

My Heart Is Not at Peace

Mount Eerie

if my heart were at peace
would it be a blossom?
or, satisfied, would it be a stone?
my heart is not at peace.
I woke up hungry.
there is wind but there's no song.
a satisfied heart,
half sleeping through the days
in the wind, in the home.
if my heart were at peace
I would have closed the doors and windows.
satisfaction feels like a tomb.
I was writhing in the tomb
my heart a frozen boulder
the "romance" and all I'd rejected
comes like music on the wind.
the violence in my heart,
the stone in the mountain,
all destroyed by the burning wind
all revealed by the sweeping broom