Friends come,
Friends leave.
They mold me
mash me
change me
reshape me
transform me
Piece by piece
Then vanish like sailors once docked.

Each shrinks down to an infinitesimally small size,
Entered through the pores of my cheek,
Travels down the long, winding road that is my anatomy,
Until arriving at my heart.

Reaching for the chambers,
They tug and tug,
Tug and tug,
Tug and tug,
Until pulling a piece out.
But before I can notice the blood flow,
They take a piece of their own heart and plug the hole.
They plug and plug,
Plug and plug,
Plug and plug.

Everyone I’ve ever met
has had this effect on me,
Tugging and plugging on my weary heart;
So I ask:
At what point did my heart
start becoming theirs,
and stop becoming my own?
And is my heart an original, comprised of its own parts,
or simply a hollow replica of what once was?