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The Currency of Life (an ode to the beat of the heart)

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Joey Resignato

Compulsion ticks predictably so in prison chambers' depths.
Secrets still buried yet to be known, the continuing pace is kept.
Through solid bars a voice is heard;
it echoes unrefined.
Beating controlled by the nerve-tenfold...yet keeps no track of time.

Pounding resounding; demand is high! Sympathetically imposed
Strength found within controls the tides through which most matter flows.
A song and rhythm inherent within him
Pumps fuel into the fire.
But nothing more than several wires can document his prose.

Electrically heaving, twisting, resisting the oppression from up high,
Workers stand strong, repeating their song from cells where junctions lie.

Salt beads on lytes as the pumps engage, the wait from the atrial gate
Then trickles along, the word is now spread, and the prisoners know their fate.

From cell to cell, the workers fell.
Current passes by.
As secret signals spout like shingles.
Current passes by.
Strength is built coercing humor, the heart functions without fault.
And what's current is present for a moment's time before the next re-volt.