

*A Wound That Festers*

Why is love always compared to things  
Like roses and springtime?  
Why not festering wounds?  
Or broken bones?

Do we deny the painful,  
The hurtful,  
The ominous, and  
Ambiguous sides of love?

My love is no red rose,  
No rising sun,  
No paradisaal dream.  
My love is a slash in flesh.  
A wound that bleeds  
And does not clot.  
A decaying abscess in my side  
And yet, I yearn for it still.  
For the pain of a touch,  
For the ooze of life out of me,  
With the vacant hope  
That it will reach its victim  
And infect them as well.