My Shield

Some would say the heart is the most precious organ in the body

But I disagree, see for me it’s my mind

It’s hunger for reason must be fed

It’s thirst for information must be quenched and this precious vulnerability must be protected

Solitaire exercises of discipline strengthen these walls with lessons so essential their very nutrients must be extracted from the most sacred of confines

Locks, rusted with petrifying shadows of blame

Contempt fills these boxes that if released arbitrarily could prove to be terminal

Preparation has skilled me of such treachery but no YOU attacked the heart

An organ most would say is the most precious because it can cloud reason and influence the masochist that is the human brain

Turning pain into tranquil contempt

Removing logic from the vital equation of understanding into a dismal acceptance of average

Well I’m here to tell you though your best efforts, your attempts at my emotional demise have proven to be futile

I stand before you wise to your woes spun effortlessly weaving a pictured filled with promise and no action

My heart, although damaged will learn from this strife and beat stronger and better than ever before.

It shall not ache nor bleed for you, but it thanks you for your time….and this lesson.