Twisted Hearts

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

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2010/iss1/14
TWISTED HEARTS

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.