

An Open Wound

by Elizabeth Bolton

The wound reopens,
emits breath
pungent as from the veined throats

of Plath's yawning
hospital tulips;

a heavy bee's harassment
in circles around the face
urges a woman backwards.

It is both obsession and abuse
to be bothered

for one's open red petals,
cheap sateen and suggestive
in their landscape of sterility.

We wounded,
we obvious,

we splayed open and
red-lipped:

we attract them.