

# You Heal

*Emma Lou Thayne*

One morning you wake  
and everything works  
and almost nothing hurts.  
After seven months of returning  
and the surgery up through  
your mouth, you even can focus.

After things happen, under the scarring  
you heal. It takes its jagged course  
upward and then  
believe it or not,  
so much for it,  
and it is done  
the chance of happening.

Then the heart of not  
figuring a way back  
just happens again  
in the still world  
like rain running the  
skies and green becoming  
the hand of the sun.

