“The Scientist as Gambling Man”

When a body exerting force (say yours) comes in contact with the body on which this force is exerted (say mine) we have that branch of physics called Mechanics: the horse's shoulder leaning in its harness the jockey's stirrup bending to the boot These are called contact forces: push-pull pull-push

But other forces race through empty space called action-at-a-distance forces Your weight perfect for the Derby is a measurement of gravity's attraction as well as mine And starshine sprinting through your hair from distances that terrify the heart reflects another as does a rigid compass needling toward true North

Even dreams could they be measured by their melting instruments have weight and scope Those talking numbers beckoning last night like pimps or touts who know the world is fixed lie on my morning like Pimlico's results proclaiming the low percentage on this earth of constancy in ordinary bodies

This may be so: a scientific tool for measuring mechanics of devotion where the balance of opposing forces as in revolving doors or starting gates is measured by a coiled spring and the odds that we'll emerge from this together are smaller than the smallest jockey's foot It may be so I'll wait to see proof

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