

## Unfolding

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When your heart breaks, it breaks open,  
Like a child unfurling their clenched fist  
To reveal a mushy, melted chocolate kiss.  
Or a bowl of cereal tumbling to the ground,  
Potential energy spilling out into the expanse.

There's a comfort in closing oneself,  
Like zipping up a jacket in winter  
To protect against the cold.  
Who could ever bear the unbuttoning,  
Exposing a tender torso  
To icy blasts of uncaring wind?

And yet we all brave the ordeal,  
Over and over and over again:  
Walking towards another...fearful,  
Raising both limbs from our sides,  
Holding out our hands...hopeful,  
Letting someone loosen each finger,  
Trembling there with everything to lose...naked,  
Unveiling what is truly at all of our centers,  
A wounded, *enduring* heart.