

**DANIELLE JONES-PRUETT**  
**Descartes Rebuilds His Daughter**

The fever burned  
through everything,  
left only her body,  
tinged blue, hands  
folded cold. Her father  
measures the circumference  
of her head, the span  
of her arms. He fingers  
each groove of her spine,  
traces onto onion paper  
the map of her veins.  
Holding her hair away  
from the nape, he cuts  
close to the scalp, removes  
her pineal gland, *her soul*,  
planning to plant it  
in her new body. But first  
he sews her slack mouth shut,  
makes sure the mask  
of her face looks right.  
Already he can't recall  
the way the moon flashed  
in her eyes, but remembers  
the day she was born,  
her skin soft and warm.