

The Day My Heart Broke

Bridget Henderson

The day my heart broke
You were nowhere to be found.
Not at the neatly trimmed and
White striped soccer field,
Not in the park where children giggled as
Oak canvassed the sunny sky.

You weren't near the convenience store
Being devoured by bright red plastic
Or the pool with shimmering
Droplets and twinkling waves.

I didn't find you at your office where
Stuffy brown suits and tired, grave
Expressions swallowed everyone
Or in the library holding looming
Monstrous bookshelves in every dark corner.

I searched all day for you until
The sun sank into horizon's cover.
So I went home, dragging
My little canvas bag behind me sadly,
Not caring if gravel gnawed at
The bottom.
I had failed.

I trudged up the chipping white steps,
Wood creaking in anguish as my
Bag thumped against it.
The screen door shuddered behind and
I wiped tears from my cheeks with
My grungy little six year old hands.

All day and I couldn't find you.
I plodded into the kitchen, utterly
Defeated as the yellow and lime green
Linoleum greeted me warmly.
I looked up and there you
Were, backed turned to me.

Delight washed over me!
I took one step forward but
My blood ran cold.
You were angry under fluorescent
Lights and now you saw me.

You hunched over a glass
Bottle; it was empty but
You wanted more. You
Threw that hollow
Bottle against the wall, the
Sound of glass shattering echoing
In my young ears.