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National Nothing Day

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Miller: National Nothing Day

NATIONAL NOTHING DAY

Jack Miller

Brute resection by grade-school science,
the cold-punched voice of authority,
its corners sharp with unfiled edges:

*The human heart in no way resembles
what you see in valentines.*

(Those bulbous cardioids drawn to a point,
taut-skinned and tethered, straining
against some secret and enormous weight.)

*To observe the approximate size and shape
of your own heart, make a fist.*

So: the ventricular base of the thumb.
The digits that echo great vessels.
The whitened atrial knuckles squeezing

—what? Pumping what? Decades dripped
unnoticed from these imperfect seams

before I recognized the absurdity
of judging a heart by the size of a fist.
I never even heard the pop.

They also said *it's what's inside that matters.*
I prise each finger back to look.