

Time Heals All Wounds—But One

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He was a huge
hulk of a man
but the blade cut his belly
like it was a melon.
He was cheerful at first
but as weeks wore on
like his cheap shoes
and time spun out
with miles of gauze packing,
his wound stank
and Leroy shrank
shriveled nearly
to skin and skeleton.
One day, barely
conscious, he whispered:
“Let me go, Doc,”
and I did.