



A Valentine

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50

Jane Wisniewski

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I come to you for help
with the things
the doctors can't deal with
I dump my sorrows out
like so much dirty laundry.
We agree I have a job to do.
You say you understand my pain.
Your people die young.
Their hearts fail them.
You live with the fear
that your heart will fail you.
I cannot understand
how you do what you do.
After my hour of pain,
how many more do you
see in a day?
It seems to me
your heart is strong,
well-worn, well scrubbed,
sweet with the sun,
tattered with use,
a sturdy heart.

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