my brain and  
heart divorced  
  
a decade ago  
  
over who was  
to blame about  
how big of a mess  
I have become  
  
eventually,  
they couldn't be  
in the same room  
with each other  
  
now my head and heart  
share custody of me  
  
I stay with my brain  
during the week  
  
and my heart  
gets me on weekends  
  
they never speak to one another  
   
    - instead, they give me  
the same note to pass  
to each other every week  
  
and their notes they  
send to one another always  
says the same thing:  
  
"This is all your fault"  
  
on Sundays  
my heart complains  
about how my  
head has let me down  
in the past  
  
and on Wednesday  
my head lists all  
of the times my  
heart has screwed  
things up for me  
in the future  
  
they blame each  
other for the  
state of my life  
  
there's been a lot  
of yelling - and crying  
  
so,  
  
    lately, I've been  
spending a lot of  
time with my gut  
  
who serves as my  
unofficial therapist  
  
most nights, I sneak out of the  
window in my ribcage  
  
and slide down my spine  
and collapse on my  
gut's plush leather chair  
that's always open for me  
  
~ and I just sit sit sit sit  
until the sun comes up  
  
last evening,  
my gut asked me  
if I was having a hard  
time being caught  
between my heart  
and my head  
  
I nodded  
  
I said I didn't know  
if I could live with  
either of them anymore  
  
"my heart is always sad about  
something that happened yesterday  
while my head is always worried  
about something that may happen tomorrow,"  
I lamented  
  
my gut squeezed my hand  
  
"I just can't live with  
my mistakes of the past  
or my anxiety about the future,"  
I sighed  
  
my gut smiled at said:  
  
"in that case,  
you should  
go stay with your  
lungs for a while,"  
  
I was confused  
  - the look on my face gave it away  
  
"if you are exhausted about  
your heart's obsession with  
the fixed past and your mind's focus  
on the uncertain future  
  
your lungs are the perfect place for you  
  
there is no yesterday in your lungs  
there is no tomorrow there either  
  
there is only now  
there is only inhale  
there is only exhale  
there is only this moment  
  
there is only breath  
  
and in that breath  
you can rest while your  
heart and head work  
their relationship out."  
  
this morning,  
while my brain  
was busy reading  
tea leaves  
  
and while my  
heart was staring  
at old photographs  
  
I packed a little  
bag and walked  
to the door of  
my lungs  
  
before I could even knock  
she opened the door  
with a smile and as  
a gust of air embraced me  
she said  
  
"what took you so long?"  
  
   ~ john roedel