Phantom limb pain

I am
your lost leg, limb
on the Ninja’s clutch
that night, the one they
couldn’t save.

I sizzled
the first day, delicious
amputated fare for the ortho
resident in the OR’s corner,
hellbent on hacking what he
missed in anatomy lab.

I clawed
my way towards fire
the second day, toe-smoke
wafting under heaven’s vents.

I seduced
maggots the third day,
kissing beneath
fostering fascial planes.

I lost
count of days rising
from memory’s ashes
in newness of pain.

I hail
locomotives whirling
up your nerve’s rails
to extinguish me.

I beg
gravity to end the gnawing,
but never have found a place
high enough to jump.

I search
to escape us and the hurt we cause
each other, but I can’t find you,
stumbling alone,
apart, forever
feeling the
loss.
Phantom limb pain
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