

## Howards Alias "Beat Heart, Beat"

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Lines from this black box are too easily  
Made into thoughts in my head that I wish would not  
stay.  
Why am I always ahead of this game?  
In trying to I find there's nothing to save!  
The times that I spend on my own are both blessings  
And bastards depending on that way in which I  
Inflect on them; this changes daily and so what I'm  
Left with at the end of the day is this:  
An elegant fury so blessed and sweet yet so cold  
And ferocious when stood on it's feet it scares  
Even me, half to death. Half awake, I sit here  
Today to move on without haste but the current  
Is strong and my idle thoughts weak. Things that  
I care for, not nurtured, look bleak.  
But as I ready myself to stand up and go out.  
I only need think one more though here and now;

I am not alone.

Beat heart, beat.

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