To be in harmony with the wholeness of things is not to have anxiety over imperfections.

— Dōgen

Scar Sonnet

Here it is that slit they took when my relationships were ruptured & required allopathic care. (Maybe my last allopath & that’s how you spell relief.) A naval cut to get the tubes in so the robot could sew up what I cdn’t w/ my mind (a horrible correspondent) & there once was a connection umbilical needed a break, the place where nicotene first crept & settled into my personal myth. & so goes the jones he says on two maple brevés & it may be the jones blows my heart rate variability & thus stress outta whack when all we want it and everything else in is whack or at least not whacked out trying to mend all other relationships not solvable as robots & propofol. The Milk of Amnesia Jim says & Robin Williams before him & here at 60 with this slit no one but one sees, a sort of male episiotomy that let out the human was trapped somewhere deep inside (but still there) thank my luck at my brother getting second choice & the chest zipper which would have been just too much for me me thinks.