Fall 2012

Arrhythmia: Ways to see the Dissonant Heart

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ARRHYTHMIA: WAYS TO SEE THE DISSONANT HEART

I
Fibrous fruit,
heavy hive, soft
clapper beneath the ribs’ dome.

II
Quickening.
Contractions without the pain.
My mother’s murmur
(uttered)
utterly benign.

III
A fish in the chest
coolish and unpredictable.
hooked and hauled on board.

Slides back just short
of the blunt club, the bed of ice.

IV
second hand riffing
on its chosen moment.

I feel a surge
of love
toward it
for not (for naught)
killing me.
Every life has a number
of heartbeats allotted.
My heart has a speed-up-race
to the finish line habit. After
its faith is shaken,
flame nearly guttered...

I wear
suction-cup halos
to encourage an 'event'.

My heart doesn't
disappoint, my heart trips
up after two sedentary hours
facing a window.

Leaves unfurl like a baby's fists
in sleep. Chickadees
stand on splints
that hold the broken bones straight. My heart
falters, once, twice,
then it's out of the gate.
Coltishness and wing span
are qualities undesirable
in a heart: erratic
boarder,
(blood hoarder!)
sharp fins, my mother's
murmur
emboldened,
tight springs, iridescent
scales, songs for different
seasons, honey filled
chambers, a wind-up
wound-down mechanism,
set of bellows,
the bellows applied
to a guttering,
tiny spine
cleaving the whole,
a heart
of its own
like a chewed
off eraser tip.