



Kristen Oliva

Paper Void

Paper Heart

—Pamela Rondo

I fold the paper,
heart shaped,
knowing that it,
like us
won' t last.
Tears fall,
and I watch
ink wash the lines away—
smears of lavender
and blue
flood dark
like rain.
Little by little
I unfold
the possibility—
a breaking
of my heart,
the suffering,
ache,
grief—
as we part.
This paper heart,
no longer
whole,
fractured
by you
in all this
sorrow,
for it was only
a maybe,
not a guarantee.