

## **One Heart**

From *Walking to Martha's Vineyard* by Franz Wright

It is late afternoon and I have just returned from the longer version of my walk nobody knows about. For the first time in nearly a month, and everything has changed. It is the end of March, once more I have lived. This morning a young woman described what it's like shooting coke with a baby in your arms. The astonishing windy and altering light and clouds and water were, at certain moments, You.

There is only one heart in my body, have mercy on me.

The brown leaves buried all winter creatureless feet running over dead grass beginning to green, the first scent less violet here and there, returned, the first star noticed all at once as one stands staring into the black water.

Thank You for letting me live for a little as one of the sane; thank You for letting me know what this is like. Thank You for letting me look at your frightening blue sky without fear, and your terrible world without terror, and your loveless psychotic and hopelessly lost

with this love