

JANA MYGA

Wounds

He was whole, made of wounds,
Wounds varied in depth and origin.
Some already covered with a delicate pink layer.
A steady pulse, a watchman, patiently beating underneath.

Others were cleaned and began to dry at the edges.
Sometimes a transparent drop
of lymphatic liquid would form in the corner and linger
with the persistence of a solitary tear.

And then, there were ones that were fresh and infected.
He cringed at the thought of being touched.
Still he went about, intentionally letting others
infect them again and again.

He knew he would have to be always freshly wounded
just to remain alive.