10-1-2008

The Telling Heart

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Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol29/iss9/61
In the hospital, 
she watches her heart 
now visibly pumping 
on a screen, in a box 
called an echo 
cardiogram machine. 
Strange to see. 
She is here yet 
her heart is there. 
Inside but outside. 
Hidden and exposed.

Her doctor suddenly 
leans forward, 
close to the screen, 
listening intently. 
When she asks to what, 
he is annoyed, saying— 
If you let me listen, 
I can hear, 
just let me listen!— 
and turns back to her 
throbbing heart, 
focusing avidly, ardently, 
and the heart, 
beats faster, louder, 
drowning her out.

What can it be saying? 
Her very own heart, 
she should know. 
Beating inside of her 
and no one else. 
Nothing to give away, 
to say or betray, 
her own private heart. 
But what if 
there is a hole and it leaks? 
She watches her doctor’s face 
and knows.
Apparently the heart
is telling,
telling all,
telling
the whole story.