

## HEALING

He spat  
onto the ground,  
mixed phlegm

into dust,  
stirring it rapidly  
into paste.

He smeared it gently  
across  
my closed up eyes,

rubbed it  
in the concaves  
of my broken sense

until dawn came  
and lit  
my blackened world

with red  
and shimmering  
ochre dust.

Tears poured from  
the creaking scars  
across my face.

I kissed  
His healing hands.  
I held the warmth;

revealing  
the sudden beauty  
of the earth.