**Mending a Cut in May**

Ciaran Pierce

It’s no quiet thing—the sound of flesh healing

I know it well enough

as does every mother:

Hands pressed to open wounds

Cherry pulp blooming through gauze

—It was spring in the city, the season

of leaning down for flowers and

raising glasses to clouds thick

with pot smoke, the season of

speaking the sky’s language—

I was there, I heard the falls of every child

thrown from bikes into the asphalt

Watched every mother tend to raw knees

like gardens in drought

And when, at last, the knife grazed his fingertip

instead of the pomegranate, I used everything

my own mother taught me

To end the flood.