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My Heart

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College of DuPage

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My Heart

Ramiro Fonseca

It is alone
Without affections
It is desolate
Without connections

It is cold
Without sympathy
It is heavy
Without nepenthe

It is dark
Without light
It is lost
Without sight

It is broken once again...

When the Petals Fall

Mike Gebhardt

I knew you when . . .
you were strong,
and had something to say;
not like today.

You've aged.
I've grown.
Together,
we've gotten old.

I can't remember
when it happened.
Day by day,
you've lost your edge.

To me you'll always be
the hero of my youth.
Your best years now past;
given freely to me.