

## Lucas

KRISTIN LAUREL

The morning after, naked in my tub, my hand rests between my breasts; spheres of areola float above the water's surface, as if detached, separate planets. I am thinking about how every element on earth was formed at the heart of a star—how we've all been created out of intensity, which is a kind of lust. I am thinking about last night—how much thrust and how much pressure it takes to get the heart going, again.

He was covered in sheetrock dust, he had calloused hands, and stuck to his chest was a round plastic suction cup: Behold the Lucas, a mechanical chest-compression device, that delivered

100 compressions a minute  
at a depth of 2 inches  
for over 30 minutes.

Lucas gave good CPR.  
Consistent robot. Chest vibrator. Pump jack.  
And the man on the table, his death was hands-off, distant;  
his body a mere mass, a common constellation of matter.

Dear God, or whatever . . .  
if you witness my collapse, and I am pulseless;  
if the AED machine says, *No shock intended*,  
please give me a good-looking fireman; please let his cupped

hands slip and slide all over my chest, trying to get me to come  
back to life; crack some ribs, let his biceps burn, let  
his sweat drip, let him work on me  
like he's terribly thirsty and I'm his first  
drink in thirty years. Even if it lasts only a few seconds,  
let me feel that last touch, that last crash of stardust—  
a human body pressing me down.

