

## Pulses

*Caleb Warnock*

For more than a week, I thought  
cutting off my toe was penance.

I delved a hole for this toe,  
a quick, tiny sepulcher at the crook

of a tree, but my desire for  
a whole foot only grew. I

lay down beside the gap.  
The Spirit of Elijah asked if

my fingers were poison,  
too. This question stunned

me. Fingers are personal,  
an autograph of a person's day

or ruthless absence. Like a  
mutable seer stone flung into

the vast numinous, no one is  
going to miss this toe, or

search long for it, or mistake  
it as the start of an exodus of fingers.