**Robotic Heart**

 *after Szirtes*

Fiona Perry

At first, the formation of a void

deep in the meat of my chest

a soft black moon.

From electrical chaos

to the preordained movements

of an awesome machine.

Like seismic.

Like lightning.

Like lift off.

Like brain freeze.

Like a meeting of oceans.

Like singing falsetto.

Like remembering a long forgotten

name or speaking in tongues.

Like going undercover.

Like falling in love.

Like the view of an unfamiliar

planet through a spacecraft window

moving closer, dizzying.

Like divine intervention.

Brother, I was formed from dust.

You from soft muscle and sensors.

Are we now our own saviours?

The dawn motions to us,

presses its ear to the earth

so that we may listen

to the small gods singing.