

Ode to My Heart

You mother of this wavering
pulse. You warmonger

waving white flags, bouquet
of contradictions. You river-

maker. Ship with a thousand
sails. Fist filled

with every person I love.
You engine,

percussion of panic
and joy, cadence

of grief – you slow march
to sleep. You messy

conductor of a reckless
song, radio playing

every station at once.
You mouth attempting

to hold in the ocean.
You ocean. Wave after

wave, the hush
of always this rhythm,

this cycle, water
meets shore, then un-

becomes once more, back
and back – you womb.

You who keeps breaking
open.