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Attack of the Heart

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ATTACK OF THE HEART

Hey idiot! Stop your blubbing!

You will never feel the heat scald your veins.
Your children won't be hurled through Arabian-timed, steel doors.
Open sesame, clogged artery.
-Eyes seeking refuge behind gift shop magazines
Away from a human switchboard
Collecting data
No longer dispatched.
Pops?...Daddy?...Father?

Boy, quit crying!

You will not lie trapped between steel girders,
Flora delivered by some uncaring candystriper
Entombing your bed.
A shrine of past indulgences,
Taboos severed in the night
By the violent misuse of fork and knife.
No angels in street clothes
Will stand atop your stomach,
Feet disappearing in the rolls of flesh
An opportune soapbox.

Brother, please don't cry.

You diligently pound the cinder rocks,
Plump shadow bobbing over the oily road
Shrinking gradually
As sins melt away.
Naturally, voluntarily.
Metamorphosis.
A madras-clad boy-man
Shrouded in morning's frosty halo
Sprinting from the legacy.
The affliction.
To Son.
From Dad.
Can't you see your fortification?
Fate is not inherited but unique.
Please,
Wipe away disrupting tears of sweat,
Not tears of stinging salt.

Katherine A. Kibbey