

Lab Work

by Lorenzo Sewanan

Desire stirred into the liquid reveals
Cold ice smoking colder,
As you pipet these channels of my heart.

Tell me, you said,
Why do you hold so firm what you must let go?
It will not increase your concentration.

Pieces of paper thrown away,
The last memories, lost ways.
Whispered instructions aimed forgetfully,
As glass broke into finite rivers.

Stop me, you thought,
Why do you lie that I keep your secrets?
They will flavor my works.

Unphysical forces haunt my connections,
Thoughts filtering into sounds,
For you forget
To know its temperature we too need to burn.

