

KISSING DYNAMITE: A JOURNAL OF POETRY

ISSUE 28 APRIL 2021: "UNIVERSE"

Welcome to Issue 28 "Universe." It is an understatement to say that it has been a year. And the loneliness that understandably comes with illness, lockdowns, quarantine, and uncertainty can only be repressed for so long. In this issue, poets explore the multifaceted ways in which loneliness manifests in our lives and uncover the hope that might be gained by questioning the universe.

This month's featured poet is Samantha Fain.

Issue 28 includes work by Samantha DeFlicht, Ashley Elizabeth, Samantha Fain, Laleh Gupta, Jeffrey Hermann, Rafiat Lamidi, Tasneem Maher, Elizabeth Morton, Adrienne Rozells, Eric Wang, Carson Wolfe, and Sarah Yost. And Promise O. Agoyi is featured in "And Freedom?" to make it a baker's dozen.

Featured Artist—Suedabeh Ewing

Suedabeh Ewing is a visual artist living in Wylie, Texas. Born in the United States and raised in Iran, she returned to the U.S.A. at the age of 20. She is deeply influenced by Persian culture, which she often refers to as a source of inspiration for her art. Her intimate experience from her upbringing has provided a significant influence for a number of works where she incorporates her identity in her art. She is constantly photographing her surrounding nature to document the living beauty that exists only for a short time and uses these photos as her source material in creating new paintings. Aerial images of Earth continue to serve as an awe-inspiring resource in her current work. She believes art should bring peace and comfort to one's life, and she strives to achieve that aesthetic aspect in her work by using colors, shapes, textures and movement in ways that are pleasing to the viewer's eyes.

Suedabeh has exhibited her work internationally and has participated in multiple juried exhibitions within the state of Texas. While pursuing her BFA at Texas Woman's University, she won first place in a student gallery competition, where she displayed her paintings and ceramic installations. She is also very proud to have participated in the "Women's Invitational Exhibition", which took place at the famous Crow Museum of Asian Art in Dallas, Texas. Her work was published in the exhibition's catalog alongside that of other well-established female

artists in the field. She is thrilled to have multiple works in private collections throughout the United States.

Suedabeh received her Bachelor of Fine Arts in Painting and Drawing (*Summa Cum Laude*) from Texas Woman's University in 2015. She considers both Iran and the United States of America as her common home, and believes that both cultures have equally impacted her life in significant ways. She resides with her husband and three-and-a-half year old daughter in Wylie, Texas.

["The Difficulty Is Worthy of Such an Intervention" by Samantha DeFlicht](#)

I keep the fourth watch.

All my eyes, each waiting

eye of my body, eyes
of my hands and the backs

of my hands, and all the eyes
in my throat keep the fourth

watch, which is the holiest
of all the watches. These are

the hours when the Red Sea
opens itself, laughing,

when the darting eyes
on my tongue reveal the name

of the youngest blade of grass
present at the birth of the Lord.

At 5:57 pre-dawn: when the
waked deer appears and speaks

to me in the voice of my father.
I, made up entirely of eyes and

duty, cannot hear his words,
so the deer grows and grows until

this forest is made wholly of deer
and a thousand eyes. At last,

morning-sun lights my father's face.
I prophesy: I see pride. Alleluia, alleluia.

"Hair Tales from a Black Babe" by Ashley Elizabeth

You don't want to relax your hair
You just want an easier go at it
on days when you wake up too late and a ponytail takes thirty seconds
a messy bun even less
and you can fling a backpack over your shoulder and run out the door
Ponytails are easy at 13 in a school where white girls toy with their hair constantly,
shimmy it over shoulder, hiking it higher than a ponytail should be allowed
and use oversized scrunchies to secure and resecure the nest atop their crowns

You don't want to relax your hair
but you don't know how to take care of it otherwise
never learned how to braid because your momma
done slapped chemicals in you cuz she was tired of dealing with it
Forget any braiding technique you may have picked up from your cousin
cuz you can't see the back of your head for even parts either no way
but you know people will say something if it's crooked
You see your classmates clowning the dark skinned girls
with close cropped coils, call them bald headed Black bitches

You're light skinned so you won't get called Black, per se,
but when you bleach yourself blonde you become a highlighter
Can't win no way, but they say how beautiful it looks so long
want that length for themselves

Other people's opinions don't matter, don't pay your bills
but you keep relaxing because you like the compliments you will not otherwise get
You are still Black, still think long hair equates to beautiful, but you also still
have a stutter and don't want to speak. You are smart but not the smartest
You are pretty but not the prettiest, and niggas dont like you.
You're not that Black girl of their dreams but you do care about your hair
and you must relearn you.

