

Ode to Physical Pain

Thou

Oh, constant, unending Pain, my surest, truest friend.
Agony, blessed Agony, your ever-present ache identifies
 unyielding vitality. That sharply labored breath is
respiration (fully) experienced. Those overwhelming
 burdens grant me immune to senseless distraction,
grounding me in the present. Oh, merciless teacher.
Spread your harshest wounds across the soil of my
figure. Find root in my skin and nerves and veins. Killing
 fields to blanket and smother withering pleasure that
waxes and wanes. Thine are the lidless eyes of night that
 stare upon my tears. Thine is the thickness of the dark
that presses in my anguish. Rejoice in the miseries of life
 unkind. Here, and only here, are the senses stretched
 and contracted, hone them to their prime strength, to
primal vigor. Seek comfort in endurance. Be consumed by
 struggle. Lasting wisdom only exists in the abandoned
fields, in the dusty swamp, on the burnt out plains, on the
 desolate hillside.

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