

The Tender Wound

10 August, 1967

The tender wound, the easy offence  
The mere breath of possibility bruises my soul.  
The pain of (even slightly) <sup>abhorrent claims</sup> conflicting values  
Tears the wound open anew  
Striking a million nerve endings at once  
With pitiless intent  
  
My soul is vulnerable to every breeze

(10 August, 1967)

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