

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 7 | 1998

Difficulty In My Heart

Kathleen McGookey

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DIFFICULTY IN MY HEART

Enough dogs and grace, enough feathers and gold, finally a way around the difficulty in my heart—I am small and sad and sorry. How it hurts, this managing a life. Yet people do. So there. So the man puts on his hat and walks out of the bank. The money is irrelevant, someone says. The woman puts on her green dress and goes to work, wastes her heart on envelopes and paper clips and the whole thing must be done again tomorrow and tomorrow, a sea of faces painted gold, a pointy sea of envelopes. Nothing as important as a small heart in the crowd, a mud puddle, the sun at the window. There's no rhythm in my feet or heart, just plodding—get it done, get it done. Maybe the money will pile up. Maybe not. I am walking in the glamour of my good health. Wouldn't it be nice to sleep a hundred years, wake dressed like a grandmother, safe to a degree in your own skin, and someone at your elbow? But I am not a beauty when I'm awake, with unappealing thoughts and insecurities. Will there be enough? If not? I have one wish and I wish . . . for everything to show its true colors, so the eye will be satisfied, the eye-teeth, but not my poor misguided heart.