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Like a Wound

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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.