Symphony

This is a place of work, with a smoldering forge and tempering stones of strings, A workshop within my heart. When a string becomes weathered it is ground and rewound, when they break the ends are melted back together and welded, and when they grow old, they are replaced and thrown away into a pit of black.

Like withering and crying babies these tossed, broken, unusable, and useless strings within the pit continue to vibrate desperately to feel anything, but like any broken thing they are simply that, broken; leaving a high pitched and out of tune hum behind that, like a mandrakes scream, is deadly to those who listen.

Yet here I sit watching with bee's wax stuffed in my ears risking the chance to succumb to the blooded miserable disease these withering snakes of heart strings leave behind. I do this because something is wrong with the gears and automation of the fixing of my heart. Something is missing and no one else can weather this world, to feel the playing, screaming, living, and dying of my heart strings.

Yet I continue to risk my sanity because the true song of my hearts strings is the most beautiful song of all, well underneath one others.

It is the sweltering heat that worries me. Heat on a string makes it unwind and it obvious to me that my heartstrings are working to much. They worry and twist themselves to replace those that broke.

So, as I stand scratching my head staring down within the pit of black dug deep into my hearts core, I'm unsure of how to fix a problem I don’t see. The withering strings like snakes enveloping and consuming each other to feed the beast.

One would wonder that if I delve in if I too would be lost, but I have no other way of seeing, hearing, or feeling what these strings sing.

Maybe that's why I want to see the other persons heartstrings... to know what song mine are supposed to sing, at least that's my only solution. Near that other heart my hearts beat swells in cadence and resembles something of me.

So, I take and lift my foot to hang over the edge and watch the decaying snakes with my heart still waiting...

I can only breathe in a cold cadence of the undead feeling heart I reside in. I have reached out for help with this deep hole in my heart; there has been no response from those who hold the pieces. That thought alone is enigmatic, causing the withering pit to almost snare within its hum, and like tendons the strings wrap to form a grasping hand going for my throat.

They do not reach.

But they do yearn for something.

I cannot sleep for the sound of their song is like broken strings on a cello, twisting and scraping like metal against metal. I fear for the worst as I calculate their mass and realize a piece is missing. Hands fumbling for the little book within my pocket, the once white cover now washed and thickened with black coal, and flip to the part of my score that rests the list of all those pieces ripped and stored away within others.

My mom, my sisters, my best friend... the other song. There is another piece that is missing likely torn away just like the piece of the score that comes next in this book. Whether this is many little pieces that travel my blood like a demon horde waging war on my immunity or a large ravaging demon that rapes my mind and soul. Its uncalculatable to what is missing but the inevitable damage that is or could be done is apparent as I look around.

My fingers fumble upon the book once more, my fingers tapping the binding like an infinite melody on the once white keys of a piano. My eyes wandering to and from the titles on the front and then the back; emblazoned in crimson is "Life: once less" and "Death: once more".

I investigate the pit with a love's song playing in my head as I wonder at what battle awaits within the pit and what song these yearning hearts strings forget.

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