

Too Many Hearts

by Darryl Price

have been broken. That's the real history
of the world. So many. Too many to
count. Hearts have been stolen. The thieves are still
out there. But some stick inside our heads. Hearts

may have been broken into and robbed of
anything precious. Many kinds have been

shattered into small lost pieces. Many

hearts have been left alone to die, like a
single dancing shoe under the bed. And
many become too heavy and dark blue
to ask a friendly light for some help seeing

a new, possible path outside.

It happens day to day. It's happening
right now for many more. Hearts have frozen

and we have no right to shame them. Hearts have
broken and there you have it. Many are
now orphans of days gone by. Too many
get left cleaning up the careless mess. Some

nearing the end and refusing to dance
ever again. Many are unspoken.
They are afraid to trust themselves-- to feel

anything but anger. Anything but
the sky is sad and falling. Anything
but the cold, frantic, pornographic world

wants more and more blood. Hearts have broken and
even a little tenderness could start
to bring things slowly back to life. But you
have to be willing to be patient and

kind without grinding guilt into the wounds
still smarting around the snapped wing bones.

We can't change history, but we can strive

to author it with more love than hate as we go.
That's all any of us can do. We are
the ones. There's nobody else. Broken hearts
litter the heavens and so below. It's

up to us--stop the carnage with courage.

