

## Six Medical Students in an Anatomy Lab

Cara Molulon

It pains us that we did not even know his real name.

So, “Henry,” we called him.

We couldn’t help but ponder—  
take pause—

and this was a terrifying thing,  
a critical thing.

For it has demanded of us  
a certain responsibility:

to honor and love,  
to contemplate,

to feel both sorrow and immense gratitude  
for this person, our “Henry.”

How I approach has called into question  
what I think about him  
and what I know about myself.

It has affected everything.

How has our Patient Zero unearthed me,  
peeled back my layers,  
dissected the inner machinations of my mind's eye?

To possess such power even in death...

I marvel at the gravity of a life.

And so I *must*

honor and love,

contemplate,

allow myself to feel

both sorrow and immense gratitude

for “Henry,”

for them.