

ONE LONG SEASON

*It is true that every heart breaks
breaks more than once
insistent and absolutely
faithful to each breaking
curiously alone and childless
dropped whole into the empty abyss
of the hollow breast.*

*You might recall the clear crack of dry wood
the smoke of that sound so heavy in the air
that odor so pure and something like cedar
like cedar but much more brittle.*

*Perhaps the heart breaks like buried bitter-root
if there is such a thing
if it could be dug up and dried
as clean and white
as a cracked femur in the desert.*

*The heart is a full and lumpy bag
come loose at the stitching
and tossed into a corner
where many things are spilled out
rattling and hissing upon the floor.*

*It is all and always unfinished business
seeds in the wind
leaves on the surface of the frozen ground
the hard ground of breaking and healing
breaking and healing.*

*both insistent and indistinguishable
they follow each other so closely
like tiny fish this marriage of break and heal
break and heal.*

*It is just one long season
the heart and its blood
the pod and its sticky milk
released to heal itself.*

—Brad L. Roghaar