Apices
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The doctoring seek them out, soft staccato of contact, drumming of touch, in every bed, stripped of the sheet, thrown under light: fifth intercostal space; mid-clavicular line. In everyone there is a uniform site isolating the apex of the heart, and its beat. Normality-affirming tap, transmitted through the chest and trap of ribs, via the skin, upon the fingers.

Other apices lie deeper within, somewhere unguarded by the scaffold of bone, beyond the reach of manipulation – no less fundamental, only long unobserved, displaced over time. Misplaced. Telling us that we are more than normal. Reminded, we arise to the shock of them, surface to a sudden fear of having strayed – press hand to breast, reassured by the evidence of life underneath; subside. Some dreams are best undisplayed. Some dreams have teeth.