

# The Gallery of Wounds

*by Gary Hardaway*

I become a catalogue of wounds.  
Here is the jagged crescent scar  
on the left hand  
that extended to steady me  
as we explored the abandoned shed  
behind the weed-choked vacant house.

The corrugated tin, left untrimmed  
by time's degradations,  
gashed the palm's edge.  
The blood is memorable  
as is the copper taste of that  
momentary certainty of lockjaw.

Here, on the left upper arm,  
is the faintest recollection  
of the smallpox vaccination.  
The deep sprain to the right wrist,  
suffered trying to fly a homemade  
broomstick and bed sheet glider

from the carport roof  
and never examined by the doctor,  
asserts itself as stiffness still  
and the old misalignments  
pop as the hand revolves.  
Some wounds are too deep

and can't be seen but only sensed  
by their effects, like dark matter.  
The dark wounds abide,  
invisible but full of gravity

that alters the direction  
and velocity of personal history.

