

Kissometer

Ismim Putera

The magnetic field is creasing the crumpled sheets
between our insulated bodies

You ache to reach out and hold my antennae close

Dear love, I said, a void is a void,

dark matter is dark matter

Such emptiness is best measured by a 'kissometer'

it is a machine that measures the likelihood of any stray kiss

that could spark radioactivity from

any degenerated black body

The switch is a flutter of our laughter beneath

a swirl of electromagnetic clouds

the lever rumbles like the cracking sounds of our knees

For years, the readings from the 'kissometer' have been

'zero' and 'zero' and 'zero'

and we wonder which one of us is (not) a black body

My neck is a copper solenoid

and you know how to electrify it with your dielectric lips

Can you feel the heat energy radiating out from my spine?

the glistening sweat is the scalding proof of heat convection

And how to stop my hair from frizzing?

your fingers are full of static that sounds dull and distant

And your silicone face reflects all the light that I project

out of the heart of a neutron star

Perhaps it is time to assume

my tears are a string of frozen nitrate salts

Battery-operated: 5 haikus

Ismim Putera

The alarm clock rings
siren blaring like a horn
rooster falls asleep

Water into ice
the old fridge hums overnight
coughing out white steams

The smartphone shudders
when a man caresses his face
his eyelids flicker

The table lamp gleams
blue rays water the houseplants
the flower turns blue

a big white paper
on the laptop—*tap, tap, tap*
the mouse runs around