Arrhythmia: Ways to see the Dissonant Heart

Sarah Sousa
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.