

## My Psyche's Cut

Something happened  
at five forty this morning  
Something significant  
I had slept through to four  
later than my nagging bladder  
usually lets me  
and sleep wasn't returning  
My bee pollen-honey nostrum had failed me  
and I was lying there  
contemplating sitting to meditate  
and then, like a vivid, silent thunderclap  
the deep sickle cut lodged nearly clean though my psyche  
a visceral, near-material, silver specter  
came forth and out  
leaving me whole  
as if it never had been  
nor resided within me  
my entire life  
that split  
misbalancing  
my mercurial existence

Standing in the background  
were Anastasia and Anasta  
material specters themselves  
the agents of my salvation  
helping me mend

Is this real?  
It feels so as I write this at 10 AM  
after a bit more sleep  
a knit integration  
a simple comfort in my gut  
a delicious, bodily peace  
the settled, stolid wholeness  
that had always  
eluded me  
spiritual wholeness  
being the surrogate

God bless them  
We shall see