

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.