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ADONIS

THE WOUND

I.
Leaves, asleep under wind:
a ship for the wound.
The wound
glories in these ruinous times.
Trees growing in our own eyelashes
a lake for the wound.
The wound shows up in bridges
as graves reach out
as patience wears thin on the opposite banks
between our love and our death.
And the wound, a beckoning gesture,
inflicts us as we cross.
V.
Rain upon our desert
O world decked with dream and longing.
Rain down enough to shake us.
We are the wound’s palm trees.
From those trees captivated by the wound’s silence,
trees which nursed the wound
through its night,
among arches of eyelashes and arms bent with care
break off for us just two branches.
O world decked in dream and longing
O world that falls onto my forehead
etched like a wound,
keep your distance. The wound is closer than you.
Keep your seductive charms away. More beautiful than you
is the wound.
And the magic that reaches
from your eyes
to the last kingdoms
has only been the wound’s pathway.
The wound has passed over it,
stripped it of its deceptive sails
and left it without its island.