conversation, sharing one last laugh, painting their toenails together, defying death with their love.”

**Poetry editors:**

Johanna Shapiro and Judy Schaefer