Sore

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Sore
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When I bit my lip
to keep the words in,
they lodged
and festered,
digging in
to the soft, pink tissue,
turning the edges where my teeth blundered
white and pure
and dead.

The area swelled
gradually to a nuisance
eventually eliciting a grimace
upon each exploration
by a cautious tongue.

So now, when I open my mouth
to speak, the scraping of the sore,
the stretch of soft tissue
brings to mind my blunder
when I didn't say goodbye.