

# Heart

by [Paula Bohince](#) in the [March 7, 2006](#) issue

Now there is only the heart—  
oiled and rosy  
as a hoof—and within its wooded walls  
lives an evergreen:  
on each bough, the jeweled gestures  
of birds in winter.

There is the pain of isolation,  
thus any snowfall becomes solace  
layering each needle, each  
feather so slowly  
that both are gradually disfigured, made  
similar, then hidden entirely.