

Wound

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Dark red, nearly brown
Mountainous edges border and protect
A yellowed crater.
Hard,
But not unbreakable.

Open.
It is all open to the air,
half skin, half mush
trying . . . trying . . . trying
to be solid and closed.

Its ugliness disturbs those passing by.
No curiosity - turn your head,
It's not fun - it's not real

Wish it would just close!

A day is an itch toward healing,
toward something.
A day is an opportunity to fall again,
More bleeding, more pain.
- And my hand clasps around it -
"Stop"

Maybe it won't heal until it knows what it will be hiding.
What is *really* inside me?
Almost a year and I still barely know.

Maybe there is some kind of security in being injured for a long time.
But I hate this bleeding.

"Stop picking!" mom says. "You've got to let it heal."