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By Cynthia Ybarra

I would not cage his heart, cutting off life giving blood

Coursing through chamber and valve,

Keeping time with universe...

The tic toc, lub dub more than machinations

And electrical impulse moving the muscle inside

This chest

The heart is the keeper of secrets, the gauge of passion

The temple of lovers

It guides vulnerable body toward the other...

Opening up, gentle hands, soft lips, sweet caress

I would not harden this hears against the free flight of love

Even when fear sits on sternum,

Stopping breath, searing pain though body and soul

The heart is more than the sums of its parts

Chordea tendinae and subvalvular apparatus preventing

Prolapse of valve

It is life giving, inside and out

It is sacred, between and within

I will not cage I will not harden

This heart is true, this heart is alive, this heart is mine.