

## LIKE A WOUND

Like a wound, it stitched itself  
back into place. But it was not a wound,

it was the womb  
taking leave of the child, the one it

loved too much, for whom it bled  
uselessly, giving back all its animal

blues and mauves, its knots of nerves,  
as if to say: I have done what I could,

I am not to blame. And blamelessly  
closed into itself and healed. But we

had no such faith. Being simple,  
we grieved that absence

and grieve it still, though it has  
no name, though it sleeps

content and solitary  
in its other night, having gone

back to its smallest particle  
of being that exists

blackly and incomprehensibly  
as a thought.