

Like a Heartbeat

By Marla J. Deaton

My heart races when I think of you,
In your eyes, I see who I want you to be.
In your arms, I imagine me there,
My heart sees what it wants to see.

Seeing you're not real, it pounds anyway,
Out of instinct, want and need.
I remind it that you don't care,
You only have love to take.

With nothing to give in return,
It doesn't care.
It just wants and wants and wants,
Like a heartbeat.