

“*general anaesthesia* is a drug-induced reversible state defined by five endpoints: unconsciousness (lack of awareness of sensory input), analgesia (lack of pain), akinesia (lack of movement), amnesia (lack of recall), and physiological stability (the preservation of normal levels of all vital functions such as respiration, heart rate, blood pressure, and temperature)”<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> E.N. Brown et al., “General anesthesia, sleep and coma,” *New Engl J Med*, 363:2638–50, 2010.

bereft and

unessential

to myself

i remark

with nothing to stand on—

negation has become

a fluid

i drink

sit back

in the chair

under a light coma

draw breath

it takes five

minutes to

notice i'm awake

the patient unlearns

the body in the

process

at the end of a good dream

can there be sadness?

isn't it

tempting

now that it would

not be felt

the body paused

in space

taking over for what

was once a

pause in sensation

i dilute

it could be air

now depends  
on its repetition

to push  
the drip

the blood  
knows what  
to do

how many fingers  
am i holding up

treatment comes across

as if there

was a better person

somewhere inside me

always ready to be

chiseled out

the hallucination

crowns the idea

physiologically

the patient remains

the process of a body

in a room

that the room

refutes



the patient experiences  
a blanket next  
to a shard next  
to the sheen of a cutting  
edge in  
psychiatry

the patient is  
self-contained in  
the air describing  
numbness

loses the feeling

of everything touching

*an aesthetic*

an aesthetic

of boredom leaves

to love desire

to be desired leaves

to love distance

flung into an open space

of objects stored

for later use

to be so sensitive

that no thing is taken on

retraced by

standing next to it

conversely

an aesthetic

enjoys the touch

of skin

emptied on the living

room floor

enjoys

solitary light

yolking on the living

room floor

a shrink's office-worth  
of envy

time indents  
intravenous  
celebrating  
stillness

an aesthetic is stealthy  
in its integration into  
daily life—

asleep on the sofa  
light arching into  
the fissures  
above errands

i'm a model  
untouched in a  
diorama

an aesthetic  
divides  
the question  
of reality into  
degrees of  
waning

the possibility of  
absence

does not quantify  
the probability that  
the patient

will leave their apartment today  
will make dinner  
will ask what to wear when  
they bow into today's  
slow killing

outside

an aesthetic senses

the secret being of an object

subtle until

the patient wants it

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