

Geometry for Two by Lisa Feinstein

An Ink Publications Broadside

How to Turn Off Time

First, stop the clocks. Moisturize your skin,
cocoa butter, cooking oil, dishonesty – rub it in.
Time is slippery

you see. Close your eyes, press a palm
hard against the minute hand, wishing for something
other than old age, tracing the numbers until your fingers
fall through the face.

Work your hand through the hole until you feel
the stubble of his chin, and grab onto a man
you have not seen in days, months, years, maybe centuries,
careful not to scratch his eyes or throat

as you count out your breath, in measures
and eighth notes, puff your cheeks

with song, or at the very least a whistle,
and call the dog in from the yard. It has begun to rain.

Time is starting to recede, ceans call their water home,
and you must stretch that hole like a memory,
pulling it over your head

the dog at your heels, wearing that hole like a sweater,
loose about your neck, remembering every sweater
you have ever owned, recalling the phone number
of each person you have ever called, and dancing the dances

you once only watched, and eventually, as you work
through the waltzes, minuets, tangos and paso dobles,

distant phones will ring, oceans will rage,
men will tip their hats, and time will cease to exist,

and you will be young again

Bohr Model

We are worlds, you and I,
circling a teacup,
crazed by fingers and time—
and I don't mean to call you lonely,
calculate the quanta
that span the width
between us,

so much smaller
than canyons, chasms, fiords,
even footprints—
knowing

life is more than mangoes
and sweet treats, instead

it is paint
peeling a barn,
reminding us—
these things are layered

and time scrapes away the past,

as dizzy planets circle the sun.
tilting, whirling
alone

— waiting to jump
into some other orbit

flashes of light
bursting
from the center of it all.

Let Us Make a Pie of Time

It is midnight in the kitchen,
time dripping from a faucet, filling a bucket
wedged neatly under pipes.

And there is a mountain of apples,
granny-smith and green, unripe and tart,
balanced on a table near the clock.

And because those apples are sour and hard,

and I am hungry for your lips between my lips,
let us make a pie of time, you and I,
peeling back weeks,

to reveal meaty days, slicing those days
into thin wafer hours,

savoring the scent of each sour minute,
letting the seconds run down on our chins,
licking our lips to remember a moment,
rebuilding the past

we've cut up with our knives,
toasting it warm
til the filling runs over,

and we are left
with much more than crumbs,

minutes to spare,
sugared and warm
coating our fingers and tongues.

Geometry for Two

I want to ride your bike
around the apartment, gifted gears carving
Kepler's theories
into hardwood floors.

I see the teapot. It is a gift
of fluidity and circumference, wary of that value
we call pi. A tangent,
treads sewn into things,

one of many globes,
circles, orbs, tires and spheres
that rotate and revolve.

This home is a track,

barely basic. Totally tricked out.

An obstacle course crafted
of geometry and algorithms
we cannot understand –
like the journal I kept

as a child
not knowing numbers are finite
but the number of numbers
infinite – and I tried to write down
each and every one,

before I knew there were words
that are all math; and relations
that are barely more than theory...

Full Moon as Palimpsest

Condensation
crowned you king,
elected you
the sky's button-maker,
swift-skinned counterfeiter,
pressing one gold coin
into black night,
minting the currency
we trade for darkness,
the chance to converse
in the universal tongue
of long-winded dreams.

You slide past sleeping suitors

unweaving the shroud of day,
a manuscript you wipe clean
and edit daily,
layer and relay,
excavate
and rename.

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AUTHOR BIO

Lisa Feinstein is a poet and writer who shares her western New York hideaway with a neurotic coon hound, a fat cat and a good man who was hard to find.

Lisa's writing can be found in several online poetry journals and magazines including *Poetry Midwest* and *Flutter Poetry Journal*; her work had also been printed in *Jigsaw*, *Hazmat Review* and *Poetry Motel* among many other publications. She was awarded first prize over-all in the Mississippi Valley Poetry Contest and prides herself on being an extreme snowflake collector, a retired counterfeiter, an aspiring buttonhole maker, and an all-around nice guy.