

*Broken Heart Who?*

each day  
the boy would  
walk down to the creek  
and catch toads

and each day  
he'd take his  
toad home  
with him  
and put him  
in a cigar box  
underneath his bed

the boy didn't  
particularly know  
what to do with the toad,  
he just like having it there  
under his bed

it made him feel less lonely

and each night  
at the dinner table  
his father would  
examine the warts  
on the boy's hands  
and go into his bedroom  
and crush the toad

and every night  
the boy's heart  
was broken

until the very next day  
when he found a new toad  
to keep under his bed

and his heart leapt with joy,  
better and stronger  
than before

and the boy never  
thought about what would happen that evening,  
that his father would see the warts  
and crush the toad

it did not matter  
because he loved  
that toad now

and now  
is all that  
matters