So go natural, grow it out. You gonna cut it off in a dorm bathroom with a pair of craft scissors in the middle of the summer anyway because

1. It's too hot in a North Carolina summer.
2. The damage is weighing you down,
- and 3. Fuck it you've never had short hair, and it'll grow back.

You learned to cut curly hair from your godmama so you give yourself some justice and you are pleasantly surprised the curls hold more length than you believed, have a healthier bounce. Your hair will be fine, and it will grow faster now. You exhale.

You will learn. You will love your Black. All of it.

[“schrödinger’s poetica” by Samantha Fain, April’s Featured Poet](#)

schrödinger writes to einstein in his letters:

i am so lonely looking at atoms.

no answer. moths hit lamps
in schrödinger’s house
& die on impact,

his papers scattered with wings,

the scrawled words toppling
over, waiting for birth.

a poem lives when—

*on my bad days, i exist
in double-states—awestruck
by my wreckage. i live
radioactively. always the same outcome:
i wait for you to write to me.*

the moths pile up so
schrödinger places them in cups
& studies their limpness,

conjectures how to live again,
in the right conditions—

a poem exists
as several selves,

the memory, the truth,
all else—

*imagine, if you will, a becoming,
einstein—can we be simultaneous,
both one and another?*

no answer. nebulous & postal—
the letters do not exist in transfer.

a ridiculous case: pen a poem
in a steel chamber & imagine
the stability & decay.

how many lives have we superpositioned
on paper. how many times
can we reimagine boxes.
cardboard. metal. still
trappings—

einstein writes back:

*one cannot get around the assumption of reality,
if only one is honest.ⁱ*

*i think you are in love with possibility,
the chance of being blown to bits.
stop writing me. study it.*

schrödinger says *why not both?*

& if the poem lives—

[i] Words from one of Einstein's letters to Schrödinger.

Samantha's Commentary on "schrödinger's poetica":

I've been writing some strange ars poeticas recently, trying to speak to poetry through the lenses of weird things, like celebrities or news articles. This is the third poem in the series, grounded in the idea of distance and betweenness—this idea of simultaneity, being and not-being. I'll admit that I'm not a scientist, I haven't studied Schrödinger's cat in depth—and I'm not even sure I fully understand it—but it's been on my mind lately as we deal with isolation in the pandemic. There's a certain loneliness to the paradox, and there seemed to be a similar distance between Schrödinger and Einstein's work.

Writing poetry has been one of the things that's helped me cope with the pandemic, but this poem investigates that need and asks if poetry can bridge the gap from now to the uncertain future, from total separation to overwhelming touch.

Assistant Editor Sofia Fey's Commentary on "schrödinger's poetica":

When I first read the second line *I am so lonely looking at atoms*, I had to take a second away from the poem to spiral internally to the place that line had touched & to reexamine my relationship with the world. Through literal scientific examination, we are exposed to a side of Schrödinger I dare say most of us have not been exposed to: their loneliness, their humanity, and the weather in their heart. *on my bad days, i exist / in double-states—awestruck / by my wreckage*. I had never thought to consider more than the duality of the half-alive-half-dead cat of Schrödinger's studies—to consider the ways Schrödinger themselves would be experiencing the isolation of mortality alongside the cat. As an Editor, I wanted this poem in the issue because it is vulnerable, engaging, unique, critical, & the kind of poem that inspires me to poem more. One that makes us feel alive in our loneliness. One that considers pain as a necessity, and gives permission to both feel and examine it. & what a beautiful way to do it, through letters from Schrödinger to Einstein. Two brilliant minds bouncing off each other, desperate for

connection. *i think you are in love with possibility, / the chance of being blown to bits. / stop writing me. study it.*

“The Universe Is Almost Entirely Empty” by Jeffrey Hermann

but it doesn't come up on the news
Nobody faces the camera to explain

There's nothing about the argument I had
with my wife, our different ideas for the things
we've collected in boxes since we met

Instead they have surveillance video
of a man, drunk, falling out of his truck
in the drive thru, his tacos in disorder

his Pepsi evaporating on the pavement
“I was hungry” he says, “and now look

The moon is drifting away from us”
Where are the children, the theoretical
scientists when you really need them?

