

TORN

In the false seal of Solomon's light
I tear myself and I feel no pain
I bloom rib stems and buttock flowers
Fisted bruises of delicious depth
Wounds de-scabed slowly
The rusted crust an intolerable healing
Blood tincture and sufferable flow
The force of emptiness shelving
What is impossible to digest or truly witness
What is the abjured and obdurate thing
I love to offer sanctuary to
The small animalistic stresses here in my nails
Striated with the undiagnosed angers
Felt in bathrooms and bedrooms and kitchens
The ancient things I have hungered to reduce
To their bare bones and leave to whiten and dry
In the back yard of my abased history

Frank Golden