

HEAT:HOT AS \_\_:COLD

Deep, in,  
they're there, they're  
at it all the time, it's jai  
alai on the hot molecular fronton —  
a bounce off wall onto the packed aleatory  
dance floor where side swipes are medium of  
exchange,  
momentum trades in swift carom sequences,  
or just a quick kick in the rear, the hap-  
hazard locomotion of the warm, warm world.

But spring nights grow cold in Ithaca.  
The containing walls, glass or metal,  
are a jagged rough rut of tethered  
masses, still vibrant, but now  
retarding, in each collision,  
the cooling molecules.  
There, they're there,  
still there,  
in deep,  
slowed