

Spring 2024

Descartes Heart

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Recommended Citation

Wells, Meghan (2024) "Descartes Heart," *Cedarville Review*. Vol. 24, Article 30.

DOI: 10.15385/jcr.2024.24.1

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol24/iss1/30>

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Keywords

Cedarville Review, Meghan Wells, Descartes Heart

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Descartes Heart

Meghan Wells

Cogito, ergo sum—

I think; therefore, I am
an enigma. Bequeathing my puzzle to you,
I ask that you not disrupt
my edging. I snap the frame of me
together with stiff thumbs
but scramble my inner shards in a heap.
As Hera, I throw them like stones at Hermes' feet—
your feet—to decide his fate. I bury you,
for you don't pick up my splinters
but pluck
them from your soles.
Against your calloused ankle,
I lay un-pieced.

Listen. *Listen* to me.

I've spun poems in blood. I wanted to list
them with lowercase letters, like moderns do,
but understatement has begun stagnating me.
Can we spell every sentence aloud?
Will you prove what you feel?
But philosophy bores you.
Later, then, will you scrape upon
my echo
in words of pain, of gilded glory,
in paradise lost and feeble regaining?
In the reading, I'll appear like pages, tear-crust
and crumbling at your scavenging touch.

Even as you slide your sole backwards,
you trace my cheeks
like they're mere mortal things.
Over your hands, the Dead Seas leak.
In your reflection, the unspeakable
speaks. As Orion leaves,
silence
stretches to constellations. I solace
in myths and count cosmic accidents,
chewing my kiss-less lips, deciding
to knit myself into the stars.
I commit no accident, neighboring with the sun.

Look up. *Look up* and see me,
busily arranging my body—
pinning my hair in braids of comets,
dusting helium from my bones, throwing
marrow like meteors.
I will not sit for your portrait.
Sum. Ergo cogito. I am—up here.
Therefore, I think
I'll write myself out of your
regretful reach.