

## Heart Parts

Throughout us go curves:  
All nerves & electrical cells, all  
brushfire fiber cleaving muscle  
to bone. Tissues too are tactile  
as they pour  
pore to pore.

Breathing this creates pulses of iron,  
the ore of blue metal gunning for blacksmiths,  
the smoky compressions between horse shoes,  
brandings & other such marks of trade.

Scorched?  
Is the heat of flanks steaming?  
Is oil teeming in streams?  
Is char spilling away clean  
from the sparks & the rubbing  
that winds our machinery's clockwork?

Slipping down, glowing, mist cooling  
from what smoldered, our spirit's loins  
stretch wider, glide as no other,  
for this is the light still,  
circle to arc,

that darkness calls through.