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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*