

# When the Liver Beats Like a Heart

*Matt Sven Calvert*

it was only six days ago i felt you smile  
heard your fingers spell the words.  
saw you say,

you forced me to stay in love with your memory  
like the soda machine at the fire station  
"if you walk upside down on a cloud," she said.  
"you could look right over the edge and talk to god."  
saw you say,

move your heart to stay up there with those clouds  
floating high above our sleeping bodies  
our cotton candy corpses, close to Him

"Your MELD score is still low. You're doing well."

outside of your house there's a floating brass frame  
holding everything you claimed to be true  
holding everything you built yourself  
and you said,

look across from the death bed.  
turn your head away  
my hands are cracking open  
you don't want to see, do you?

the truth is the only thing that's ever scared me was a song  
your voice  
inside a church  
midnight choirs

"let me feel your hearts," she asked.  
dual beating system incomplete

beeping, chirping like a bird

lepers in florida have aqua tinted lungs

but  
in California

there's a white sun out there

i'm desperate to hold it  
feel it  
know it  
be defeated by it.

turn me into the ashtray of a million cigarettes  
smother me with poison and smoke  
burn me alive for this

"You have time."

dry and crack my blood  
wait for the organs to harden  
and rip them from beneath my fried flesh  
snap my bones like twigs and inspect the blackened marrow

my hardened liver  
covered with lacerations and scars

crush it.

but my heart.  
freeze it. feed off it. break it into little pieces.

plant it.

let it replicate, regrow into red blood plants and trees

twist and curl for a million years and it will  
overtake the highways  
the skyscrapers

the crops  
the earth

it was my death day.  
so i saw you say,  
"it's the 27th. welcome to the club."

happy birthday, love.

## Two-Foot Proximity

Matt Sven Calvert

Thinking of ridiculous silence I  
Drop my phone distracted, I stop  
To bend down one knee to grab it  
But went on falling past my self

Glimpsing my ankle as velocity drags deep  
Into the ground womb, webbed nest of lost  
Faces REM sleep time crowd generating the  
Fields of bursting color static mind snow

Twisted my formless self to look at back up  
In the void I left behind in the world with  
Floors, there was nothing to see, no one to  
Recognize that I simply was no longer there