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.