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## After the Heart Attack

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# After the Heart Attack

*by Linda Chown*



Sometimes I drive myself crazy  
 imagining your blood, those silent red rivers.  
 Sometimes I'd like to go right through your skin  
 and know for sure that no jagged rocks  
 mar its even flow, that your channels  
 are wide and clear and clean, fit  
 for any worthy boat to sail away and go.  
 I would vacuum clean those veins for you.  
 I would build you dikes of polished stone.

But I can't come in. You're no toy doll  
 I can ever pull apart and know.  
 Your big heart beats behind awareness,  
 a thing no blood test can ever show.  
 For we sleep with faith, wake to a mystery  
 again and again and then pull words from us  
 like clams from reluctant shells,  
 spooning cold litanies of sound into morning streets.  
 I fear that no two hearts can ever meet.

But I would see you beat  
 those grey gamblers at their actuarial games  
 to live on beyond them,  
 to move across dying  
 like sunspots slither over the sun,  
 I would hear you sing in the bathroom  
 and watch you go at night to walk alone  
 and wake to take you to me,  
 to press that impermeable skin to me,  
 to lie curled up in a prosperous silence  
 where we can rock and share and smell  
 where we can warble a few of our offbeat tunes  
 until the underground rivers run wild  
 and put a stop to our splendid show.

