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## The Healing

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I want to be a sportswriter. I can see myself  
at it. Rat-a-tat-tat away on a typewriter,  
Live out of suitcases,  
Meet lonely ladies in the hotel bar,  
Tip my hat over my eye and wink to the bartender  
as we walk out

Scotch 'n soda. Keep 'em comin'.  
It comes and it goes.

At the kitchen table — midnight —

Hear a plane over the kitchen ooooh — an enormous  
deep rumble — ooooooh — forevermore it grumbles  
like it will never go away.

*Jim Ketchum*

## THE HEALING

*Jane Scoville*

I drag home wounded, bleeding,  
Ashamed to drip in your presence  
I sway away to bandage,  
Button my sweater,  
Fortify myself before you  
Until, finally,  
Before you drift off to bed  
I lift the edge of cotton,  
Point to cuts,  
Sigh the hurt.

You, there for me as always,  
Whisper, touch, look, see.  
Radiating with your magic,  
Blood congeals,  
Tissues close.

We kiss  
And I am healed.