

# Heart Sore

Yesterday:

Her heart stopped  
His breath ceased

He struggled. She struggled. I struggled

With arms  
    and chest  
        and back  
            and belly  
                and brain

With every part of me  
I struggled

To press life back  
    Into what was  
To make it what is  
Even though — I know — life is gone

To bring back that  
Breath  
    and beat  
        and force

To feel a pressure fight against my hand

He struggled. She struggled. I struggled.  
And then I stopped

And I knew  
    That today would begin without them  
    But that I would remember

Today:

I feel each breath I take  
    against my ribs

It aches

Each reach  
    and bend  
        and twist  
            and pull

It aches

My body knows what it did yesterday  
    And it aches  
My heart remembers more

My body aches

My heart is sore