

Cardio Radio

Beethoven and Bach
could never conduct
concerts electric
like the band of the Heart.

The symphony starts
with the sound of S 1.
The lub dub, dub step
stomping along
waiting for a sign to run.

The early crescendo
is valve stenotic.
The aortic trombone
blares a third harmonic.

The whir of machines is
a war with the winds.
For flutes to find air:
patent ductus or hear the despair.

But musical murmurs make
stethoscopes stumble.
Opening snaps and gallops and rubs
are tuned out for
vibratos and rumbles and hums.

Yes, Zimmer and Desplat
surely envy the Heart
for being the score
to our emotional core.

When we're in love
The Heart skips a beat,
wishing to jump out to
serenade the hearts we call sweet.

Or when we're afraid
it's allegro and forte.
To run, run away
the Heart sets your pace.

The years will pass
but the Heart will sit EPIC
at the top of the charts
beating the flashy upstarts.

Even in old age with
rhythm irregularly irregular
After bangers, shocks, and a chest compression
Still, the Heart will go on.

The Lonely Hearts Club
Band will play out
until the day
the needle drops
off the edge of
The Soundtrack to my Life.

No: this Soundtrack is my Life.