[poem] The Wound

the wound is One

like our pursuit of life

it has a limit but no border

like the universe

the wound is a spring flowing

waterless water

it has no shape or form

but all the same opaque and bare

the wound is no antithesis

of the body, but its negative

affirmation —

a body always bears a wound (or wounds)

the wound is the past

an aftermath and rippling

the past is a wound

eating up our time

so we mistake the wound

for pains. it is not

the pain

but the wistfulness

with a location of origin

yet extensive, expansive in its existence

through time, the past, also

eating up the past

healing is another term for forgetting

that the wound is a wound

healing is seeing the wound as the body

accept it, appreciate it,

present it, use it

there's no use hiding it

the wound is a source of life

oozing a life matter

that looks like death

because it is a silent violence

a force of no grammar

and it's life's work to absorb the matter

grounding the ground

as a poet, so i give it forms in lyric

as a dancer, so i live it in the swing of my hip bones

as a lover, so i dip the beloved's hand inside and through

as a man, so i work and listen to music

I like the preposition "in"

to be "in" could also be "around"

(i live in shanghai, and shanghai lives in me)

"there's a hole in the heart

and a heart in the hole"

that is the wound.