

Sure of Heart

Rush	Tender
In, starved.	Machine
Out, brimming,	Laboring to
Relieved.	ambitions
Tuned and	unknown.

Can the heart ever perceive
The faith of the family her blood fuels?
Will these lungs savor
The smell of her son's hair as his
Cells travel beyond his body?

Breathe in, I love you.

-- *Jenny O'Grady*