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## I Am Not a Doctor

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CHRISTINA MILES

*I Am not a Doctor*

I am not a doctor; I am a writer.  
I don't think I would switch.  
Why? Because, I call

My sister, and we talk. She says,  
while driving home from medical school,  
"I smell like a cadaver." We talk more.  
I ask why. "Because we started dissecting  
today. We're working on the neck,  
and moving down from there."  
"Oh, of course." What else could  
I say? I call her two weeks later.  
"We are playing with the arms,  
practicing shots. I got Fred in the  
deltoid." She named her cadaver Fred.  
"How fun," I say. At the end of the semester,  
Fred's torso has been pulled apart and pieced  
back together. "I think we'll need new  
bodies in January. Fred looks  
rather mangled." she says.

But me? I tell her about my writing  
class: the stories I've written  
and ones I'm reading. "They say  
Ezra Pound spent ten hours a day  
editing poems." I edit mine, injecting  
iambes and analyzing meter. When  
it's done, every sentence has been  
changed. "I'm glad we're starting  
a new genre next semester," I  
say. "I feel rather mangled, and I  
think I reek of syntax."