

MIND TO MIND

*Creative writing that explores the abstract side
of our profession and our lives*

Stephen T. Harvey, M.D., Editor

Three Years after Their Vows

Lucinda D. Lawson, B.A.

H
he comes home late
again, says
they need some time
apart. She twists her dishrag
deeper, and their last
wedding tumbler
snaps. Glass digs into
flesh, and fire
tears along her knuckle bone, bares
nerve and tendon to the stinging air.
She wraps it tight
in dishtowels and hopes
it holds together
on its own. Only
when the bleeding doesn't
slow will she allow
it to be numbed,
the passage

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of a dark and heavy thread.
At night, her husband

takes her hand, unwinds
the bandages and lays

the joint splint aside.
What's left

is pain and stitches
pulling like their promise, taut

against the separation, drawing
ragged edges

side to side
to heal the best they can.