

The Wound in the Persian Miniature

The wound was a detail
Drawn with a single-hair brush.
It didn't hurt, it was like
Caressing a fly with your
Corner eyelash. I mean
It didn't hurt the painter.
And of course it didn't hurt
The paint. The wound
Was a gash in heaven.
At night the sun slices
The skin at the horizon line
And slips through on a slur
Of bloody cloud. The sky aches
And a few dewy stars
Spill from its eye. The lashes
Are comets: they say
There will be more wounds
For everyone. For the child
On the glittering beach
Where the Heinekens lie in shards,
For the child on the front
Page, and for everyone
She knew. The last wound
Comes at last. A surgical slit
In the case, the world. And you
Leak through.

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