

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.

