We called hers the Netter’s body; we all did.

In hours, days, weeks and months spent leaning over and shuffling between 65 corpses, with gloved blue fingers and palms enmeshed between and grasping at lungs, livers, colons and spleens, we had measured hers up to be the one.

We noticed her anatomical perfections, pointing them out to one another with purpose while anticipating which of her parts would be tagged on the practical examination. I wondered, was she as perfect in life as she was then in her death?

There were several days when I pulled at the tendons in her hands to watch her fingers move as though I were playing on a piano. Pulling and playing in awe, I learned that her song was beautiful. I was so grateful that she had written it.

Then the first time I saw a human heart and held it- turning and rotating it, measuring it directly against the pages of the text, affirming again and again that it was the best heart in the room, the most beautiful heart I had ever seen.

Her name, I can’t recall it. She laid at Table 1; she was the Netter’s body.