



In Accelerated Silence

Brooke Matson

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As the poet takes her own sweet hold of space-time, the Higgs field, electron clouds, fusion, and dark matter, she tethers the universe's greatest mysteries to matters of the heart. A recipient of an Artist Trust Grant and a Centrum residency, Brooke Matson's poems have recently been published in *Potomac Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, and *TAYO*.

BROADEN THE SUBJECT

*In kindergarten the teacher
asked What kind of things are
red? and arms rocketed
toward the ceiling with
apples firetrucks roses.
I raised my hand and said,
Anything can be red, like a
sweater or a crayon, and Mrs.
Curley's face fell and said,
No, things that are always red.
But my favorite apple is
yellow, I thought, the same
frustration as when my
friend tells me to broaden
my focus, to think about
moving on to another
metaphor, and maybe I am
a bull anchored to what
hurts, charging sentences at
what I cannot understand:
a cluster of small hands
firing into the air like
flags, symbols of how
the world ought to be.
I ought to let it go—maybe.
I return to red red red
because I cannot let it go
or turn my head the way
most people focus on the
Positive—flower not blood,
pomegranate not wound.*

*Maybe I am the narrow hot
line at the edge of the
visible spectrum, inching
toward invisible, bordering
on irrelevant. Understand:
anything can be red,
usually when someone or
something splits open*

MATT SUTHERLAND (March / April 2020)

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