

Easy Lessons

by Michael Tusa

A hinge in my heart is broken.

I can feel it's ignorance, buzzing inside me like a pair of black flies.

I feel it rolling around within myself, a foreign body deep inside. It was loose for a while.

I remember the day I noticed it creaking.

Carefree in the grass, staring up at the sky.

In the clouds, I spotted a mouse and thought to myself, how wonderful it is to be alive.

So suddenly it happened, as things do suddenly happen.

I grabbed my chest quickly, and thought to myself, so it is true.

To be human is to eventually die.

I never felt the same, as I did that day,
and all the
days forlorn.

I feel someone taught me an easy lesson, one I haven't soon forgotten

on the day that she died,
and all those before.

