

# The Angle

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Volume 2010 | Issue 1

Article 14

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2010

## Twisted Hearts

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### Recommended Citation

Paynter, Destinee (2010) "Twisted Hearts," *The Angle*: Vol. 2010 : Iss. 1 , Article 14.  
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2010/iss1/14>

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## Twisted Hearts

### Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 12, Issue 1, 2010.

## TWISTED HEARTS

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poem by  
DESTINEE PAYNTER

Our hearts are entwined,  
In your mind.  
I try to torture myself,  
With thoughts of you and your hazel eyes  
Pulsing through my veins.  
I can hear my heart,  
Beating in sync with you  
Tip-toeing nearer.  
And then it starts . . .  
Seeping through my pores,  
The fear is overwhelming.  
The kind that stabs you in the gut  
Rendering you speechless,  
And picks you up . . .  
Only to do it again.  
And again . . .  
Till you're weightless,  
And it feels like you're flying,  
It feels like a tidal wave of emotions.  
And all you can do —  
Is gasp.  
Like you're drowning . . .  
I'm drowning in my own body,  
Just from looking at you.  
Your breath stimulating every hair,  
On the back of my neck.  
Your voice invading my body, like a toxin;  
You pollute me.  
I walk away, but I refuse to let you go.  
You steal the very breath from my lungs,  
And I'm not sure if that's a good thing?  
And I haven't quite figured you out yet . . .  
And as I cut you off,  
I can't help but chuckle at the rushing of blood to your cheeks,  
And that shortness of breath;  
You live to breathe.  
But pain —  
To cry . . .  
To bleed —  
Is to know you're alive.