

# Nostril

*by* S.H. Gall

The damaged lining  
of this awkward appellation  
is just bewitching,  
begging of the light  
test prod — OW! and then  
stern mastery:  
Introducing  
the cruelly hooked thumb  
with ragged nail,  
plunging up, ripping into  
and down into the light  
of a fuzzy lip,  
tears coursing  
at the sight of  
my nose's tiny abortion.

