

Heat

MAXIMILIAN POZZETTA

Unlike many of my fellow Floridians, I embrace the heat and humidity. When I exit the air-conditioned nirvana called home and I am greeted by the wave like a punch to the face, I begin to dislike the fact that I've been born to this *Homo sapien* existence in the heart of the only state that doesn't snow. But, once the sweat begins to roll down my back and collects in the pits of both arms and knees, when my whole body has accepted its fate as a wooden vessel in an ocean of magma, I begin to enjoy the heat. Sometimes, when biking to school, I become covered head to toe in sweat. This is not enjoyable, especially with the foreknowledge that I will soon be sitting in a far-too-cold classroom, while accumulated water on my back and shoulders begins to freeze. My whole body shivers and convulses in order to right the wrong that I had done to it. But when I am riding my bike to school in these circumstances,

the heat begins to change and morph; its essence is no longer a thing to be challenged or fought against with fans and ice—it becomes the thing that separates me from the dirt.

The ambient temperature of soil is usually around 65 degrees Fahrenheit. The ambient temperature of humans is a constant 98.7° F. We humans run hot. The very upper crust of the Earth, on the other hand, runs relatively cold. One day I'll be buried in that dirt, six to seven feet below the ground, where the sun's rays don't shine. And it'll be cold. So, when I'm covered in sweat, riding my bike up another Gainesvillian hill, wishing I had just bought a parking pass instead, I'll remember that the heat means one thing: I'm still alive.