

Improbable Rescue of the Heart

Receiving a good update, and good words
from you, sending dispatches from the front,
your overworked mother's life in Denver.

Most glad to hear your ever sensitive
capacity, ever expanding, for joy—
as with your rhapsodic soul in Gmail:

*Glued to cnn.com right now
watching Chilean miners get rescued.
O! my heart!*

And bless that heart. May its nerve be prophecy
against this one: scheduled muscle mainly,
the heart that bears its function, nothing more,

that circulates its weariness and gall,
deigns to be hauled around on daily errands.
What a tiny, bitter pump it can become.

They all need similar desolations,
don't you think so? The briefer the better?
But a condescension nevertheless,

plummet in darkness. Till a gracious, sent
drilling breaks the lining, makes a tomb mouth.
Every heart needs a season of forthcoming,

twenty minutes upward in a cylinder.
The world's goodwill care meets it at the top,
and from the dusty opening the heart

emerges, once again steps blinkingly forth
into the blessed grove of patient living,
as the broad expanses brightly greet it.

And soon, as a kind of counter-explosion
that heals all, or seeming so, a thousand
flares of camera flashes telegraph one wish,

signal rare and never-dared-sought welcomes.
The heart's made steady, fed and blanketed,
surrounded by those other, besotted hearts,

their carriers. Some chose to write it all down
down there, but appreciate just the same
(irradiant now) the day's invisible stars.