Bestiary to a Broken Heart

1. Were you there when it happened, heart?

I didn’t feel you so I’m unsure.

It’s nothing serious though—just joke.

He’ll come back.

He always does.

My heart is still one piece, don’t worry.

We fight all the time, all is still well.

Keep beating; young heart,

Tomorrow’s a new day; he’ll come strolling in with roses and, “I’m sorrys.”

He’s not gone my heart, please keep beating.

You’ll be okay; he’s still yours, yours to keep.

1. I’m so sorry; I didn’t mean to break you.

I thought I placed you in good hands, loving hands.

Hands to take care of you, not to harm you.

Loving hands to keep you safe, to protect you from what has happened.

Oh fragile organ!

Woe is you—woe is me. All of the energy you use to make tears fall

Until my eyes ache from overuse.

Careless of me to break you, you bleed constantly!

How hard is it to fix a broken heart?

I may never until the day you cease to beat,

Be able to put back the pieces.

1. How irresponsible to let a blonde boy have you for himself!

He consumed you like the blood of a vampires prey,

Sucked dry so there’s nothing left for me!

How ignorant to leave you, the source of my being

In the hands of someone else!

Never again will I give you away—

Trust me, my heart; you’ll be with me forever.

1. The striking tear-drop diamond perched on my finger; I can’t bear to take it off.

It comes to life in the faintest light,

And mocks you with glimmering light when it glints and catches my eye.

The silver band wraps around my finger endlessly, suffocating you until you no longer care to beat.

I want it no more, yet it’s cemented to the bone.

The promise is broken, just like you— shattered heart!

His mother would be so sad to see it fail a second time.

That’s it! It’s not me, but the ring.

It’s flawed like all of the relationships it’s been handed down through,

Passed with untruthful words.

1. I’m no longer unhappy, and you’re pumping blood again… but barely

I mean just look at you—

You painfully manage muffled beats,

You’re broken; still, I see it through the stitches and jagged scars.

I promise I will treat you with care,

Oh heart of mine, where do I start?

The worlds so big and I’m so alone.

I want to go back; it hurts to keep moving,

But with each step we grow stronger.