

HARVEST



**She watches them take his organs
One by one. Lungs. Kidneys. Liver.
Heart. Standing behind the glass
She looks on as they take
What was no longer his to give
Away. And now they harvest it
Along with the rest of him
Like assembling a cornucopia
During a fall. The surgeons uproot
To plant elsewhere. By spring,
Another man will rise
While hers remains below.**

**If she could only partake in their
Happiness without surrendering her
Own. If her tears were enough to
Revive him from the ground, and love
Were enough, he would have stayed.**

—Natalie Moreno, MD