They have answers for everything
They would say it's only a little every year

about the rate your fingernails grow
that lifetimes pass and no one notices
Then a woman does the weather

The studio light is gentle and constant
She's so beautiful describing tomorrow
A fifty percent chance of everything

“my family and i learn how to communicate” by Laleh Gupta

when we lose control of our tongues,
we learn how to bang on the table as
communication. when the caustic of our words
has serrated our mouths, we don't forget how to

speaking per se, but my father likes versatility so
this is how we train: a diorama of don'ts,
tracing the hollows on the countertop as a
mark of corrugated anger. this is how we
craft our very own language: one tap says,
look at me look at me hear me out.
two taps say, please listen! three taps say
PAY ATTENTION. we speak in the way of
neanderthals. feet banging on the floor:
could you pass me the salt, dad? fingers
tugging at t-shirts: now is not the right time.
fingertips touching fingertips: maybe one day,
when our language will fall back into our
mouths. a half-hearted tug of the lip: what
language, sister? a line traced from the eye to
the chin: sarcasm. shall i do that for you?
well, if you insist! yes yes i am free.
hand crossed over the heart is confrontation.
i don't do that well, except when: a jump in the step is
honesty. we've never really been taught it.
see, there? honesty. here are all the gestures
i do not know, stuck on a loop, & here we stay,
a paused vinyl, until our puppet strings are
tugged upon once again.

["Dear Fear" by Rafiat Lamidi](#)

I am stealing from God
When I say that sometimes, my heart beats as air

Gravity is about running till you forget that you are falling
Pushing and pulling entails that something has to let go

To be let go is to be released
While time bears down on us, we are folding in aching relief

Repeating to keep being alive. We are thrown in a loop
In the loop, we bend full circle

in equilibrium, life is attained

Our moments tumbled before us in organized disarray

Today and tomorrow are connected by newness
We lose parts of ourselves solemnly

Like night turning to morning
We fade to become. Erase to draw.

To color our days, we shed our skins
To take on new beings. To disappear

Sometimes I feel like I am rushing through everything
Forgetting to remember. I need someone to hold. I need someone to hold me

“At the Endocrinologist’s Waiting Room with My Mother” by Tasneem Maher

Let me language my body into an understanding that doesn’t instantly
condemn it. The light I see by mutates but not enough to diminish mirrors —

their endlessness, the bleeding corners of reflection. Russian Roulette all the ways
I can appear to you or myself (what’s the difference?). I try to knife into lineage

only to liquid its shadows. I try to draw a map only to border absence, stretch
my frame into the afternoon sun. A festering comorbidity, resentment dissolves

commiseration like light beneath its tongue. The press of teeth; the barometer bursts.
If I say anything, I will stuff it into my fist like a jewelled beetle in a handkerchief.

Oh, had it been a clutch of hands coalescing warmth, the brilliance of starburst.
Had it been something that finds memory and pinpricks with affection,

leaving the liver of it intact. Instead, here we are, passing foxglove petals between ourselves.
Crushed to watery veins, they shrink into silver, blinking at us under the fluorescents.

I want you to look at me and tell me my body is something worth having.
I want to be full enough to render feathers wingless, hot enough to burn perception out of being.

“It will blow over” by Elizabeth Morton

The storm-birds sing of an underworld, strangle-held by retaining walls

and purpling weeds. They fluster the sky, circle the vacant fields
like bodyguards, bother the cattle, spit shadows over the day grasses.
The clouds are dragged behind the wheels of an SUV.
The clouds are the shape of victims. A time-lapse of shame,
one milky figure mounting another, like that's all there is.

The storm is another lifetime that passes us by. A predation
founded on counterfactuals. Above the clocktower, a lightning rod
heckles the destroyer. Time holds its breath between brackets,
chews the borage flowers and smooths the minds of slow animals.
It will not condemn the enemy. It will not metabolise a slur,
cussing the metaphysical from a place of routine grief.

The storm-birds know me for my ordinariness. My blunt skull.
I am a creature who resists chemistry. Punchlines skitter
from my surfaces. My rage is elemental but moves slow as guilt.
I appropriate the sunny-side of humans who have better things to do.
I take Love and run for the hills,
to bury it someplace iced-over and immortal.

