

Terminal Wound

Anger, tears, a boiling cauldron,
Seething with steam from a waterless pot.
Anguish, pain, a reckless defending,
Festering wound from a weaponless shot.

Someone please send for the surgeon; someone please send for the knife.
If only a piercing incision, could carve out this cancer of strife.

Weeping, Shame, a tangled regret,
Choked on the lips, just an unspoken thought.
Sorrow, fear, itself a reprisal,
The furnace is cold but the coals are still hot.

No surgeon can vent this word poison; no knife can stay this grim fate.
The serum must come from the venom, and soon... for it's almost too late.

-- Flint McLaughlin