

## Hearts

The 8 of hearts trampled and torn  
Box for sale "baby shoes never worn"  
His tears fell on the upturned soil  
A small grave, he turns away

He was doomed, loved no longer  
Like that card, those shoes, abandoned  
Creatures great and small prayed  
for the little one

What ghosts may know, spiders spin  
Owls on silent frightening wings  
He walks away wondering  
If his life means anything

Eight is too close to infinity,  
Each turned sideways, like two hearts beating  
The one in his chest the one below  
Don't beat as one, no more no more

He stumbles, creatures wary watch  
Roots are hurdles or walls to feeling  
His heartbeats fade his pain, the pain  
Creatures return to the business of living

He walked away wondering/  
what life means  
Creatures return to the business of living  
He is not sure he can

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