

Two Scars

Dan Sheehan

One recalls a mishap with a saw blade
In a September of haziness and heat
So sodden and ferocious that the street
Blistered and shimmered, even in the shade.
The other's from a bourbon glass that shattered
To razors as I rammed a soapy cloth
With studied fury in its lipsticked mouth
Amid a squabble that never really mattered,
Forgotten when the gobs of crimson ink
From my knuckles plopped bright around the drain.
A streak of white bone gleamed. I felt no pain,
But bent in two and threw up in the sink.
I'm just that kind of fool, I tell my wife,
Who always grabs the wrong end of the knife.