

Equations

It was always physics. The classroom mocked my thirst for creativity. Imprisoned in a world of formulas, nothing truly made sense. Mass multiplied by acceleration equaled force, but did glasses and jokes equal love? I looked to the clouds for answers. I listened, hoping for a booming voice, and sobbed.

For Every Action, There is an Equal and Opposite Reaction.

I wrote in my planner. He used ink to schedule a date for Thursday afternoon. *Sorry, I'm busy. I just like seeing my name on something you own.* Blood filled my face. His smirk confirmed everything. He was action. I was reaction. Foolish, hopeless reaction. Destined to occur afterwards. I loved being second. But most of all, I loved Action.

Light Behaves as Both a Particle and a Wave.

This weekend. I can pencil you in. Ultimately, I carved his name into Saturday. Permanent marker. He left his lunchbox in class. I carried it home and placed it on my desk. That night, I dreamt of carrots trapped in plastic bags. They sang sappy love songs, crooning their way to freedom. I rose the next morning, grabbed the thing, and ran for my car. I was insane. *Here, you left this.* Blood filled his face. I longed to press my hands against those cheeks, if only to confirm that I still consisted of matter. My thoughts ceased to hold reason. Nothing worked right. I hated the obvious. I didn't understand. I was Einstein resisting quantum physics.

"God Does Not Play Dice."

You are beautiful. I was air. Sound rose from the speakers in his truck. Summer warmth crept into April. We rolled the windows down. I rested my head on his shoulder. The stars watched, blanketing us with tickling photons. The moon chuckled as I turned to stare at fate. He cradled my chin. Our lips and souls collided into contentment. Foolish people claim it's like a fairytale. Fireworks. Spark. No. It is a flame that ignites and devours every part of your being. The fuel is eternal. Fireworks fade. Sparks fly away. Love is blatant. Purpose. Action. If uncertainty remains, love escapes.

An Object at Rest Will Remain at Rest

And now, as the leaves crunch, he learns. I wait. Dream. Hope for more. Black and white. Red. Silver, and finally, gold. Happiness is a continuous spectrum. A rainbow of companionship.

When the end comes, no force will shake us.

We will forever

rest

in a cradle of our own

starlight.