

In the Aftermath of Pain

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Everyone is waiting
for me to produce
some kind of
magnificently
transcending piece
of art or poetry or
a Facebook article
all my friends
who didn't visit me
can share with
all their friends
who don't know me-
about a girl they know
who almost died
but didn't.
I'm here to tell you
what doctors and
nurses will tell you
but Greys Anatomy won't-
there's nothing poetic
about spewing your guts
repeatedly from your body
onto the floor of your
parent's bathroom
and out the window
of your mom's new
Range Rover
and into a gas station
donut bag in the ER
while sitting next to
a little boy who needs
5 stitches but he got

there first so he
gets to be treated first-
even after they turn up
the volume on the TV
trying to cover the sound
of your vomiting.
When your pancreas
tries to kill you in a
weird suicide pact
you didn't sign up for,
you'll be in such
excruciating
pain, then pumped
full of morphine,
and when that
morphine doesn't work
they'll give you more
morphine and you'll
be so high that
you can't make your
fingers into a fist.
You can't feel anything
but at least you can't
feel pain. But you can
overhear your grandparents
asking your nurses
if you should really
be on all that morphine
because they heard
on CNN, or maybe
it was MSNBC,
or it could have been
ABC, they don't know-
that there's a growing
number of people
becoming addicted to
morphine and they
don't want their
granddaughter turning
into a drug addict.
You ring the bell
for morphine again.
And then you vomit

again. They inject
you with an anti-nausea
medication, but you
vomit anyways.
You vomit so violently
you think what's left
of your pancreas might
be caught in the upchuck-
and you picture your
pancreas retched
from your body
onto the vinyl flooring
and all you can feel is guilt
for the janitor, Frank,
who cleans your room
every day and now
has to clean up your
various organ bits.
You imagine every scenario
in which your family
organ suddenly expels
itself from your body
until you're given enough
morphine to turn your
brain off, and then
you vomit again.
You're starving
because you learn
the hard way that
your pancreas aids
digestion, and when
your pancreas abruptly
quits on you, your body
will reject any sort of
solid or liquid food
substance. You're empty
but you still vomit.
You vomit stomach
bile and it burns coming
up your throat. You vomit
so much you give yourself
a panic attack, so you'll

again. They inject
you with an anti-nausea
medication, but you
vomit anyways.
You vomit so violently
you think what's left
of your pancreas might

be caught in the upchuck-
and you picture your
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You imagine every scenario
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You're starving
because you learn
the hard way that
your pancreas aids
digestion, and when
your pancreas abruptly
quits on you, your body
will reject any sort of
solid or liquid food
substance. You're empty
but you still vomit.
You vomit stomach
bile and it burns coming
up your throat. You vomit
so much you give yourself
a panic attack, so you'll

be injected with
Ativan and then
more morphine
and another dose of
anti-nausea medication,
but a different one this time
because clearly the last
one was no good.
After that you vomit
until you shit yourself-
and you will have to call
a nurse to come wipe
your ass because you
are physically incapable
of doing it yourself.
You'll spend another
two months in the
hospital cycling
between vomit
and morphine
and Ativan and vomit
and morphine and
vomit and Ativan
and vomit and vomit
and vomit and morphine
and vomit.
You will want to
die or you will wish
you were already dead.
I am tired of explaining
again and again
and again
to people who were not
there and people
who don't actually
care -
My body does not
want to be
a poem.