

The Heart is a Gallery (A Poem)

The heart is a gallery of soft and hard thorns
hanged on a roofed fleshy promenade
surrounded by invisible spectators.

The heart is a pack of cards--
black and blank, clean and coloured
shuffled on fiery force dancing in motion.

The heart is our earth.
Dull roots spring up tares
covering this earth with long shadows
striding on dry brown rock with no trace of water.

The heart is our home--
a tourist site for sightseers,
a courtroom and a paradise
that brood thoughts like eggs.

This heart is our emotion.
Soft mourning ebbs in with grace
spreading in fluid-like grandeur
on a pavement decorated with drapes.

This heart forms a village of ocean
drawn from moving thoughts of emotional current
scooped in an electric circuit continuously sipped at intervals.

This heart has a firmament!
Spread your arms as it rains!
Breathe deep under the scorching sun!
Touch the stars at night for a wish!

This heart has a sky.
Raise your eyes high.
Search the clouds for beauty when
Rainbow smiles in seven colours.

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