

He Pulled Himself Away

He pulled himself away from me
Like the medical tape I had to use
For months after six painful knee surgeries
That would leave my skin red and raw
Repeatedly ripped skin the cost of healing the deep bone and tendons beneath.

I am hoping that this is some kind of sacred metaphor
That somehow this rawness serves greater purpose
Though I cannot see it eight hours from the split
Between fantasy and reality.

Already, well-intentioned friends are beginning to give advice
Provide wisdom and move too quickly towards self-reflection
Asking the probing questions that will illuminate my cultivation of insanity
But how can I tolerate such sun while my skin remains raw and unprotected?

What is called for here is salve to soothe
Time for surface layers of protection to grow strong again;
For this coursing blood to cure bone and sinew.

Exhausted by this merry-go-round of invasive surgeries
that hobbles heart and root.
I take myself to the cool cave of compassion
to let spirit and body heal.