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Why do they Talk About Heartbreak? It's the Throat that's Killing Me

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**WHY DO THEY TALK ABOUT HEARTBREAK?
IT'S THE THROAT THAT'S KILLING ME.**

You are a brilliant person, darling,
Though sometimes somewhat less than bright.
Like going away, for instance:
What unspeakable stupidity it was,
What damnable logic withal:
To abandon hope like a jalopy
Encrusted with salt, rotted by winter.
And now there is memory,
Memory hounding me in paralysis;
Suspending me, skewering me aloft
Like a butterfly, or a moth,
Or a specimen of the romantic.
In the kitchen at night with newspapers
The narrow columns of global hurt
Contend with downtown's weekend sales:
Tornadoes at up to 50% off;
Thirty thousand hamburgers lost
In the Bay of Bengal.
Then, ah yes, the disaster comes on again:
The throat aches hollow to a nightmare;
Pain oozes out in measured drops,
Falls with a tap on the ads
And finds itself smeared across the cabbage.

Gordon Taylor