

New Beginnings: Leanne Russell

I can't talk to you
I can't hear your voice
or the words that may tumble from your mouth
Barely disguised happiness you have found with her.
My heart is as if in a box
The box lies within my chest cavity
My heart is alive
Ticking weakly against blood smeared walls
Fresh from emergency resuscitation
Platitudes, hugs, reassurances
You are strong ... you can do this ...
Whispered through temporary life lines.
My heart is a foetus trying to survive
Severed valves surgeons anticipate will take root
and connect with my body once more.
Memories embedded within, may rejig and flow in harmony
Rather than lying dormant
Typed letters of love
Frozen and disbanded
Decouped against flimsy tissue
That once coursed with warm blood

I can't hear that you love her
I can't bury my pain
Nor block out my imaginings
Poignant dreams and images taunt like a horror film playing in my head
I wake with mind racing, dull ache and twisted innards
I know not what weather God has turned on today
Can I hear rain? Will the day be dull and overcast like my heart?

I feel hopeful the sun will be out and the rain I imagined won't make my day
that bit harder - grey tears to match my mood ...

I concoct a story for my lonely heart to believe ... *rain is nurturing.*

You ask at 2am if I want to talk

Yes, I want to hear you say you love me.

Miss me ... your love affair is over.

My heart may begin to warm.

I dreamt I saw you walking away ... cold, no emotion.

I watched from above all weak and helpless

I saw myself in that shallow grave, with the cardboard box and my
disconnected heart lying within it.

I realised my strength won't come from you.

I'm waiting for sunshine and happiness ... for my broken heart to thrive and
take root once more...

And the warm gushing of healing blood will whoosh around the twists and
turns of my withering arteries,

Dislodge those frozen typewritten letters ... take them to a place where they
will form words and new meaning

No longer displaced, but forming a new story - foundations.

And the cardboard box will fall away and in its place will be a garden of hope
and beauty and the breath of life will be reborn.