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

Jim Johnstone

 $\Delta F = y \cdot Gss \cdot \Delta z$ 

1.

apologize

for the

times

Ι

I'm

not my self.

our. f while en ering the MI nrough heads? rough capa No 'I.' Ev ∜replaced. Whi⊷ ft frontal lobe, inters jal space. I <u>feel</u> pain k from a great height. In r a penny droppe te. Silo what w there's more to nurtured ber skull. A planet press tell. Lingual, sed. How to pronounce orbit. Eye-line fo eign body lodged in the eeds cutting out. Bad thout an MRI you ca n enough to notice / th. Slow going, out there's an openi ced, lopsided. Se ont ast My tirk es as pusible. Say it before all over. Say that a Does the impulse serve as wa hing? Tongue-tied. The ansy urred. Everything in this body is a copy - skin, ir, tee amost primal. We tay late into the night expanding. Once each tho ght is thought, they re choose∧Freedom t voice loss. N et ham entionist od. The tu hour piles u like sp ₹I'm lod ke ash s( ìng down over g (he slop unnoticed. B W VE

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? Obit, 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? Tonguetied. 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.

left tumour ipologize, at's being yone co 5.

Every cell

hurts

lopsided t ongue-tied

volcan ic .

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