

Restless Hearts

It had been so long, so much time had passed, she couldn't remember what had happened to all the pieces of her heart. Sometimes it seemed as if they had simply flown away; and, of course, there were those pieces that she had given away. Other bits seemed to have been lost, forgotten, perhaps in the backseat of a taxi; and there were a few she had buried in a suburban backyard. Then it was all gone. She felt empty, though she slept well and had a good appetite. One day she found that she had grown a new heart. She swaddled it in silk and cottonwool, promising to keep it safe, as she was older now and felt she better understood the heart's importance. It wasn't long before the new heart began to wither; it became dry around the edges, like a plant suffering from malnutrition. She fretted; she asked her new heart what was wrong, how could she help. The heart sighed, addressed her: *You don't get it This isn't what I was made for Let me out!*