

His Heart's in the Right Place

is how you've been described,
as if it might be otherwise: wedged beside
the spleen, perhaps, or swollen in a vein,
the ultimate in chic designer clots.

But, is that what you want,
a good-boy's heart as comfortable
as beans on toast or marriage,
an organ with a bland Bontempi beat?

Or one that takes a leap, abseils down
a pendant chain to rough camp
on the camber of a breast;

Or wakes up, bruised and baffled,
with the satisfying itch of healing skin?
A heart that's gone astray,
a displaced heart.

Heather Reid