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I had a heart like an upturned ashtray.

I spoke smoke. People held their breath.
When I found you, ash was all I had to
pile at your feet.

I did not know what you would do
with my dire, dirtying heart crumbled
there, burning.

Would you brush it off, blow it out,
heap it, beating, in your palm offend
the wind with it?

No, you found soil, seeded it. You
poured my heart in, stirred what I
had wasted. And we waited.

