

In Theory

Today started like any other day on earth.
Maybe it did for you too. Spring delayed

again. A shower. Feed the cats. Work. Oh
the meetings. What to wear to the damn

meetings. Brushing the snow from the car
windows. It's April in theory. Stopping for

groceries on the way home. Turkeys in the
pigs' field, ancient and glossy, hunting for

last fall's frozen roots. Then suddenly the
internet is full of magic: photographs of a

black hole, the first: fiery, ignited from
numbers and imagination. If a poem

shows you an ermine in its first lines you
can be sure some chickens will die by

the last. Our days are ruled by rules we
culture in our DNA, what can surprise us

anymore? Every spring, the first red buds on
the apple trees surprise me, a kick in the

belly. The hum of the universe shocks me,
the pull of gravity and the way we keep

floating free.

—Rebecca Siegel

