

Stains

For Stanley Kunitz

Each stain on your life was hard earned.
You turned out your soul like a seamless garment
And a tiny light more brilliant than the sun
Was emitted from it, shining through the precious
Stains and you shared your love equally among men.
Guard it like a jealous poet would
Who had earned it, arms scarred, against the testing tree.

You won each time a well-aimed stone,
like a poem, boomeranged off the testing
tree and made a deep indelible cut
on your eye and your hidden 'I'
that you search for in the memories
of your unknown father whom you
always meet in yourself. And you bled
like any man should who had taken
life by its sharp goring horn.

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