Transplanted

Though they’d never met,
the man with the dead man’s heart
inside him dreamed his donor’s
face, limbs, lungs; sung in his sleep
the dead man’s favorite song
in the deep baritone voice
that wasn’t his own but
his, the one not known or seen or heard,
except in night’s deep cradle of sleep,
this stranger’s metronome of a heart
humming behind ribs that no longer
felt like his—beautiful fence
for an organ lifted from someone else’s
afterlife. Even waking, the new-old man and his heart now know
nothing of old boundaries, the ones composed by the living. Instead,
in bright, silent daylight,
he takes his first,
tentative beat
toward love.
Heart Speaks, Is Spoken For by Karen Elias (USA). Contemporary
At the American Museum of Visionary Art: *The Gateway*

— Artist Antar Mikosz

Even with 3D glasses, all you can see are trees
swaying in a breeze of blood beside a swampy pond
murky with nightmares. A rapist lingers somewhere
in the periphery. I, too, hear him breathing,
his damaged heart heaving inside your terror
that clings to thick vein-like trunks
patterned with geometric tastebud recipients
of bitterness—the ones in all our bloody pumps.
This is the way of perception. Fear
steers me toward the portal of your forest,
but all I can see

is the inside of my father’s heart
where, from a deep hole, his donor’s
car careens into scream that bubbles up
now from the pond of your words
into my father’s aorta,
pulsing a rhythm of red
that remembers foggy dreams
painted by a young man
detouring an icy life into accident
or gift, this gateway mysterious
in its pathway of give and take,
in the perception of breath we can
not swallow, the visions we see
daily vibrating between
now and here, between
lovely, dark, and deep.
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