

## Teleheartache

Sarah Murrell

I slept until the sun went down  
and crawled from the bed to the floor.  
I put on my frazzled, cow-licked crown,  
Assured my waking of a settled score.

Addled, I walked and walked until  
the grass had turned to blacktop cuts.  
My naked feet profaned my will  
which had lead them, mindless, thus.

Blood-shod steps I left on the trunk  
of a tree I've never climbed  
I waited until the height had sunk  
the feelings I'd released, mistimed.

I swung out towards the streets, the cars  
and dug, barehanded, into my chest.  
The scene was pedestrian yet bizarre  
But still my bleeding, beating best.

No one stopped, no one sighed  
just worked their horns till hoarse.  
I swaddled my pride in sheets of night  
and thought it par for course.