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## Missing - One Heart

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**Missing- One Heart**

By: Mallory Fitzpatrick

“Young lady,”

“No thank you.” I keep walking.

“Please, miss, it’s for the homeless.” I keep walking.

“Find your heart.”

I. Keep. Walking.

My heart? Find it? Is it missing?

Sometimes I think it has been missing for a long time,

sometimes I think it’s been gone for years,

sometimes I think I am empty inside.

I dig my fingers under the edge of my ribcage and think:

There is nothing in there to protect.

No heart, just words—

my whole chest is full of words

and some day my ribs will crack and

my chest will break open and

all those words I couldn’t say will pour out and

drown me from the inside out

filling up my lungs chest throat

all that empty space where my heart should be.

Maybe I’ll rent out the space.

Or put up flyers, only three words.

Missing: one heart.