The storm-birds move through me like I'm a haunted house.
I shudder myself awake. I shake the ghosts from the insulation fibre.
I spook the swallows from the chimney pot. I am the red-zone
of a Beaufort Scale. If I crouch in the crawlspace, it is not for life,
but for beauty – the collision of things on a metal road at night.
The gentle turning of a headlight towards the moon,

the blush of the dead-end's fugitives. The storm that moved over us
like a miracle. Or the storm that moved us like a miracle.
The storm-birds cannot tell the difference.

[“what i’m thinking” by Adrienne Rozells](#)

i do laps around my mind, which is hard, as it just keeps expanding. it does this so quickly that i find it hard to keep up. i am always reaching the edge of myself, the end of my journals, like how scientists say that every time they check, the outer reaches of the universe seem to be moving faster than they were before.

we do laps around the universe, which is hard, as it just keeps expanding. like freckles spreading across the bridge of your nose, as mandated by the sun, or the way your cheeks crease when you smile, a pocket opening on the face of infinity and a cageful of butterflies opening in my stomach.

did you know that the pockets in the universe hold our solar systems, that if i were the universe i could reach into my jacket, which is always full of snacks or snack wrappers or seashells, and pull out a milky way. and maybe it contains our solar system or maybe just leftover plastic sticky with chocolate, and i’ll try to remember how it got there and i probably won’t know.

my mother cried last week when she told me *you always think you’ll know one day, but then you just never do*. i held her and the thought of still having things to learn at age sixty held me. i’ve often worried about running out of new moments to tuck away in my jeans and accidentally run through the wash to rediscover as i fold.

some moments are just so lovely that i can't imagine moving through them into a new one, so i have to take time to breathe in and imagine a thousand universes unfolding around me, how time probably folds in on itself and actually one breath for me could be an infinity in physics, and i hope for that infinity because this moment should last forever, even if i don't get to stay in it.

[“DAE remember dating the boy with his own basketball hoop?” by Eric Wang](#)

and there are longer, sweatier walks back home nowadays and sometimes, in the summer when you can still spot the glimmer of light when it’s late, i’ve imagined poking a bendy straw into the descending sun and sucking its Capri Sun blood, tropical blast the flavor of those days when we scoured youtube for clips of our favourite dunks: for me, 2007 playoffs, baron davis assuming the mantle of thunder god and bequeathing unto andrei kirilenko his most harrowing

gift of lightning. for you, 2000 summer olympics, *le dunk de la mort*, vince carter a dragon scaling the waterfall, a gundam traversing six star systems and however many parsecs, the most poetic manifestation of a hypotenuse diagram we'd ever seen. course, we didn't know the first thing about basketball, never watched a game, but then again, the fairy tales, the precarious algebras of flight, were always best when you didn't know

and besides, our calves looked so great too, from all those exercises trying to at least touch the rim of your hoop, though our shorts looked kinda like the ones adam sandler wore in that one pic. you know the one. we should've known better. that much, i'm sure, will always be true. anyway, when it turned out that no amount of calf raises would make sky gods of us despite our olympian legs, we lowered your hoop as far as it could go, and i stood beneath it because you wanted to try dunking on me. and you did, you marvellous no-vertical having boy, you did. and again. and again. your body against mine. and wow you were sweaty, and gosh you stunk like the breath of summer. but my, those calves, that wreath of perspiration to go with those awful shorts. you and your very own *dunk de la mort*; you were the first of the dangerous things i knew, o glistening truth:

how we come to learn beauty on its wings.

["I rack up lines of a poem when the drugs are gone" by Carson Wolfe](#)

I have been sober for 21 days. My therapist
says hiking can control my urges, so I chalk
up 106 miles this week. Withdraw to woods
where the sun glares with God upon the river,
projecting a mirror that scorches my pupils
like ants under a child's cruel glass. I crave
the sanctum of the house where we all party.

And blackout

blinds bottle the night for me to keep drinking
until I lick the last drop of dignity. I squirm

my way into a hollowed out tree and unleash
the impish fiend burrowed in my nose. I itch
and twitch and scratch *I was here I was here*
into the belly of the bark with my coke claws
until they are filed down to nubs. I'm the one
who enjoyed herself *too* much. Never learned
when to stop or how to comedown
to the sound of black birds chirping at sunrise
believing it was not they who were the enemy.

