Heartless

Ezana Assefa
Nova Southeastern University

Follow this and additional works at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions

Part of the Art and Design Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol13/iss1/5

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the CAHSS Journals at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Digressions Literary Magazine by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.
Heartless

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.”

This poetry is available in Digressions Literary Magazine: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol13/iss1/5
Death’s Epiphany

Kyle Boltson

I fear death for lack of faith.  
Yet many times I have died in dreams, only to wake up and experience a greater reality.  
Perhaps one day I will die, only to enter into a greater reality.

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.