

*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