

CARDIOPROTECTIVE POETIC PRESCRIPTION



For a heart rate above (or equal to) 96 bpm, a strawberry-poem a day keeps the doctor away.

STRAWBERRY

When a strawberry beats, a blush of ground calls you by a new name and turns you into a region sustained by the underworld, or by the hemisphere of the dead.

The fruit, such alum of a crypt, such clot that lives below the land, such warren where hollows amplify the twinkling red and the singable ruin of our hearts.



Celia Carrasco Gil