

# Slice-Selective Excitation (Brain Scans 1 – 5)

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$$\Delta F = \gamma \cdot G_{ss} \cdot \Delta z$$

1.

I

apologize

for

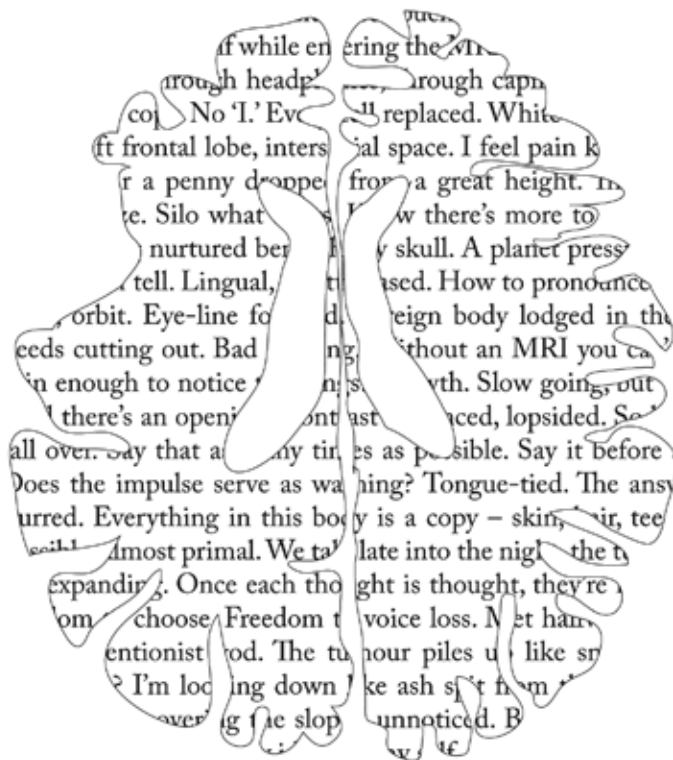
the

times

I'm

not  
my self.

2.



3.

Uncontrolled spread, uncontrolled touch. The tumour a proxy for the mind itself—mind yourself while entering the MRI wing. Skeleton. Uncontrolled beats slicing through headphones, through capillaries, a copy of a copy of a copy of a copy. No “I.” Every cell replaced. White dwarf, whiteout applied to the left frontal lobe, interstitial space. I feel pain knife down my cheek, the tumour a penny dropped from a great height. There’s no other way to apologize. Silo what hurts. Know there’s more to motherlessness than what’s being nurtured beneath my skull. A planet pressing down, as far as anyone can tell. Lingual, palette-based. How to pronounce this wilderness? Orbit, orbit. Eye-line forested. Foreign body lodged in the body—what needs cutting out. Bad lighting. Without an MRI you can’t see in. Sliced thin enough to notice tree rings. Growth. Slow going, but there and there until there’s an opening. Contrast enhanced, lopsided. So big I’m going to fall over. Say that as many times as possible. Say it before a neuron fires. Does the impulse serve as warning? Tongue-tied. The answer comes out slurred. Everything in this body is a copy—skin, hair, teeth. Learning is possible, almost primal. We talk late into the night, the tumour out of mind but expanding. Once each thought is thought, they’re rearranged into the freedom to choose. Freedom to voice loss. Met halfway to the summit by an interventionist god. The tumour piles up like snow. Asking: are you awake yet? I’m looking down like ash spit from the mouth of a volcano. A slow rain covering the slopes, unnoticed. Beyond what’s been forecast—uncontrolled spread—my identity, my self.

4.

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apologize,  
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