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.

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