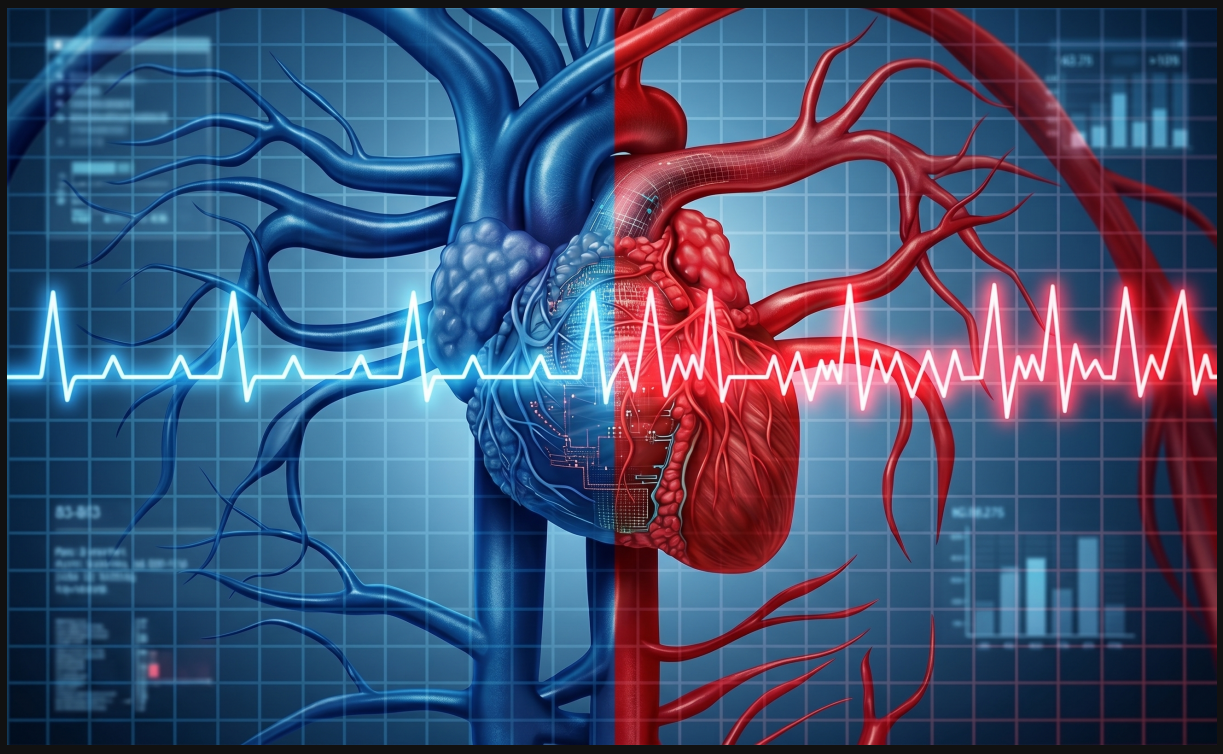
The Heart’s Resignation

نویسنده: ملکا ملک آبادی

تاریخ انتشار: 1 Shahrivar 2585 باستانی برابر با August 23, 2026 میلادی



You’ve really crossed the line. You've killed me with all this torment. Have you no shame? How" do you endure all this pain yourself and expect me to bear it too? I'm leaving. Yes, I'm out of here. You can stay by yourself. Give all these pains to your kidney to deal with..." Muttering and fuming under its breath, it was packing its coronary arteries into its suitcase. I just stood there in the corner, arms crossed, watching it until it said: "Well, I'm taking off. Anything else you need?!" I leaned off the wall and said in surprise: "Are you really leaving? What do you mean? Are you abandoning your duty?" Saying that was like pouring gasoline on its fire. It tossed its suitcase aside and marched toward me. "Duty?! Do you even know what my duty is? If you don't, go check a biology book. Actually, no, that's above your reading level; go look at the elementary school science textbook. It says: The heart is a muscle that pumps blood throughout the body. Got it? That's my job, buddy. You humans seem to have a habit of demanding more from everyone than what they're meant for. Let me tell you what else I have to do for you lot besides pumping blood. You fall in love, and first, my poor self has to suffer the ache. You guys are clueless; you go and fall for someone who either has no idea you love them, or the chances of ending up with them are absolute zero. Then, my miserable self has to ache from the distance and separation. What

does that have to do with me? I swear to God...! I spend my whole time in this world enduring your pain and misery; pumping blood has just become my overtime! You get up, go out, for crying out loud, keep your head down, don't look at anyone, so my poor self doesn't end up hurting later. And put falling in love aside, I'll even concede that it's out of your hands. What about all this pressure and stress from the people around you? From who? From the ones you trusted, who then stab you in the back. You have to protect yourself from the very people who were supposed to protect you. I don't know if you people are humans or monsters, man. Besides, weren't you the one begging me just a few days ago: 'Dear heart, for God's sake, just stop beating.' Well, I'm listening to you now." I don't know why, amidst this situation where my heart was resigning and telling me to use my kidney instead, I felt the urge to laugh. Honestly, it had a point. My heart had realized how miserable we are and was resigning from "being our heart." Trying to hold back my laughter, I turned to it and said: "My dear brother, if you leave, God will hold you accountable, my friend." As if growing even more furious, it said: "Gooood? Do you know what God told me on the very first day He was creating me? He swore by Adam, saying I'd have nothing to do but pump blood. He said, at most, maybe a beautiful, mutual love that actually works out in the end. Those poor angels warned me: 'If you go down there, you'll be miserable because of these humans,' but idiot me didn't listen." I tried to keep a straight face so things wouldn't get worse than they already were. "Yeah, buddy, it's totally my fault. The problem is us humans. You're right. But my dear, let me tell you something. Body parts can't resign, pal. Two things can't resign: body parts and feelings. Meaning, you're condemned to continue with these fine humans for the rest of your life. Don't think we're thrilled about it either. No, brother, we're even more miserable than you. But what can you do, you're forced to. What do you think we should do? You should've chosen to be a kidney on day one, just like you said." It was as if smoke was billowing out of its ears. As it tried to climb up the resignation and recruitment pipe, it kept cursing me and all of humanity. But alas, every few minutes it would slip down the pipe, getting even more infuriated. I was watching the scene unfold before me, showing that even human body parts are tired of their owners, and I don't know why it made me laugh. But then again, my laughter was more bitter than the syrups I used to run away from as a child.