

## **Anatomy**

When pondering questions of efficiency, I am always drawn to the idea of vestigial organs. Your body is full of them, you know. Mine too--organs which served a purpose once but through the course of time have ceased to function in any discernible way. Now they simply take up space inside your organic goo, serving as little more than references in the argument for evolution. Your appendix, for example, or your tailbone. Possibly your stomach.

It's not vestigial, really, but as an organ, the stomach is greatly misunderstood. To look at you, you'd think your stomach is inside, but your body envisions you as a doughnut of sorts, with your stomach being the hole in the middle. And then there's always the Middle Ages, when they thought love was housed in the stomach. Can you believe it? The stomach! Now we attribute it to the heart, but not the heart really. The place we touch when talking of love is actually three centimeters to the left of the heart and at least fourteen above the stomach, somewhere wedged between the breast and collar bones. By that line, over the last six centuries love has migrated through the human anatomy over a tenth of a meter at an angle of approximately twenty-one degrees.

So, when reflecting on the feasibility of loving you forever, I often wonder if I shouldn't pay a little more attention to your left shoulder.

*Sarah Gardner*