

## 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 sew, 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.

### Author Bio

Lisa Feinstein is a poet and writer who shares her western New York ghetto-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.

Lisa and Alicia Hoffman operate Crow Pie Press out of Rochester, New York. You can contact Lisa at [crowpiepress@aol.com](mailto:crowpiepress@aol.com).

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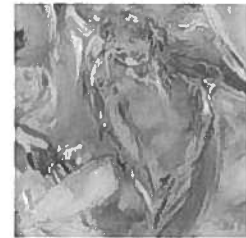
# Geometry for Two

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.