Transplanted (Four-Chambered)
Daniel Rortvedt

For John

What’s built around us is affordance. A state of matter. An ice cube before it’s frozen. A mitral valve blushing into the left ventricle alongside the Allegheny River roiling over at breakneck speed.

Can you fathom the distance between somewhere else and here through the revolving doors of his four-chambered heart? Guernsey cows lying down in the field bringing on the evening rain. Rain overrunning the roof of the farmhouse, overflowing the downspout.

“Ruminating” reminding you of “marinating” reminding you of “steeps” reminding you of “situated” reminding you of “circumstance”.

He’d never been to Pittsburgh. He’d never been to Pittsburgh (breaking into song now):

his first heart the four chambers of it fishing in circles

his first heart the four chambers of it becoming

these four chambers

his first heart the four chambers in perpetuity, swaying