

The Home of a Broken Heart

Darren Shell

A hazy wind blows, and nobody knows
what moves in the cool moonlight.
The lake surface glistens. The horned owl listens
for a heartbeat in the night.

This desolate place...of cold dark haze...
it's the home of a broken heart.

But this night...the heart bears its fright
and leaves its wooded cover.
It seeks within the valleys and fens
for a new...and elusive...lover.

This wretched place of frenzied craze...
it's the home of a broken heart.

But where does it go, in valleys unknown?
Just where does one heart seek?
Amid the fangs and heart-felt pangs
of the pitiless meek.

We find this place, this desecrate maze,
where homes just fall apart.

Above cypress knees; below willow leaves,
it wanders through the trees.
Beneath river bluffs and sage brush tufts,
it stalks the autumn breeze.

The heart, it bleeds around the reeds
in the marsh of broken hearts.

It seeks the face of beauty safe,
it longs for love unencumbered.
It wants a place where shadows shade
life-long days unnumbered.

In sorrow fair, we'll find it there...
in the home of a broken heart.

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