

The First Wound

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The Good Doctor Muses,

Beetle-pupil swell, perpetually red
halo-iris fist-sized and yellowed-teared
the abscess winks, another eye for God
to see sticks shake in our hands over sod
as we water witch the fields desperate
to pay the lancing fee.

Can He ferret
out of our dowsing, the smallness of our faith?

The wound's eye is warming. Its soft worm-lashes
react to each hobble, each shift of wool
trousers crossing and separating skin's legs.
The new eye's rheum a puckered blueing scab
interlacing the veins as gold and the soil.

*At least that is what my father has claimed
when he answered by calling upon God's name.*