

Scrape That Starts the Fire

I

You keep others away to keep the wound
for yourself.

In your ardor,
 it resembles a signal fire, a commotion
of spark and flame, an alarum meant to warn (again)
others away.

There is nothing now but the wound and its warmth

II

and you within it.

The way you are held
 within it, a thing rubbed beyond
ardor, blush, rubescence, a figure meant to lose itself
along the way.

Your body, the shadow of the wound, the red
that runs

III

through everything.