

Lockets

Bruce Morton

They hang heavy on the chest,
One heart giving pulse to another.
The image inside sustains memory
To bridge, salve, and cement
Love, loss, pain, and lament.

We keep them close and closed
Only to open up in a moment
Of distress, to find, connect, embrace,
Or heal, for the remembered is real
And beats strong in the breast.

Bruce Morton splits his time between Montana and Arizona. His poems have most recently appeared or are forthcoming in *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Main Street Rag*, *Halfway Down the Stairs*, *Ibbetson Street Review*, and *San Pedro River Review*. He was formerly Dean of Libraries at Montana State University.