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Paper Heart

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Paper Heart

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Kelly Weitner is a senior Economics major with a penchant for poetry. She can usually be found napping, sitting in The Commons, or sewing costumes in the basement of Kline Theatre.

This poetry is available in The Mercury: [http://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2011/iss1/21](http://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2011/iss1/21)
It's just a small paper heart, ripped along the edges, torn from a shiny newspaper advert.

Beside a smoky bonfire, I placed this small heart next to my real one, its anxious beating barely subdued by the intoxicating mix of vodka and misty summer air

With a shy smile, he plucked it out of my camisole and slipped it into his wallet.

This heart has traveled the world, you see.

It walked the streets of New York City among the food carts and disinterested gazes of the Lower East Side.

Slid in between his credit card and student ID, he carried my heart in his pocket.

He held me close on the darkened streets of Rome

Just a boy and a girl whose feet could barely stay on the ground

Swallowing back tears at the Roma Termini, I watched him leave, the paper heart clutched in my hand.

Snuggled up against each other early Sunday morning, so close only a paper heart could fit between

My arm across his chest, head nuzzled into the curve of his neck.

Our paper hearts beating against each other.