

My Date With the Scientist

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He tells me even land has tides,
pulled like water by the moon.
“Whole continents heaving,”
he says, circling my breast,
lifting it against gravity.

He tells about attraction
in an atom, the way an electron sings
around the outer edges of orbit, looking
to be drawn away, hoping to be sucked back in.
“The facts are beautiful,” he says
against the back of my knee.

Clouds gather and make shapes. He predicts weather,
makes mountains disintegrate and puddles
of water rise up on two legs and walk. He draws
the milky way on my belly, flings planets
across like strawberries.

He demonstrates an atom with his tongue
on my neck. Then shows me quarks
below, unwrapping
particles along the way,
taking molecules apart,

smaller and smaller pieces
flying off, everything
unraveling but for what
must hold it together:

“God!” I yell aloud.