

# SAVE ME FROM MY HEART, PLEASE!

(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

Sometimes I want to go up to strangers and give them my heart (and my whooooooole life tooo cuz I can't help falling in lo—wait). And I wanna say to them, "Here, please, take this. Keep it safe, but get it away from me. Please." In the one and only Korean drama I have ever watched, (because there is a lot of crying and everyone dies, it's so depressing) one of the guys says, "My head is an accessory because I think with my heart." I want to rid myself of my heart, then maybe I can get some peace, some quiet. Because my heart worries. It's my brain. It feels AND worries at the same time. You know how toxic that can be?

I don't have a plan B. Literature, writing, that's what I've always wanted to do. I didn't want to leave myself room for failure. There is no safety net. If I fall, I die. That's the truth of it. That's why it's so scary when, to borrow a John Green quote, "my thoughts are stars that I can't fathom into constellations," The ideas, they buzz around in my brain, but as soon as I release them, they evaporate into thin air. I can't fathom them into poems or stories. This keeps me awake at night. More than real life or disease or relationships, this keeps me awake. This lack of words. Lack of solid words, something I can hold in my hand. If I can't do this, I don't know what else I can do.

I feel this a lot. This ridding of the heart feeling. This is not an original Au-Co idea. Sometimes it's gentle, that feeling, and not as terrifying. But other times, it get so much that I just wanna go cower under my blankets because some part of me hopes that'll keep me safe from the real world.

Point is, sometimes my heart is so loud, so full of screams and murmurs and sighs that I just want to rip it out and hand it to someone. I'd feel hollow inside, but at least I'd have silence.

[]