["Transubstantiation" by Sarah Yost](#)

there is little glory
under this high holy host
the silent eye of the moon
tethered here by a tiny pincer
your body floats just above
your dull ache, the child
that grows steadily
in your arms will
wrest away from you
in time the distance
between you will expand
the space between earth
& moon to an unheard
sigh in a quiet night
when you are no longer
called for—you too ate
of your mother here
in this worn wicker chair
the white paint yellowed

& peeling here her body
became your body
your neurons cutting
new unseen starscapes
of the unknown
world within you
young cells dividing
ancient atoms
collecting anew
—you too desire
dessication to fill
a thirsty cup & bare
your tender flesh
ever fortified
by the lolling blue
eye that does not see
what you've given &
the cold empty sky
that has always
swallowed sacrifice

And Freedom?

In his poem "Birdsong," Promise O. Agoyi examines the danger in making false assumptions.

"Birdsong" by Promise O. Agoyi

"Shoot all the bluejays you want, if you can hit 'em, but remember it's a sin to kill a mockingbird."

~ Harper Lee, *To Kill A Mockingbird*.

To sing the language of a breaking heart, one needs a bad
soprano/ & lyrics from a poem. Pluck the heartstrings of a bird
& listen—see—see if they do not hum sweeter than any violin.
What causes a bird to halt its flight but the nostalgia of a building requiem?

You passive human—do you know nothing? What's a better cage for a song,
if not a bird?

Free as a bird

Neither is free; not the chained nor the chains—& a flying
cage is/ still a cage/ a bird.

A bird's plume—is a funeral bouquet; if
feathers novate flowers & in place of tears are dirges.

It's a sin to kill a mockingbird, because—when a mockingbird sings,
angels look on—awed—as if at an opera

Once, I shot a mockingbird for singing too loudly. & the last thing it did—
was cock its head in that curious, resigned nature of birds

As if to say—

To sing is ~~human~~—not to sing is divine.

Promise's Commentary on "Birdsong":

If I write a poem, I do it carefully. Almost as if I were nurturing a child, lost in equal amounts of ecstasy and sadness. Maybe that is why I am always left rattled when I am done writing. Reading the lines somehow feels like reading words etched on a grave stone. I have learned, it is after writing that a poem explains its emotions to the fullest, not during.

I wrote *Birdsong* immediately after writing a poem on self-harm— it was not antecedently planned, and written on what might be called a whim. It was well past midnight, and I had a pounding head, but somehow I managed. It simply struck me how most things could mean the obvious but be much more than the obvious. It struck me how much people concluded based on assumptions. *Birdsong* addresses how easily assumptions can be erroneous. Using the familiar assumption that singing birds are happy to approach a much larger problem of conclusion based on the fragility of supposition in general; it attempts to demonstrate just how possible what seems could be the exact opposite of what is. Even hunted birds sing.

Does the bird halt to sing a song, or does the building song halt the bird? Paradoxical. Of course, this could be taken literally as well as metaphorical in regard the current state of an increasingly judgmental world. People seemingly assume things about others due to their interpretation and personal opinions or, in some cases, suppose/decide it's either this or that.

Dichotomy is rarely the case. Lines are not always straight. Assumption should rarely, if ever, be conclusion.

Assistant Editor Belinda Munyeza's Commentary on "Birdsong":

When I first read Agoyi's poem, I was filled with wonderment; a feeling that has not gone away every time I have read it since. In "Birdsong," Agoyi acts as a magician; he takes the sometimes drawn-out image of the bird in poetry and equanimously layers unique metaphors onto it – invites the reader to see the bird with new eyes – and thus reveals striking truths (while simultaneously posing questions) about loss and freedom that leave the reader both enlightened and curious, but most of all, with an awakened imagination.

Poet Biographies

Promise O. Agoyi is a young fictional writer. He writes prose and, more recently, poetry. He also provides services as a ghostwriter. Aside from writing, his other interests include science, reading and a wide range of music. You may contact him via his email address, blakeowls911@gmail.com, or follow/message him on Twitter @aopromise.

