

My Heart is not a Pump

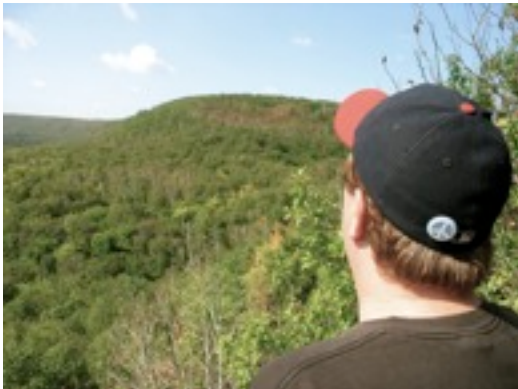
Poem by Scott Schumacher

Based on the article, *The heart is not a pump*, by John Chitty, and experiences at Tettegouche State Park, near Silver Bay, MN

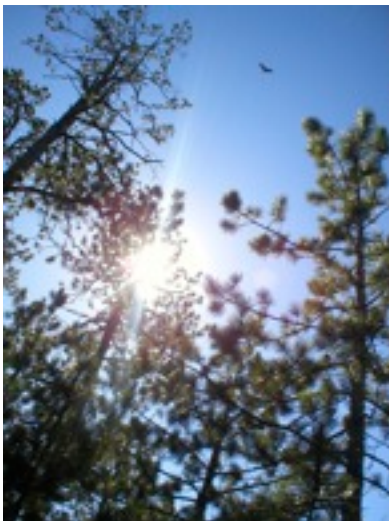


My heart is not a pump.
A pump must be straight and rigid
To move water effectively.
My arteries bend and my blood flows freely
Like the peaceful flowing of rivers and streams.

My heart is not a pump.
A pump must work harder and move faster
To be more efficient.
My heart is more vital when slowed and relaxed
Like a pebble making ripples on a pond in Spring.



My heart is not a pump.
A pump is a contained system
Without leakage or spilling.
Yet the cells of my body, my breath, and my longing
Renew and spill outward, with the rush of a waterfall.



My heart is not a pump.
A pump is a mechanical device
It cannot long, cannot love, cannot feel, cannot grieve
My heart, like a grape vine, a tree, or a stone
Cannot be replaced when cut out or removed.

My heart is not a pump.
It cannot be captured nor contained.
It longs for peace, for love, for joy
And sings my soul's song
On the wings of an eagle - a leaf on the wind.