

# Like a Heartbeat

By Marla J. Deaton

My heart races when I think of you,  
In your eyes, I see who I want you to be.  
In your arms, I imagine me there,  
My heart sees what it wants to see.

Seeing you're not real, it pounds anyway,  
Out of instinct, want and need.  
I remind it that you don't care,  
You only have love to take.

With nothing to give in return,  
It doesn't care.  
It just wants and wants and wants,  
Like a heartbeat.