

Envy

Sometimes heart is jealous.
He wishes he could think
like his friend mind can.
Heart wants answers:
why he feels what he feels,
especially when he is upset,
like now, with his envy
of mind's powers. He knows
mind holds the cards and, worse,
mind is not shy about lording
it over him. The nerve of him,
heart thinks, sending those damn
signals about how I should feel. Oh,
damn, I forgot – I'm not supposed
to think. Now mind is happy,
got heart right where he wants him.
He chuckles – oops, not supposed
to feel happy – need to get back
on the job, send heart those
little electric beeps, keep
him dancing, send me my oxygen.
If heart lays down on the job
I'm a goner. This is trickier
than I thought, thinks mind.
What if heart gets really mad
and decides to stop? Oh, shut up
shouts heart, give it a rest. Now
mind is getting the idea, a sense
of what envy feels like –

when he wants something
someone else has and can't get it.
God, is it possible – these little twangs
of empathy? Gotcha!, brays heart.