

“Organ Donor”
By: Lauren Foster

My heart is just an organ
My fingers play the keys on the organ
As my organs gush out of me and flutter into memories
My eyes can't see anymore
My body can't process operating anymore
And I'm sorry to say, but my bladder can't make me pee anymore
It's like I said before

Doors will be doors
Hearts will still be hearts
Hearts will still make you feel
Doors will still conceal
Hearts will still bleed
Hearts will still lead you to doors
But doors won't answer
Until, let's be real, until you get diagnosed with cancer

Hearts will still bleed
Hearts will still be in need
Even if, it's not in my body
Even if, it's not in your body
Even if, it's not in the owner's body
Even if, it's out of the body
Suffocating and estranged in a plastic bag that goes back in the body
Your body, my body is a shell
A reality doorbell reminding what the hell is going on

Dying, I'm dying
My body is tired of trying
My body is a pale shell that still bleeds
But there are others in need
Others who deserve the experience of being in a body
The sights
The feels and heartbreaks
The thrills
The relief

Yes, I am an organ donor
I'm used to giving my heart to people
Others deserve my heart because we're equal
Through my heart, others can see that hearts will still be hearts
Hearts will still bleed
Hearts will still be in need
Hearts will still feel
Hearts will still know what's real
When I die
My only kidney will be in another body
My eyes and what I've seen will be in another body
My heart will be in another body
My heart will become a body