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Heartless

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Author Note

“I want to be a neurologist or neuroscientist, and in my spare time, I am found at the gym, basketball courts, or in a book.”

Heartless

Ezana Assefa

Home is where the heart is. I wonder where my heart is...
And if a home remains unknown, does that make me heartless?

The heart is where the home is. I wonder where my home is...
If my heart remains apart, am I considered homeless?

A home once was where my heart used to be
A love-craved castle with fantasies as far as the eye can see

Trust and delight fortified every crack and seam
While hope and security formed every column and beam

What seemed to be an indestructible structure
Was destroyed with an unexpected internal rupture

We vigilantly defend the outer, forgetting tragedies strike from within
We diligently focus upon the hour, forgetting they are composed of minutes

Home is where the heart is. I wonder now, where my heart is...
Since home, I am alone, wondering where my heart is.
It is departed.

– inspired by F.R.