

## My Brain and Heart

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 and 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