

The HOWL

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Heart

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In my heart is someone like who again?
A young girl who
Likes to read and write, who
Laughs with her friends, who
Sings in the shower, who
Misses the beach, who
Walks through millions of sand grains
Barefoot, and who
Works hard. But not hard enough, since,
It doesn't matter, even if

I have a heart of gold.

I need a golden heart,
One so metallic, heavy, cold,
Hard, more expensive than mine.
Scientifically, but not quite, I question:
How does the golden heart function?
Does it go lub dup, or does it go clink clank?
Does blood run through the vessels, or does oil?
Or perhaps the blood of the enemy?
How does one acquire the golden heart?
If I had a golden heart,
Would my tears be liquid gold? Or even sterling silver? Perhaps,
I would be more valuable then.