On Wonder

I cannot speak for the others, quiet during their exams, but I, I am often left breathless, unprepared for the weight of hearing another's heartbeat. Even now, a decade in, I place my instrument on your chest, and my own heart, aching and full of wonder, answers, *I hear you, you are exquisite*. This insatiable heart, home of inexplicable longing, insistent, boldly pressing on.