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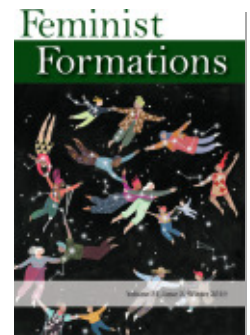
## Intubation and Love, and: Hot Second

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# Poesia

Carmen Giménez Smith

## Intubation and Love

Avert the decay of your glopping bodies at Seattle Grace. You can self-diagnose the inside and outside of each patient. Everyone is the top of their field, and they're always at work. They don't even need apartments and should have created a shared living thing at Meredith's.

Seattle Grace is haunted and no one talks about that.

Surgeons are gods because they cure us, but these guys don't really cure us because they're not doctors, but mimics. *I'm the George Clooney* some doctor said some time in the late 20th and he felt better about himself.

Meredith's voiceover essentializes disaster. A nurse gets stabbed by an unstable patient who will not be crazy but rather brain-tumored. One of the top surgeons disregards a girl complaining of stomach pain who later spews blood into the air and activating his/her genius and compassion in the nick of time.

Hospital procedurals are directly responsible for longer wait times in doctors' offices.

I watch the show as if a facet of each character is a piece of Shonda Rhimes. Christina sharpens her teeth on her own brilliance, the cycle of workaholism, for example. She says what we had been holding in for so long.

I most love Miranda Bailey's flintiness and ambition and ferocity because she's the one who has to do the most work to establish authority while the male doctors around her all have sex with their students. I interpret this whenever someone says:

Someone calculate the cost of the remodeling, the unveilings, all the new signs, the weird socialist clinic, plus workmen's compensation, rampant malpractice, sexual harassment suits, financial mismanagement, humanitarian projects, and the 3D flesh printer. I bet the books aren't square.

In one episode a man shows up with a tree limb in his chest and I lose interest because I'm pretty sure they already did the tree in the chest meaning I already learned this lesson.

I get it, Meredith. You fucking save lives.

I only need 30% of the show's narcotic effect. Gossip without community. *Scandal* and *Grey's* on Hulu while I fold laundry and I can also plot a getaway with my girlfriend, but the boy's things won't pick up themselves, then I have a meeting. The emails won't finish themselves, so I give over my night to words, and the day to the house's body.

An E.R. resident gets hit by a bus. A boy gets impaled by a fence, a plane crash kills and maims a bunch of them and they survive with only the broadest and most fleeting strokes of PTSD. A train crash, a character-changing brain tumor, a hostage situation, an explosion, an escaped prisoner. Shonda Rhimes lives by *the book*, then reinvents it chapter by chapter. Shonda Rhimes invents the twee soliloquy (2005). Shonda Rhimes kills off the entitled woman (2007).

More interracial couples in what seems the entire history of television, and effortlessly, or we don't see the effort. The second time I see the first season I see compliance and the edge of her style.

Even when I stopped watching, I read the recaps for about three years. They were like Christmas newsletters and I'd sometimes have to google Anatomy Arizona to see a picture. Eventually I missed the visual/aural of Seattle Grace and its plot meat.

My mother dazzled me with her ability to anticipate a plot point when I was a little girl. Now I see how they make a story in the shape of my demographic fantasy life. Have you ever tried eating *Seventh Seal*? *Grey's* is like a husband of 100 years. We don't even say a word to one another, just fall asleep at exactly the same time.

A patient's backstory helps us decide who dies and who lives. Thanatos. Sometimes chaos kills someone whose death surprise us. Their stories are only allegories. Broken bodies help the surgeons process. How much is Mc Dreamy making? The show's house porn quotient is 10.

## Hot Second

We all ruin our lives differently  
 and that's fine; we're just doing life.  
 Our whole life seems sorted out  
 each time we look in the mirror  
 and think we're seeing ourselves.  
 Take a picture of yourself, cut it in half.  
 Duplicate those halves and you have two faces.  
 Each face: buried homo-desire. Move the mirror  
 out of the room to become the story of a shipwrecked  
 wife falling in love at an Italian restaurant by the lick  
 of candle. She hardly knows it yet, just on the edge.  
 Sometimes love inspires a wholesale overturning.  
 One day I imagined the body I could be, having  
 forced my hungers into a box.  
 That's what duty does. Then shudder,  
 then implosion, then the hue of all your  
 mouths. That's what lust does. Who says lust  
 any more? The lustful.

*Carmen Giménez Smith, a 2019 Guggenheim fellow, is the author of eight books, including Milk and Filth, a finalist for the 2013 National Book Critics Circle Award in poetry and most recently, Be Recorder, published by Graywolf Press. She is a codirector for CantoMundo, publisher of Noemi Press, and a professor of English at Virginia Tech. With Steph Burt, she is poetry editor of The Nation.*