

HEAVY

HURTS

There's a hollow hole in my heart,  
where I hoped that you'd follow  
—hesitant halting—but here.

Have you heard? Hailstones bring penitents  
gallows humor. Skipping a beat, breaking  
our backs 'til we bleat out: "heavy".  
Just one word honey,  
have you heard it?  
Hallow things are heavy, but beautiful.  
And they bring butterfly beats with heavy  
hearts, hands hesitant, bristling with—

There's a hollow hole in my heart,  
That I'll leave to follow...  
where headwaters break bones  
in the rapids, and a butterfly  
beats heavy wings.