

“Dark Heart”
By: Lauren Foster

My heart, once beamed with light, has fallen into the shallow darkness
I've decided to release the harness to fall on the hardness of the ground
Somehow, that is still better than accepting my newfound Dark Heart
Dark Heart is a grand piano
Pin pricking and aggressively enunciating the black keys of sorrow and depression
Listening to songs played in minors
Dark Heart is a gate to a mansion surrounded by electric barbed wire
Static shock
Anxiety has me running nowhere
As long as it's nowhere near Dark Heart
Dark Heart is a seagull-pigeon hybrid
Scoping and searching until they discover and eat crumbs of me
Crumbs of what's left of me
Dark Heart is a vicious, bloodthirsty savage
It'll wreak havoc until it seeps its blackness into every red vein and artery
It'll play archery until it hits bullseyes right in a bull's eye
No wonder bulls get enraged when they see red
Dark Heart is a veterinarian
Analyzing, poking holes, and testing me like a lab animal as if I'm some kind of animal
I'm only an animal inside my own mind
Running wild like an insolent child with no ideals or idols
Dark Heart is childish for making me feel selfish about wanting my scars to be embellished
It created and crafted the scars, so it only makes sense
Dark Heart is a surreal realist
Yanking the safety blanket of anxiety off of me and wrapping it around Its own dark shoulders
Mountains and boulders come crashing down to crash my safe haven
My bed
Magically, ache, and migraine is placed on and inside my head
Dark Heart is a magician
One day here, the next...gone
One day, it'll be...dawn
Fawn and flowers will erupt from the cowardice of the darkness
But it's only an illusion
Inception
That's what I get for biting the hand that feeds me
Like I said
One day here, the next...gone

One day gone, the next...here

One day is gone, and the next...is in here

I am consumed to and by my newfound Dark Heart