

Symphony In Peril, Shadow Over A Bleeding Heart

no windows in this room,
yet there is a shadow that has fallen over this bleeding heart.
it has fallen to sweep me off this tattered ground
that i have memorized with my hands.
each crack has been a tailored picture of this life.
i bleed these memoirs these fading pictures of a shell that used to be.
once existing as an impression, but the fire never took.
imperfection within the due process
but there you are enveloping me again.
every touch, a feeling of saturation,
a restructuring of a vessel going to the wheel.
this has reversed the depletion of a hemorrhaging heart.
pressing back to something beautiful