**In Global Warming, A Mind Melts Away**

 *an ekphrastic poem after "The Blood in the Veins" by Rachel Slotnick*

Barun Saha

there is a tiny garden in there

moonflower petals shed from the wings of angels

veins of ivy creep around the cranium

there is a whole cosmos in there

the night canvas with a million stars

torn between the rhythms of heart

and heart aliens

tentacles lick the cerebrum, each trying

to mold it into the shape of their own desire

a whirlpool of judgement brews by the pearl-pierced ear

the erratic compass of not to be, to be leaves the soul

with a gaping hole, a sinkhole sucking in all butterflies

pastel waves of wisteria surge in the wilted garden

the buzz of a live wire escapes the raspberry lips

a barrel & a trigger taunt from beyond the edge

the blues make way for a sulphur-laced face beneath a smoky sky

in a metal-cold summer, I open my eyes and rest

in pieces