

Recycle

By Liz Peterson

Well hello, my little heart-flame!

I didn't see you there.

With such dull incandescence,

You left me unawares

that, indeed, you were still thriving

(though struggled it has been)

Can hearts be so re-woven?

Recycled in the bin?

My own, it seems to feel so,

As headless rabbits rhyme,

So I'm glad you found the pieces,

though recycling takes some time.