

# Heat Lightning

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*Sahar Rehman*

a clock ticks

but time

has swelled at our window,  
and left.

We burn  
                  in silence,  
          fallen softly over our ears

our bodies ignite  
slow breathing  
electricity  
          we burn

till the sky  
          melts  
                          back into the ground

and mute stars

turn blue  
          and

out