

I Thought My Heart Would Burst...
Musings from "The Psychic"
by Brit

I thought my heart would burst...
there are no words for the fear that taunted me
like a cold, cold trickle running down my spine
watching you run full tilt—a girl's life in your hands
I could see you labor for breath
each stride eating away at uncaring streets

I thought my heart would burst...
there are no words for the anguish that propelled me
I saw you go down—I think my heart stopped beating
shards of window glass fragmenting
jagged slivers everywhere
or was that my heart?

I thought my heart would burst...
there are no words for the rage that consumed me
justice—such an antiseptic word for my fiery condemnation
I hope the flames of hell are hotter
revenge ain't sweet, but bitter
why can't I breathe?

I thought my heart would burst...
there are no words for the fist around my heart
I push my way through a morbid crowd
afraid of what I'll find, afraid of not knowing
how can I even begin to grieve?
Kaddish—I feel myself dying too

I thought my heart would burst...
there are no words for the astonishment that washes over me
to see you leaning there
my hand trembles as I reach out to you
I can feel your heart beating, and mine as well
we made it... again...
again...

I thought my heart would burst...
there are no words for the relief beyond all hope and reason
my muscles betray me, I can't even stand
or help you to stand
"I thought you were dead!"
I acted before thinking...
I do that a lot
or so you remind me
but this...
this was different...
this was you
this was us...

I thought...