

String Theory

Some scientists say there are more
Dimensions in our multiuniverse
Than number of days I spent with you.
But I tied so many strings between us—
Memories of your hair whispering its way
Between my fingers, how you put on socks
Standing up—that, in theory,
I can never be without you.

Maybe there are other universes
Stacked above and below our own
And in all of them we fail.
Maybe we don't even exist.
But there are echoes of you
Even in these flat, visible three dimensions
And if I close my eyes
I know every possibility is a reality
Somewhere.

The Relativity of Space

Sometimes I feel so small
Compared to you
That surely you must see me
From outer space
Where all things are curved
And nothing is absolute
(At least in the Newtonian sense).

I'd still like to believe it's true
That the shortest distance between two objects
Is a straight line,
But we've been talking
So many circles around each other
That I truly feel the relativity of space
And the distance between us,
So small before,
Now seems insurmountable.

But I still wish on stars,
Whose light might be past tense
By the time I'm seeing it,
That with the snap of your fingers,
With just the flick of your tongue—
If for once you'd just tell it to me straight—
There'd be no space between us at all.

Zeno's Paradox

I'm fragmented
By the fact that
I can only send you
Bits of myself
Which only become further
Diluted by distance
Which only ever
Tears me apart more.

Lessons in Anatomy

I read somewhere once
That the tongue was
The strongest muscle in the body
This made sense to me:
Just the tip of mine carried the weight
Of questions unasked
And sentiments left unsaid,
The dreams I didn't tell you
When I'd begun to feel I was boring,
And the quiet, innocent declaration of emotion
That would startle your sleepy eyes.

I know now that was wrong.
The masseter is the strongest muscle in the body.
Located in the jaw.
Designed to keep your mouth shut.

Lawless Conservation

Catch and release
is a practice within
recreational fishing
intended as a technique
of conservation.

Just because
there was kindness
and compassion
from you at the end,
it doesn't change that
it was all sport.

If in protecting me—
and my rarity
and the way you
made me out to be
so adored and special to you—
you must let me go,
then I'd rather have been
slit, gutted, and flamed
just so I could live in your belly.

The ocean may be the same
and she'll swallow me whole with her love
the salt water will heal me
but I am different
because your hands
slid over my body
as I gasped soundlessly for air
and you still sunk your hook into my mouth
just to examine me,
decide I wasn't worth keeping,
and toss me back in.