

## Healing the Wound

*M. Rather, Jr.*

*The Good Doctor Muses,  
Will You be bound?*

*And I Remember,  
Surgeons ask and tap  
my swollen shin and splinter the skin to leech  
out the infection. The leather straps snap  
in calloused hands while others reach  
into cowhide and pigskin bags. Their fingers  
pull out glass whisky jars and worn scalpels.*

*They place them lovingly on the pine dresser,  
line the bright metal tools on the wool  
the blanket mother spread to protect the wood.*

*When the surgeons begin to pour  
The whiskey I said,  
Not a drop of Satan's blood,  
No whiskey, not one particle. No stupor.  
I will feel every second of that blade.  
I will know every layer of flesh you raise.*