

LIZZY PETERSEN

My Einstein

Where on the lawn is that vacuum,
that dark hum? I look, but.

What needs sucked through
an elephant trunk more

than this hour where I make
like I'm dreaming of pool flotation.

The clothes won't wet.
Indoor sun moves on me.

Reminder:
flotation is not travel.

This hour is in a mall fountain,
and flat like coins.

Lots of water
works unconsciously to collect.
Water damns itself.

My Einstein says, my problems
weigh more than yours.

My Einstein says, that vacuum will be
your dull constant,
and I will be in its paper bag.

My Einstein. My Einstein. My Einstein
turns into the katydid
creased on my blue door,
honks, "My Einstein," away.

LIZZY PETERSEN lives in St. Louis where she is the Managing Editor of *River Styx Magazine*, a lecturer, bookseller, and co-teacher of the Grand Boulevard Workshops at Gateway180: Homelessness Reversed. She holds an MFA in poetry from Purdue University, where she founded and coordinated the *You Are in Indiana Now* reading series. Her reviews have appeared in *Poetry*, *Sycamore Review*, and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