Samantha DeFlicht received her MFA from the University of New Hampshire, where she is the Associate Director of the Connors Writing Center. She is the author of *Confluence* (Broadstone Books, 2021). Her work has appeared in *The Missouri Review*, *Appalachian Review*, *Hobart*, *On the Seawall*, and *Rust+Moth*, among others, and she is the 2018 recipient of the Dick Shea Memorial Award for Poetry. She lives in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, with her corgi dog, Moose.

Ashley Elizabeth (she/her) is a writing consultant, teacher, and poet. Her works have appeared in *SWWIM*, *Rigorous*, and *Kahini Quarterly*, among others. In June 2020, Ashley was the featured writer at *Drunk Monkeys*. She is the author of the chapbook, *you were supposed to be a friend* (Nightingale & Sparrow). When Ashley isn't serving as assistant editor at Sundress Publications or working as a member of the Estuary Collective, she habitually posts on Twitter and Instagram (@ae_thepoet). She lives in Baltimore, MD with her partner and their cat.

Samantha Fain is an MFA candidate at Bowling Green State University. Her first chapbook, "Coughing Up Planets," debuted with Vegetarian Alcoholic Press this March, and her microchap "sad horse music" debuts with The Daily Drunk this May. Her work has appeared in *The Indianapolis Review*, *SWWIM*, *8 Poems*, and others. She tweets at @smnthfn.

Laleh Gupta (she/her) is a student from Maharashtra, India. Pretty buildings make her heart beat fast, and she likes puns, double-sided blankets, sentences that trail off, and... She is published or forthcoming in *Claw & Blossom*, *The Meadow*, *[sub]liminal*, and more. Her Twitter handle is @pparallell, and she turns 16 tomorrow!

Instagram: theresahoney

Twitter: pparallel

Jeffrey Hermann's poetry and prose has appeared in *Hobart, Palette Poetry, Pank Magazine, Juked, The Shore*, and other publications. Though less publicized, he finds his work as a father and husband to be rewarding beyond measure.

Rafiat Lamidi is an ardent lover of art. She creates through writing, painting and photography. She enjoys watching films and television shows. Her twitter is @rauvsbunny

Tasneem Maher is an Arab writer and poet who encourages theatrics and melodrama of any kind. A Best of the Net nominee, her work has been featured in *Vagabond City Lit, tenderness lit, and Jaffat El Aqlam*, amongst others. She is also Fiction and Personal Essay Editor at *Sumou Mag*. She tweets @mythosgal.

Elizabeth Morton is a New Zealand poet and teller of tall tales. She has two volumes of poetry: *Wolf* (Mākarō Press, 2017) and *This is your real name* (Otago University Press, 2020). She likes to write about broken things, and things with teeth. Find her online at www.ekmorton.com.

Adrienne Rozells is an Oberlin College grad with a BA in Creative Writing. She is interested in writing as a form of connection and learning, and most especially in experimental work that crosses genres and mediums. She has worked as a Poet in Residence at Langston Middle School, as a reader for *Wild Roof Journal*, and as a co-founder and editor in chief at *Catchwater Magazine*. Her creative nonfiction has been published in *Wilder Voice Magazine*, and more of her work can be found published on Instagram @rozellswrites or on Twitter @arozells. Her favorite things include strawberries, her dogs, and extrapolating wildly about the existence of Bigfoot.

Eric Wang is a queer Chinese writer residing in Scarborough, Canada. His work can be found in *The Puritan, Fugue*, and is forthcoming elsewhere!

Twitter @: @poemaroo

Carson Wolfe—During lockdown, I changed my Instagram bio to “poet” and adopted a cat so I can live like a real writer. My work has since appeared in an anthology by *Hidden Voices, Brag Magazine*, and *Stone of Madness Press*, amongst others. I Instagram from Manchester, U.K @vincentvanbutch.

Sarah Yost writes poems, teaches, and serves in public education in Louisville, Kentucky, where she lives with her husband and two young children. Her poems have appeared in literary

journals, such as *Eclectica* and *The Orange Room Review*, and will appear in the forthcoming Issue 32 of *La Picciotta Barca*. Her nonfiction writing has appeared in *The Washington Post*, *Edutopia*, *The Courier-Journal*, *Education Week*, *The Standard*, and elsewhere. Find her on Twitter @SarahYost1 and Instagram @sarahyost.

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ⁱ Words from one of Einstein's letters to Schrödinger.