

Hearts

response to Restorative Justice and Armand Coleman

by Leah Murthy

Chest broken, cracked open
Live heart revealed
Vulnerable, alone, beating its beat, throbbing its throb, aching its
ache

Difference is on the minds of those who place their gaze,
their powerful gaze upon the heart:
Red, beating, thumping, aching

But hearts, they all look the same.
All hearts are red, beating, thumping and aching no matter the
darkness or lightness of the coat of skin around their chests.

Distanced from the hate, fear, suspicion
Distanced from those with a vision of the heart's inhumanity
The heart's Humanity becomes clearer
Even to itself,
As it remembers, recalls...
Love...Caring...Connection

And

Surrounded by Love, Caring, Connection
Surrounded by those with a vision of
the heart's Humanity,
The heart's Humanity comes into focus
The broken, open chest creaking, slowly closed again.
Back in its protected, Loving place of Care.

Because hearts, they all look the same.
All hearts are red, beating, thumping and aching no matter the coat of
skin around their chests.