

Ugly Ice

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Water suffers (or enjoys) a lack of e
E is on e - energy empty
Water gets cold
Particles forget they know one another
Like couples married too long
Water, life in a bubble
becomes a dew drop stadium at half time
Caught mid-celebration
A chorus line of glittery
Pinup molecules in Uncle Sam
Red, white and blue
Clawing at each other
As the domino effect caused by one's heel breaking
Sends them tumbling across stage
Scattering like bowling pins
The marching band slows in their dance
Equilibrium is shifting
Beautiful geometries spreading
Bonds weaken - not the stocks ! They're to the moon!
Just the bonds
Snapping like rotted rubber bands
Oxygen cheerleaders
Drop the hydrogen flier, yelling in synch
The crowd whispers in surprise
The band is cooling down, drums off beat
They settle far apart
Formation dependent
On the music they were playing
Molecular band director
Waves his baton and blows his whistle
For them to play on
But the e is leaving
The energy of a stadium dissipating
Existence stripped of that which keeps it churning
Closer to 0 kelvin
And a world of two well nucleiid hydrogens
To every minority oxygen
Unveils itself in the tones and vibrations
Of what made it so lovely
The piano, the strings
The soothing voice of the women
Snowflakes, grids of protons

A whole particle world
Soft crunch of snow under pattering children's feet
Smiling and holding hands in harmony
Lit up like Shanghai at night
Proton wives driving smooth-humming minivans to where
Proton husbands coach little quarks
Playing molecular soccer
On fresh fields of bluegrass and floratam
The thump of little cleats
Impacting the ball, force redirected
Sound waves bouncing
Through the chilled air, quiet neighborhoods
Electrons bake vegan cookies
For their oxygen neighbors
Play scrabble on Friday night
Wooden tiles jostling
As they shake the bag
Hoping for Q, Z and J and a comeback
Sipping fresh tea as the fireplace crackles
And listening to Al Jolson hydrogen on record
Like grandma and grandpa oxygen used to
In the greatest generation 40s
And atomic 50s
And the sound of laughter
Pretty ice is a preplanned suburb
Homes starting in the mid 200s
And sweatpants and coffee shops and dealerships
Pretty ice is self shots and dancing
And church on Sundays, erupting organ music
It is beauty pageants and
Protons singing barbershop on the corner
Susie hydrogen gets her perm
Fusses about her atomic weight
And has subatomic anxiety
About Johnny Rocket oxygen
Asking her to the prom
Will he, won't he?
And goes nearly free radical
When offered to wear his letterman sweater
The sounds are soft and pretty
All so pretty
Forever celebrating in the hills
Neutrons getting pulled this way and that
Refusing to shimmy in the rodeo line dance
Known for not taking part
As the proton band strikes up bluegrass
While bearded protons finger dance on taut strings
And the love of Jesus, the Buddha, and Allah

Radiating all at once
In the harmonica players' breaths
The soft trickle of still water
As the wind takes sails
And boats glide over the surface
Pretty ice has good vibrations
The darkest of them electric slide in
The wee hours
High on life
Pretty ice, prettier protons
Promoting pep talks and pleasantries
Prepared positive punditry
About the meaning of life
And the respect we share
And has the quiet conversations
And the moments devoted to others
That keep tonal assonance
Molecular societies bonded
Together and always excited for the
Next burst of e
Pretty ice cares
Because it sounds right
Pretty ice is moonlight sonata
And bluegrass
And the strings of ancient instruments
Twanging in the desert
And the jungles
Around fires
Where glowing protons
And electrons
Share valence
In the glory
Of what e has remained
Until 0 kelvin is reached
And all is static
Frozen Testament to the harmony
Of responsible sound
And nothing ever described as ugly
Ugly ice
The ice that has remained
At the bottom of the freezer
Phlegm filled spit on cracked sidewalk in winter
Inside, ugly ice stadium packed, all eyes on
A thrash metal band in ragged leather
Banging on their instruments
Like angry space chimps
With either too much or too little
Kukul Khan

In their banana pudding
The crowds go wild
Swilling cheap wine
Screaming as their vomit runs down the tiered seating
Like rains down terraces
Terraces of dripping vomit, urine and wine
And seizure victims rolling around in it all
Possessed by a million watts
Of galvanized nails screeching down a chalkboard from hell
Ugly oxygen burns its bras and distributes
Cheap bestiality pornography
In the streets
To little deformed hydrogens
Skipping school
Who service themselves
In the public
While barking down at the bodies
Or what quarks are left of them
Of crooked stockbroker protons
Who jumped from the high towers
On fission Black Friday
Hydrogen Depression
Filthy Oxygens waiting
In semi-valent bread lines
The ones who braved gangs of
Electron rapists, murderers, and thieves
Bad as highwaymen
To scrounge for corrupt oxygen FEMA's
Handouts
Of beef jerky salted with amphetamines
Hacked from cows
Fed intravenously, tubs of medical waste
Using biohazard needles from the
Communicable disease ward
Who met their end packed tight as sardines
On their journey
To the killing fields of the hydrogen Midwest
Moldy bread
Rotting vegetables
Blood filled eggs from atomic chickens
Who free grazed on sawdust
Sprayed with pesticides used on proton developing nations
To neutralize their growth
Ugly ice is construction
That smells of piss and black mold
That falls apart and crushes
Infant electrons in trash bin cradles
In the wake of

Earthquakes
Floods
Rivers of blood
Rabid toads
And other plagues
That terrorize hydrogen's Sodomite kingdom
After the uproarious oxygen blasphemies
And latter heresies of destructive sound
That spat in the face
Of the particle god - wrathful God of assonance
And hydrogens that smack their wives around
After too much to drink
And oxygens
That make lists in valent high school
Of which Johnny protons they will try and knock out of symmetry
And which susie electrons they will fuse with forcibly
All because they felt they would not be heard otherwise
Ugly ice is abortions with wire hangars
Sitting in a jar in some collector's shelf
Bought from a pawn shop
Where hydrogen trades grandma's pearls
That was built next to a liquor store
For crack and rubbing alcohol with sugar
Both next to a gun shop
Where the rest of it goes to a pot metal Saturday Night Special
Hydrogen gets loaded and double loaded
And shoots up the neighborhood
Because it didn't get the respect it felt it deserved
Ugly ice is chaos
It is uncaring
It is death in the streets
The rotting sonic stink choking the sky
Electron turkey vultures squawking over
What the jackals would not eat
It is the sounds of race car engines with cut mufflers
And weed wackers
And buzz saws wielded by
Brawny logger protons
Who clear whole fields
The homes of most beloved quark endangered species
For the local newspaper company
That prints photos of the president
And visions of the future
And hope for civic action and moral order
Halfway down a page
Topped by a headline
About an internet celebrity
With a new sex tape

And whose social media post
They recently "liked"
Ugly ice is cancer of crystals
Grown lopsided and without bonds
For ugly sound destroys all bonds
Sucks the energy out of life
And leaves it frozen in its filth
Failure to freeze in harmony
From ugly words, born from ugly thoughts
The living water reflecting
All we give it