

Your Heart Should Die

By **Helen J. Dixon**

When your heart is broken, you're supposed to die.
Why, then, do I continue to breathe?
One breath follows the other, my battered heart, still beating
Steadfast, true, onward.
Constantly pumping blood to my other organs
unaware of the devastation taking place inside the heart.
Each artery, vein, capillary.
Blissfully ignorant to the pain inside love's component.
How do I go on, why do I go on?
When all I want to do is curl up and make an end?
When your heart is broken, you should die.
No matter, the pain, we keep on moving forward
Step upon step
'Til we wind up on the other side to
Forgetfulness.

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