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American Beauty

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Haunting Hymn
by: Sarah Goldberg

When you're not the melody
My neurons are buzzing to,
Or when my heart deviates
From chanting in rhythm,
To your name,
To your existence,
As a drum calling out to you,
Or a violin crying for you,
Even if only for a beat,
The universe always recites you again,
Often through dreams,
Ambushing me,
So that even though I have not seen you in years,
Imprinted upon me still
Are your green eyes gazing at me,
And your curly honey hair flowing around me,
And your warm, soft skin grazing and even embracing me.
From this, I am then tossed, discarded,
Into a reality where
My heart's calls and cries reach for you,
Yet you never seem to hear them,
Each time, ripping open old wounds that are far from healed,
Reminding my heart why its throat so often goes sore,
Why it persists till it can barely force out a sound,
Renewing within me a noxious ballad,
With lyrics of my hope, desire, need, that maybe,
Maybe someday, you will hear it,
And that maybe, you will like it,
Play it on loops,
And that maybe, your heart will even sing for me too,
Belting it out, like, when singing, you do,
Resonating so sweetly that it may soothe my heart's stinging throat.

Artwork:
American Beauty
by Abigail Tami

