

# Change of Heart

*by* Lorenzo Sewanan

I met a man, who had his heart removed;  
In long hours of blink-less surgery,  
He had dreamt.

He ran, Central Park in the afternoon, winding through trees and  
girls tanning under sun,  
(Surgeons made a hole where once there'd been a man's chest. )  
Swam the lake; he was a child again, bright leaves and dark water  
clouding his vision,  
(They installed a living heart from the dead, kept under ice. )  
Waltzed his wife, ballroom bulbs flashing, a champion's smooth  
steps and turns reappearing,  
(Connected intricate vessels to the heart, like wiring up a car  
battery.)  
Tasted smooth red wine, gently draining from the side of the glass  
without leaving a drop.  
(They pumped him full of electricity and waited. )  
Lights came on. And he felt it beating strong once again.

I met a man, who had his heart replaced;  
He now dreams with eyes open,  
Looking and living for them in the world.

