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My Heart the Wanderer // Alyssa Boisvert

It is night.
A thousand foamy stars dance in the sky,
A bubble bath of light deluged in dark,
One that I want to dive into.

Alas, I cannot rest,
I must hunt my heart.
Again it is rambling.
I feel its unflagging footsteps as it runs to you.

I know it makes this journey,
A thousand times in the lonely blackness.
Back

And forth.

It goes when it thinks I am not looking.
Even as I sit wordless,
Even as I dream.

Always I must call it back.
Rarely does it listen.

My commands slide away,
Like pebbles over a cliff's edge,
Falling and forgotten.

Patternless,
Out of control,
It goes
and comes.

But when it reaches me again,
It is a crunched up coke can,
The wind knocked out of it,
Empty, cold.

And you.

You are the one that steps on my coke can heart.

I wait for the symphony of daybreak,
To push pure sense upon the wanderer within me.
But still I feel its unflagging footsteps,
And I know it will take the sunshine of many days,
Until my heart sleeps through this lonely night.