
Dead heart

She simply sat there and observed her ailing mother.

She wasn't sure whether to give up or muster the confidence to keep staring at her helplessly.

Her heart didn't agree, even though her intellect knew it was finished.

Before it could happen, she witnessed it.

She appeared as though she were watching a movie as her life without her mother passed her by.

She was aware that a piece of her would also perish at that same instant.

She stood up and went outside to cease staring.

Upon returning, she saw that it had already been finished and she was unable to cry aloud.

Her heart split into a million fragments that were irreparable.

Who would dare to attempt to repair a heart that has stopped beating and cannot be resurrected, a heart that has coffin-like walls surrounding it, who would dare to even gaze at a heart that is lifeless.

Now that her creator has passed away, she is left to try and organize an unorganizable heart.

She overdosed on narcotics, smoked till her lungs were black, and self-harmed, but what does she have to lose since she lacks a heart?

Every night, she moistened her pillows until they were parched.

She then planted seeds of hatred, rage, depression, and worry in her dead heart,

because those were the only seeds that would fit inside of it.

She acknowledged that she needed to be saved but understood that no one could.

She tried and tried and tried to find someone who could help, but it turned out that the same people who wanted to aid were also responsible for shattering her heart.

What else can she do after attempting everything possible but failing to escape the consequences of the seeds she sowed?

Every day of her life is like watering seeds that will continue to grow.