Everyone loves a woman if she is a pretty girl, a pretty, dead girl, or the parts of body that can eventually be arranged back into a pretty dead girl.

The news says Parkdale this time, so I will take out my map to put distance between myself and the torso found in the alley a block away.

I can slice ginger and lemon thin, drink myself warm, save my voice, tell myself it’s only one woman, the same age as my mother, as the television reports her legs, retrieved one at a time in a NorthYork dumpster twenty kilometers from her centre.

A body, with legs like accessories, a hysterectomy scar and hair colour assumed from a pubic guess. A tensor bandage and an anklet of Avon diamonds and gold butterflies.

Residents are urged to check their properties so I watch the neighbour’s dogs in the backyard, expecting arms to interrupt the frozen earth.

Sarah Pinder lives and stubbornly bicycles in Toronto, for now.

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