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My Gallery of Hearts

Angela Hays

University of Arkansas, Fayetteville

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My Gallery of Hearts

Angela Hays

From my window, up above, I feel so many Hearts.
A Heart remains clutched deep in the vessel of every man
on earth and
deeper still lies the fuel that keeps them pumping.
I can hear the thump and drum of each of them
and so can I hear their desires.
Sometimes, in their fits of rage, I can feel what pains them
so.
I know their deepest fears.
Not a curse, blessing it must be, to touch the core of fellow
man.
But in their darkest moments I feel harrow sorrow
for the evil I know they plan.
I remain powerless, too afflicted by their malice
to move a single muscle.
And so I watch
in abject horror
as they rip and mend.
But other times,
I can feel
the distant embrace of child and parent.
A flutter of a four-year-old while they watch
a butterfly frolic.
The burgeoning attachment of two friends who will be
linked for life,
or the goodwill at dinner tables
lay squarely like a tablecloth.

—EVERYDAY MAGIC—

Those Hearts I hold
forever dear,
for now my time has come.
Ten thousand years spent listening,
but I fear I've got to run.