

a THEORY OF MATTER

} *by Bob Hicok*

In an expanding universe, my arms grow
at the same rate you recede from me.
I have to hug harder with thinner arms
to keep the quantity of emotion constant.
Some call this physics. Some call it
aerobic. Some walls in Morocco
have a wolf's head inside. For luck.
Tear down my breath and you'll find
a wolf's head inside. For now.