Snaking through the transparent, saline-filled tubing, the white mist swirls into your blood with ephemeral whispers. Your cortex succumbs to chemical promises of separation. I wonder: does your soul hover as the surgeon niggles and tinkers, or does it embrace the communion of solitude, carrying the flame nearer your amygdala to burn in a primal country? Here, the divorce is sudden, and we are left to think this anatomy is you! We missed your light’s furtive release from this worn soul-holder, this crumbling vessel of clay that houses your long-wicked candle. Escaping through the cracks as the surgeon cuts, you sojourn in shadow elsewhere, but will return in time as the propofol ebbs from your blood. Some emerge gleaming bright, anxious for reunion after being away. Others pause at the abyss, delaying re-consummation. How will you return tonight? One candle here, I wait, burning myself. Ash and smoke rise in the OR to greet the chary one who wafts back to kiss the body: your soul folds in, like saline through a vein.