

POETRY

Scott Keeney

IN FINITE SPACE

Lucretius, hurling javelins
into the outermost region
of outer space, saw that
there was even more space
for the geometric path
of the javelin to travel in,
but whenever I'm at the end
of space as we know it
and I throw whatever thing
I remembered to bring,
an empty bottle of Absolut,
the thing just explodes
into a flock of mourning doves
that coo but cannot fly.