

The Heart

By David Lindsay

With its every pulse, throb and beat -
This is one beast of a machine

It's the soul's companion;
the core of our feelings

It can be as hard as stone,
or weak enough to be broken

It can be soft, warm.
Big. Kind. Heavy. Light

It rends, burns and bleeds
Yearns, faints and aches

It can give a home to land
and be a place to search for answers

It can beat with another
Melt. Grow fond and tender

We can learn by it. Wear it on our sleeves
Take to it. Open it. Keep it true and simple

We can speak from the bottom of it
Put it in our hands. Or find it in our mouths

We can look into it. Set our hopes on it
We can let it get hollow, or fill it with our content

It can be thrilled, stirred or stricken
Made of iron, flint, marble or oak

It can be set on fire. Sink in dread
Be cold or strong. Won or lost.

We can allow its strings to be played
And let it go out to others

It can expand, overflow, burst.
Swell with pride and leap with joy

With its every pulse, throb and beat -
This is one beast of a machine