

Everett's Many-Worlds Interpretation

I wonder what

my other me

is doing in

our atom split

universe

I hope that

she writes poetry

I hope that

there is no

universe

in which she

does not keep

a pencil tucked

in her hair

in which she

does not see

a tomato as

an endless infinite

universe

I hope that

she is not

afraid of death

I hope that

in one she

is already dead

dispersing into the

dark rich soil

I wonder how

she died and

where.

There are so

many possibilities

In one, she

lives in Beirut

and sells bagels

served with za'atar

looking over shoulder

giving one free

to a Syrian

homeless in so

many universes they

cannot be named

wondered.

Maybe she only

comes into existence

when she is

thought of, when

we have the

luxury of time

Maybe in another

we don't have

the luxury of

time and she

vanishes

Maybe I am

vanishing and haven't

stopped enough to

notice.

Have you had any water today?

I roll my dry tongue in my mouth
and roll my eyes in annoyance.

I set you to tell me
and yet I wish you wouldn't.

Let me wonder on my own

let me lick arid lips
and consider 32 ounces

before agreeing that
there are better ways
to spend five minutes

than drowning my acid

with a flood of fluid
clear as ice.

Siti's Left Hand

The shadow in a Vermeer,
mottled rotting vegetable,
overripe raspberry
smashed into jam;
it looks like Prufrock's
smoggy London sky
a sunset barely
breaking through the smoke
contained to digits
on stark hospital sheets.

The smoothie we brought
is just out of its reach
and I watch the fingers
stretch and they wish
you could sit forward
instead of laying
as if glued to the
matress which has
known bodies before
and will know bodies after.

We stopped for a moment
in the doorway and
I thought we had come
at just the wrong time,
my words in earnest
too little too late,
announced to a room
full of closed windows.