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The Language of Physics Between Two Bodies // Miseducation

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The Language of Physics Between Two Bodies

Two stars dance about gravitationally; a beauty, she says, in abstraction. Art in motion and in the moments leading up to death; *There's something beautiful*, she says, *in the movement of a thing before it destroys itself*. This happened somewhere between three-and-a-half and six billion years ago, and we're just now able to know it—able, at least, to see it—and those two dispositions somehow seem at odds. The difference between seeing and knowing has something to do with depth, belief, and intimacy. How long has it been since we were truly understood? When was the last time we could say we were known, and have we ever loved? What was it that we as stardust were here to do but dance?

Miseducation

Reddened sclera surrounding black mirror iris
matched the heavy hollow color of his pupil.
I, his son, only first met the man at sixteen.

He taught me mornings are for work,
evenings are for smoking pot.

He taught me how to turn powder into rock.
Use a cold penny, he said—
The magnetic property of copper attracts the oily residue.

He taught me how to fish
in the crook of the elbow.
Release the tie-off first, then depress the plunger, he said—
Shooting while tied-off, you might blow a vein that way.

He taught me how to shave:
with cold water and against the grain.

He never taught me to hold a door for a woman,
long division,
or how to turn a wrench.

My father chain-smoked Camels,
and I am a quick learner.