

Flannel Board

Brent Corcoran

I've been inured to violence, so understand,
I've no sensation for nails smashing through feet:
Instead, show the tale of footprints on the beach,
because I know how sore feet get in sand.

And the hands, not so blood-red!
Paint him, instead, with palm astride
a door that stays shut (it hasn't two sides),
Till the cramped fist's sense is fled.

Brush over the thorn marks that mar his face;
bandage the gash too long seeping.
Drawn there—to that brow stained by weeping—
the child who alone by his side finds his place.