

Hidden Things

Untangle me: these entropic threads
bind my past to the arrow fletches
of future's sorrow, the wave function
of an unseen tide carrying me to shores
unimaginable. Who am I?

Which of these monstrous women
might I meet in a mirror universe
before decohering? A cord snapped
by a single gaze, a relationship defined
by what we are not to each other.

Cracks in the quantum foundations
of existence create shaky terrain—
shadows of other realities seep in,
doppelganger lives boxed up
and stored beneath the spiral stairs
leading up to conscious mind. In a blink
the world shifts, and I un-become
the person I never was.

Take a message from this timeline:
listen while you still can, before
the electrons slip into position
and the future becomes inevitable.

—Jennifer Crow

