

An intern vet nurse privy to granulation

The young Boxer comes in just days
after a mast cell tumour was surgically

removed from his right hind leg. A scab
— the size of a ten-cent piece.

The vet shows me a photo of the original
post-surgery chasm — its diameter

almost five times the size. Bright orange
stitches bridge the wound — its wide

and wet. Loose loops. Allow for gape.
For gathering. A tender timeline.

When a human presents with such. Such
a wound. They require a graft.

Only animals granulate. Within hours
of injury. The wound-bed fills. Builds

proud pink glistening matter. Blood supply
but no nerve endings. Minimal pain

as it shrinks and shirks. As it is re-shaped.
By Mother Nature. Or magic. I cannot say

why this lesson leaks my tears. Or how
to get closure-without-undue-pressure?