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IN THE ROOM OF YOUR HEART

By Joy Wong Liu

In the great wide room
that is your heart,
there is a rocket ship,
and a red guitar,

and pictures of
the people you love--
the new and the old
and the near and the far.

There's a closet for
forgotten facts
(like spelling words
and regrettable acts),

and a large black dog

with pointy ears
guards the trap door
that hides your fears.

In the great wide room
that is your heart,

the ceiling glows
with sticker stars
that catch all the wishes
you make in the dark.

And up on the mattress
jump your joys
with pillows for fighting
and plenty of noise.

You scramble and tumble
and crumble with laughs
and wriggle and giggle
in tickle attacks.

Then all of a sudden

life slams into pain--
tears rush down
like a terrible rain,
which thunders upon
the roof of your heart
and threatens to shake
your world apart.

In the room of your heart
there's a rocking chair
where love lifts you up
and dries your hair.

Lean into love,
and you shall hear...

the beat of the heart
that holds you dear,
the whispered words
that calm your fears,

the strength of your breath
as it rises and falls,
the silence that comes
after moments of awe.

Then the clock on the wall
where time stands still
gives you a moment
to feel what you feel.

"Goodnight," you smile
in the hush of the dark--
come tomorrow what may,
there is room in your heart.