



My Heart Being Fragile
Poem By Jenny Linnea Lantz

And all the time I thought
it was my
heart
being fragile

that my ghosts
finally had
caught up with me
even though I'd seen them
lurch in the distance

that I didn't really reach
all the way in
to what was lurking in there

And yet
all the time
there was something
inside
me
inside my tissues
my blood stream

that tore and pulled
and cut

and all my efforts
trying to find the answer
in my heart
was nothing but a bandaid

on an ulcer

and the only thing that can really
soothe

is knowing that nothing I could do
would ever be enough