



WHAT THE HEART WANTS

along the rows of cells, inside
them hides a man not special
a useless husk of the man once was
he waits at the door of Time
the portal dark, without color
but no offers are given for him to cross

I live as one of these many
as professor to the lacking (teaching
those the root of society, and how to avoid)
and in the days teach wonder
or expose them to things outside their scope
you can't just put the world in one book
not two or even ten
and out of the days comes one true factor

each to die like all the rest
and to live with a heart overflowed
yet empty but without regret
each day remembering and trying to find a hold

let go of the one, two (or ten)
to drain our life from that first crossing

unburied, still breathing, stamped
with a number lacking a date, to stand forever
drunk from Life's sweet kiss
like burning lips from within the chest
with teeth to pierce the ribs
and a need to consume in rows