

MARY PEELEN

String Theory

From the kitchen window,
the garden hose is a thin green line.

We don't notice the way it curls inside,
hiding more than it shows –

dimension flattens with distance,
like plant matter in the terrible drought.

It's been so hot, Antarctica cracked in two.
I wonder when the panic will set in.

Coiled as secrets inside a marriage,
the earth has interior shape

bound into a space so small
it unites electromagnetism and gravity.

No place for resentment or annoyance,
lies grow white and disappear.

I water the roses and the artichoke,
extravagant, lavender, needier than it looks.

Here at the horizon of theoretical extinction,
we cut flowers for the table.

We sing the way weary mourners do,
praising geometry as if miracles could happen.