

He's a Thief

Eliza DeMarseilles

He stole a piece of my heart, attached it to a voodoo doll
made of an old potato sack stuffed with dirt, stuck pins in it
till crimson holes formed, then stuffed the punctures
with rotten cherry pits and compost leftover from yesterday's lunch.
When that piece of my heart was too swollen to take anymore
he dug a ditch in the backyard and discarded it, taking care
to throw some fresh dung on top to mark the spot.
He let it fester there till I asked for it back,
then took me to the burial spot, where instead of the doll
I found a sturdy sapling adorned with pink cherry blossoms
that smelled of springtime.