

# The Circumcised Heart

by Con Chapman

*“ . . . if then their uncircumcised heart is humbled . . . ”*

*Leviticus 26:41*

For long years, there was no way in  
to that four-chambered house  
through which, we are told  
(but don't know) all emotions go.



It took something more than looks—  
your wit, or carriage, or the things  
you held to be true  
for me to open up to you,  
as you did for me,  
as you never had before.



Maybe the time was right, I don't know.  
I do know this; we pierced each other  
without wounding, and common tides  
between two seas now flow.

The swimming's no good when the tide is low;  
let us take our chance at the flood,  
and when we're done, your head will  
rest against my chest, a mound of flesh  
through which blood flows, through which  
you shall hear, against your ear,  
the beating of a circumcised heart.

