Carve out the Heat

Stacia Hill
There are truths in uncertain voices. Mercury rising in a glass thermometer, beading on a dirty floor. Wring out drops of silver liquid from old rags. Listen to the slip of bare feet on wood board. Listen as they move along time, in beat with whispered chants

\[\text{steam rising up} \]
\[\text{slam the sodden towel on the counter}\]

Look at their eyes. Ignore the wet plump orb inside, focus on the year-creased flesh. There are moments trapped between folds of skin. Lines radiating from peaking pink membrane.

Voices as blades. Rising shouts as they crush ice with their boots. Slam it down. Look at them stumble. Watch as they struggle with their own bodies. Scrape skipping strokes—winds rise. Hold them inside until they swell. Breathe air along with the smoke. It tastes of dishwater. When they throw fragile things at walls they will rewrite a history.