

G.C. WALDREP

On the *Conferences* of John Cassian

I cross to the outer garment where the wound waits. The wound is an old friend. The wound is expecting me. I wrap the wound in bits I've snipped from the inner garment and then, side by side with the wound, we turn back to face what we've left behind. *It looks so cold* is what the wound says, from its wound-mouth. It's not what I would have said. It's not my general feeling. But it's important not to disagree with the wound while the wound is talking. So I wait for awhile. The sun sets. Flocks of geese spin overhead, drafting consciences for politicians I'll never vote for. It is all very beautiful. *Are you done yet*, the wound asks, suddenly. No, I'm not.