

Million Dead "Mae Gyver"

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it starts with a call, a call from his mother. sophia says
"come quick, macgyver's been hurt. he
was just on his way home from saving the world again,
he got jumped by some kids, he went down, now he's
dying. so i threw on my coat and ran out
the door, sped through the night to the old hospital,
where the doctors said to wait, so i camped in the
ward, watching the clock as it haemorrhages time so
slow. and i've lingered here so long. the air in here so
cold. the shallow breath so quiet. the shibboleth of
macguiver laid bare, flat on a table, blackened by
bruises he couldn't explain. and there was nothing he
could build to save himself out of biros and blue-tack.
they opened up his cavities in the operating theatre,
but the doctors couldn't find a heart, his lymph glands
running motor oil. his calloused fingers lie inert, their
intricate ability punctured by the god-shaped hole in
adolescent consciousness. he couldn't build a bomb to
mend the splinters of his broken heart. his home-made
radar couldn't find a way to make his weapons art.
macgyver bleeds out all of his rationalism. isaac
newton, your lever is not long enough. the scottish
enlightenment a sinking ship. so i left the hospital with
the bleep of life support machines a memory.

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