

The Itch

Beau Farris

your heart feels itchy sometimes
like a palm covets for a smooth rock
something tangible that has immense
weight. and when thrown, leaves total euphoria

but—your heart is not a person
it doesn't have a mind to tell its non-
existent hands what it wants to touch and throw
it just wants

you'll need a buzzsaw to crack open your
ribcage. because you're infatuated with some-one
who you don't really love
and it kills you. what you've
built to protect you heart stabs your lungs

you'll realize the hole in your heart
is your heart
the emptiness felt is your heart silently screaming
what your soul is meant for
you just need to listen

and when you finally scratch that irresistible itch
you'll realize that you didn't really scratch an itch
if you consider your heart, it feels like a warm hug
embracing the entirety of what's important: you.