

## **Michael McGuire**

### **"Heart Like A Pump"**

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guess there's something to be said for anything, but  
there's more  
meaning in the breath than the words, lying awake at  
night trying to  
rehearse a dream, you just admit flying is for the birds  
sights and sounds  
and mirrors reflect the souls grotesque, beauty is the  
burp of a tanked up  
party girl, and even the future that you planned now  
seems so  
kafkaesque, as the planet stops its spin your head  
begins to whirl never  
is the nowhere of all possible places, time is a bullet  
waiting for the hole  
in your back, and you try to find a way to use the void to  
fill up all the  
empty spaces, some kind of mystic nonsense for the  
practical wisdom you  
lack animal instincts and moon howling grace, if you  
could just crawl back  
to the cradle pristine wordless thoughts, if you could  
just see somebody  
when you look into your face, you broke all your  
blessings fixing all your  
faults heart like a pump, mind like a dump.

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