I like order
in matters of the heart.
Extra thumps are no fun;
With one I gulp,
with two I gasp.
More are a chore,
Leave me dizzy, unsure.
Stop? Lie Down? Go on?
Caution walking
Through the hall
Do not want to have a
fall.

One's a shock, but not so bad.
A run's a drain.
As extra beats rain.
Pep wanes.
Feeling faint.
Pick up the pace,
Try to efface
The unmetered throbbing
Head woozy, bobbing.
Pacemaker?
Ablation?
What do I need
To still the commotion.

Feeling betrayed by my cardiac status
Trying to say it doesn't matter.
Conduction system's out of whack.
Cure it with an electrical smack?
Hope this monitor sorts it out
Bleeping and screeching my cardiac fever
Through my telephone receiver.

Disorder is
the heart of the matter.

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