



a heart in the dark is not a heart at all

by Jonathan Papernick

When she left, I buried my heart so deep in the sand you could hear
lovers quarreling in Mandarin
leagues beneath scattered dinosaur bones and shifting tectonic plates
the bright burning core of the earth.
The loneliest winter passed. And then someone else asked for my heart.
So, I found my shovel and pail and dug and dug. Past shattered
seashells, a deflated bicycle tire and a lost pirates' trunk, lighting at last
upon a tiny, curled fist.
I pressed it to my chest, caressed its gnarled fingers, eased it behind
my ribcage, where it took root like blooming flowers in spring.



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