

## **Electric Heart**

Wherein does the heart  
get its authority  
to pick up the mind  
and take it for a rolling ride  
through a countryside  
of gallant impossibilities?

My heart has leapt me  
to a moon for no more reason  
than it had to, on the chance  
a fireman's net would be  
back on earth to catch me.

My heart, no longer  
trifling with blood,  
pumps pure electricity  
because I merely  
breathed for eight months  
the crackling of  
someone's lightning mind,  
now gone.

Nothing is left me but to thunder  
and wait for the ozone to clear.