

Break Me

Warren D'Souza

My heart is on the table and he tells me to fix it.
 But what do I fix? I don't see it's broken it's there I know what I am -
 He cuts me off. It's *broken*. You're *broken*.
 What a strange word. A calm word. Say it with me now. Broken. How do-
 you stay calm when you describe the heart's accelerating entropy as *broken*.
 That's all it is, right? Entropy. The broken is natural. Give it time.
 Now wait entropy doesn't work like that.

Now I agree with him. Broken. That's my word. Not just my word but actually me. And
 I need to fix it. Me.

I look at the heart and see it is breaking. Almost two pieces now.
 Wait how did that happen it was whole just a second ago NO It was broken all along, you just
 tried not to know.

The tattered strips of cloth in my hands dripped my blood.

I hold the strips and moved my heart left. He says no. I move it right. He still says no. I
 put it back in the middle and he glares. Still broken.

Angry now. I lift the cloth and press against him. He pushes back. I press harder. Blood
 drips down to the heart. It's working. Harder.

The mirror shattered and he was gone.

Now we're both broken. But I wanted to be him. He could disappear when the broken-
 ness was too much.