indestructable

(small letters)

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My heart is indestructable, but spelled with small letters. Not the tough muscle that beats loud, but a tender vessel with hurt and pain.

The path was wrong and it lead to demise, the dirt is behind me a lot less riled. My eyes squint to see that there is light, my heart keeps beating that muffled sound.

From time to time a waft of perfume, memory of soft skin drives the temposahead. Those times when bliss seemed right at hand, a glance, a touch, a flutter of eyes.

My heart is indestructable, but spelled with small letters. Steady beats toward the future, some glance, some touch, some flutter of eyes.