

Secondary intention

First wounds
Inflicted sharply and quickly
Without warning or malice
Can be repaired.
With care they heal
With good cosmetic result.

But when your love leaves without a word
Taking everything
It dawns that the tunnel was dug
By the spoonful, for months,
And every nuance must be reconsidered.

If tissue is lost
And the gap too great to bridge,
Or if the wound has been neglected and allowed to fester,
It cannot be closed primarily.
Patching the surface would only allow infection to progress
Beneath the skin.

There are ancient ways of healing,
Not skin deep, but bottom up.
The pebbled, scarlet proudflesh
Takes its own time and
Crafts a new portion of being,
Smoothing the surface
With scar.



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