The Point About Pain

Tom Crawford
THE POINT ABOUT PAIN

The alfalfa mower took my legs off
just above the knees,
both of them, well, you can see
that’s not true but you get the point
about pain,
it’s pretty evenly divided in the room.
So, let’s let this poem stand up for the gifts
we’d turn down flat if we could choose
beforehand between an urgent kiss
and a sliver up the nail.
Truth is: it’s what burns our tongues
we sing about later. Figure that out?
My friend’s pushing his clay
into something beautiful
he hurts so much. He’s greedy,
he tells me, and wants everything
that’s happened to him.
It’s what you might feel standing there
alone in the end.
Just how big was the harvest?