

New Poetry by Stephen Massimilla: “Wounded”



CAPILLARIES OF ROOTS / image by Amalie Flynn

WOUNDED

—to Laura

Bleating thing without wool
Thunder without sound
Ghost of wooded peaks, of constricted arterial waters

There is a dog inside the heart, voice bursting
Interminable silence, blown-open iris

Over organs buried deeper in the earth
where capillaries of roots still bleed orange dust

Leave me be, hot tongue of fireflies,
cracked pharynx of ice

Do not ask me to slip
down among green nerves of water-weed
where the flesh of the sky

is unmoving and fruitless

The moon still hovers in its surgeon's coat

But do not try to satisfy the dead
who hold on with claws like desperate fevers

Leave my sutured skull of empty ivory forever

But pity me; put an end to this much hurt

I am love, I tell you
and all the quick wings accumulating
as restlessly as the breaths

that were once inside
these wheel-crushed, wind-scattered leaves