

Chamber Music

**You enter my Heart
Through my right atrium—
I'm full-swelled with you.
Jointly we thrum,
Lub-Dub our tongue.**

**My heartwood is plum.
Your Jack Horner's thumb
Knots two into One
But too fierce our green heat:
Warped, we're undone.**

**Cordis sans cordes
Dumb sounds my tongue
—Fully unstrung—
This Heart, alpine rue,
Bitter and numb.**

**My abacus Heart counts only you.
The depths we once plumbed,
My lost laudanum—
How you still swing the gate
Of my left atrium!**