

In Theory

M. K. Sukach

The shortest distance. Between two points. Straight line.
Easy enough. I thought. I felt.
Well. Euclidean. Shapes.
A sense of them. Rhombus. Angles.
Earth. Curvatures. Sports bras.
Hypotenuse. Proportional. Vertical Y.
Ascending. Horizontal X. Perfect.
Axes. Professor's graph. Closing like a book.
Hands in prayer. Handcuffs. A continuum.
He said. Imagine. It's zero.
I guess. End of the universe. As I knew it.
In theory. Anyway. Well.
I'd be a fisherman. Fireman. Instead of an astronaut.
Which is like fishing. Stars. In a rocket.
Space boat? And fish. Of course.
In a fire. Zero works. Burning building.
Axe. Walls. Breathing.
Space. 206 bones per body. All molecules.
Aligned. Hypothetically. Speaking.
We could pass through. For example. Each other.
The blackboard. Extra credit. We got on our marks.
Got set. No one passed. I thought.
Dizzied. Philosophy. Healthy skepticism.
Stepping into a river. My atoms. Nature's.
Dangerous. Language. Loopholes.
I could be president. When Lincoln walked into a room. Where his son was
 playing.
With lead soldiers. He lifted him. You know.
Piggyback. To bed. I could do that.
One nation. (In shadows.) Under god.
A bit of theatre. Black hat. The play's the thing.

Catafalque. JFK. A theory.

Of course. The bullet. The magic one.

Well. In theory. That's another way of explaining it.

M. K. Sukach is the author of the chapbooks *Hypothetically Speaking* (Encircle Publications), *Something Impossible Happens* (Big Wonderful Press), and *Impression of a Life* (Corrupt Press). His fiction and poetry appears in a number of journals to include *JMWW*, *Spoon River Poetry Review*, *The Journal*, *Connotation Press*, *Sharkpack Poetry Review*, *Yemassee*, and others. Closer look: mksukach.com.