

Temporary Disfigurement

Bless temporary disfigurement
for it begins and ends.
One combs the hills
to collect the severed parts.
He sews so awkwardly it seems there cannot
be brilliance and perfection
but they are in the very awkwardness,
and after all it is not centuries but afternoons
and the young man is whole again,
torn and repaired.
He stares at his arms
before he forgets them,
before he forgets the surgeon,
and he is ready for love after the terrible solitude,
and for solitude, of course.