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The Exhibit

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The Exhibit

Timothy Solano

The memory of that cold, final kiss
engages our painful dismay.
As the depth of a lover's conscious deceit
sets broken hearts on display.

Numerous faces gaze upon the glass box,
probing the organ for content.
This hollow muscle would be much better cast
by museum in lieu of this convent.

For emotional worth has long since been drained,
yet the vessel remains here so scarred.
All of the while the box becomes stained,
the extraction, near fatally marred.

As people file through the velvet-clad rope,
it fears the bright light, which will spurn.
Despiteously awaiting the coming approach
Of the next set of eyes to discern.

The judgment in their scrutinizing glance
makes the heart long for injunction.
Were it a book of some forlorn romance,
no one reads beyond introduction;

Dismal is the beat that moves the heart on,
but it realizes that it must go.
For soon this box will be shipped away
to Paris or maybe Chicago.

Where the heart goes has been preordained
by the body and the rest of its tomb.
But the heart is unwilling to lay down and die
and unable to heal from this wound.

So journey we must with our hearts on our sleeve,
awaiting the next hopeful excursion.
For to give up and never to try love again
would be a sin against life, a perversion.

The body is said to be but a box
containing our life's complete story.
Deceivers and liars, though smart like a fox,
expunge from within us, our glory.

So, let us move slowly through this exhibit called life.
We must not be hurried for love,
lest our hearts be found on display once again
And in fear of the light up above.