

Her Heart Didn't Bleed

Years strolled by
as blades, tubes, and chemicals violated her.
Teams of scrubs informed her of their predictions.
But she was not ready to
furnish a wooden box.
She tied a cape of fortitude around her neck
and marched on.

An anonymous hand
fired a gun through the chest of her youngest treasure
yet she did not lose herself in the loss of him.
She marched on.
It is as if she knew that she existed
for the good of others
that must be why she never let her heart bleed.

Death returned. He knocked at her bones,
tugged at her organs. And, today
he marched her home.