

Having a Heart

I lay stunned;
silent,
staring
seeing my beating,
contracting heart
its' valves
opening,
closing.

A soundless struggle it seemed
effort incarnate
on the sonogram screen.

I needed,
no diagnosis
lying there
awash in bitter sadness.
My heart works;
ceaselessly,
heroically,
today.
But it *will stop*
another day.

Steven J. Sackinger
November 10th
MMV