

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 1 | 1992

Physics
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PHYSICS

As a student of **Physics** no one could hold a candle to me. I was like **Syphon Pressure** pumping the well of my penis. I could fire-off the **Laws of Inertia** faster than the **Speed of Sound** without moving my lips. **Pie Are Square**, I'd argue correct grammar. I was the genius of the **Bunsen Burner** with a pack of smokes and my eyebrows. Tongue of my **Slide Rule** probing **Time and Space** into the cavity of Trudy Kovaleski's **9 Scale Decimal Equivalents**. "**Everything Is Relative**," I'd convince the class, "except my Uncle Louie." This, of course, was **Light Years** from where I'm now sitting, **Minus Sea Level**, **Ballasting** rocks in my sofa for the next **Revolution Of The Earth**.