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We Think the Heart Can Hold Most Anything Kathleen McGookey

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Kathleen McGookey

WE THINK THE HEART CAN HOLD MOST ANYTHING

Of course it is raining. It is always raining when I am waiting. We think the heart can hold most anything: a man laid me to the floor, his smooth hand behind my neck. Here, I am most vulnerable; he tries to protect me and something, his soul?, rises in his throat. What light brought us here, what swift glitter of coins? I used to think that when I rid myself of clocks and time cards, I could invite the great white bird in. But behind each clock face lies a bird, an angel with blown-glass hair, delicate as a winter breath, exhaled. I can't fold the map to bring two points together, like in books, when someone, you?, travels a great distance. You just step into seven-league boots, even in rain, and do it, the trees and animals falling away while you save the princess in the child or the old woman digging in the vegetable garden. In those stories, like in life, desire trips you up. What you most want in the world is always next door or under your nose by the hearth. Or the lack of it is so powerful you can't possibly take one step in those seven-league boots, can't travel to the wet street where today a woman exhales her angel breath into the rain: she is waiting, without a red umbrella, without boots. She is waiting in the rain.