

A Wrestler's Heart

Jered Slusher

They ask me why I charge into that ring
And I reply, "where else have I to go?"
My heart was whole at once, but now,
Through holes the blood shall flow –
Empty space – burrowed by the fingers
Of a tyrant's promise of gold sheath
And a black-tongued mistress, two-faced,
Spewing fame through her clenched teeth.
And there are fibrous gray threads of blight
Stitched round the rim of my heart's gaps,
To support the ceaseless void, I know,
and another thumb, perhaps,
But the holes have not lack nor drought
For through them nothing floods,
And then the sewer plants his seeds,
So desire sprouts and purpose buds.
Then the ring beckons with balmy hands
And allows the plant to grow, I think,
From competition and accolades
The roots do take their drink.
Until the saw of naught cuts through
And the ring begins to fade,
So does the precious dream dry up,
And the heart is left betrayed.
But now I charge to that ring head first,
The holes filled, heart thumping hot,
And I reply, "where else have I?"
Elsewhere my heart has not.