

Heart

by [Paula Bohince](#) in the [March 7, 2006](#) issue

Now there is only the heart—
oiled and rosy
as a hoof—and within its wooded walls
lives an evergreen:
on each bough, the jeweled gestures
of birds in winter.

There is the pain of isolation,
thus any snowfall becomes solace
layering each needle, each
feather so slowly
that both are gradually disfigured, made
similar, then hidden entirely.