

POEM BY MARINA BLITSHTEYN

MY HEART'S STRUCTURE IS SOUND

For S.

Sometimes I pass my fingertip
to that part of my neck
and feel the flutter there,
my impeccable soldier at play, break.
I feel each footfall as he rolls away and back;
a solid march,
a marvelous breadth to the pulse

God drills. How effortlessly he lets
a soft fist pass against my tip and knock.
Slow and steady,
without making
any sudden movements, or the wings will flatten,
fragile in your wrist;
do not stir
or try to guide
whatever runs the blood
and makes it drum. Take

great care with your heart,
daughter, my mother
said, so I hear it
closing and listen in.
The battle says, begin,
begin.