Sell Me a Scar
Jessica Parrott

Sell me a scar, love.

No, not a line of puckered flesh,
White from age,
A memory of physical pain,
Gone but not forgotten.

Sell me a scar from your heart.
A memory that weighs heavy on you.
A wound that still hurts.

Sell me a scar no one can see.
A secret no one knows.
Agony unspoken and deeper for it.

Sell me a scar.
I'll pay with mine.