

## God the Mother Speaks of Hearts

*Dayna Patterson*

won't you agree with me the heart's a glorious organ

moon jelly    a ghost heart throbbing in ocean  
 lily bulb    an earth heart humming underground  
 bear    a furred heart curled up in cave's dark

I'm fond of hearts the way chefs are fond of salt

snowflake in the snowball's down    cold heart  
 moon    night's heart rinsing earth to pearl  
 thrush    feathered heart rushing limb to crown

liberal with my gifts    why not put a little in everything

horse    a chestnut heart champing in her field  
 pear    gold heart of autumn in the basket of your hands  
 fetus's heart a mother's heart    how she bends to hear its hold

scattergood    I impart the essential ingredient

black hole a galaxy's heart    threaded veins of light  
 burnwork at the center of earth    molten heart  
 nucleus thrumming with simple purpose    atom's heart

when you rock to your motor's whirring    remember

I knit every heart    to mine  
 even the tongue    mouth's heart pulsing through a poem  
 even a queen    hive's heart pumping a honeyed hum