Philip Schaefer

Longest Division

Say apple, blood red, and I hear
the arrow flay the opaque air.

Hear things split
in two, hairlined, molecules
flaking into atoms.

But I cannot fathom the distance
between here and her and he.

I cannot actually touch my heart.

If we walked to the grocery store
for six years, if we palmed
produce for minutes,
if we bit.

The moment the sparrow lifts
and I am still
watching the branch.