

GAPING

you clean blood off creamcolored carpet
dab with a damp washcloth, try to restore warmth
where life leaked from your husband's foot

I sit with him at the kitchen table
a cup of tea cradled in creased palms,
eye the gauze wrapped over his toes

he pokes a finger, playing with the venus flytrap
by the window, lets tendrilous teeth brush
softness of his bloodpregnant fingertip

tempts carnivorous mouths so used to searching
for life from a sun they don't need,
ever wide open to the world