

# Theories and Postulates

SAM STOKLEY

*an rdeb love poem*

When anything can make you bleed, you heed the world in its entirety. I work daily on my new branch of physics, how to keep the red from bubbling up, how to maintain static skin. Collisions are measured in the number of bandages cycled through until a bright pink scar shines, equations used to calculate the radii of skin swaths too weak to survive adhesives. In college, alone in the sculpture studio, I stitched myself shut with a hot glue gun. Too much blood gushed for minutes, preventing any congealing of the molten substance. Desperate, I dug the gun's blistering tip into my finger's new mouth (it fit like a home (a sizzle like a glowing cigarette butt dropped into a puddle)) until the blood slowed enough to solidify new flesh, glue-flesh. Tape and t.p. around my blood dam, back to the wall relief piece I was crafting from foam core. The sun rose before I walked home across the damp grass.

