The Human Essence

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2005/iss1/16
Bleeding, beating, pumping, pounding
The sound of the heart is so astounding.
It maintains life,
Yet in times of strife,
It aches and yearns for the suicide knife.

The heart is the vessel,
That contains all our love.
A love so special,
It must come from above.
The heart-love connection,
Sweet veins of confection.
The core of our being,
Is love’s great affection.

We search for that person,
The most perfect mate.
The one who understands us,
With whom we can relate.

Not knowing love is a deep hole in the heart,
To know love will fill that dark chasm inside.
To lose love will hurt; it will break you apart,
In the heart is where human duality resides.
The joy of the heart.
The pain of the heart.