

The Heart Shows No Signs

By Ru Freeman

The heart, the surgeon says, does not reveal
the small rifts, the hairline cracks which

split the hairline cracks they conceal cops
and robbers in a stretch of skin flaunting

star-scars with show of blood bone
the ledges of what it holds tight in checkmate

moves: bend this and break
fight first and bleed to earn

needle finger wrap caress balm
the salvation of sight Behold what beauty

lasts, what outlasts itself The curtain
calls the ovation Seize the beginning

that ends this way: off center stage above
fractured ribs the heart succumbs in silence

All is dark. Listen a *kommos* sung solo
It is too late to repair anything.

Source: *Poetry* (April 2019)