

Einstein's Third Equation

A finger pressed against my eye  
opens a fresh waterway  
and flushes out Einstein wobbling  
in one hemisphere on a bicycle.  
He rides up to bless my eyes with two fingers.  
"Today may liquid and light exchange laws,"  
then pedals on, arms spanned  
to embrace the blue oncoming world.

I step back into the previous day  
(I'd hardly lived)  
and locate sun puddles reflecting  
downtown storefronts. Pools  
of grapefruit, lemon, nectarine,  
gather on the grocery floorboards.  
I dive five fingers into the pulp  
of a halved watermelon, glove myself  
in the juice of a liquefied world,  
careen home, dry off in the shadows,  
soak laundry in a barrel of drippings  
collected from a week of swelling moons.  
The shirt I pull overhead  
glows a spotless lavender stain.

When I breathe deep into my heart  
vapors rise from the leaves.  
Einstein fashioned a prism inside me  
that bends every day's colors  
through the plane of this moment.  
No one can measure when this day will die  
and I will sleep. Bedside I splash my face  
with droplets from the reading lamp.  
Eyelid curtains close. A residue flows  
to the capillaries of the universe.