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Abstract

Twelve million years ago, a rock was placed in an hour glass. It was an experiment. The world is not as definite as it seems.

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Of Mice and Matter

by Jacob Euteneuer

Twelve million years ago, a rock was placed in an hour glass. It was an experiment. The world is not as definite as it seems. There is a one in ten trillion chance that you will fall through your chair or your coffee will spill through its cup. No broken legs or holes would be found. Atoms are more tendencies than things. In fifth grade, you learned the three phases of matter: solid, liquid, gas. Sometime in high school, a fourth was thrown into the mix: plasma. Like the TV's? *No, like what happens when a gas becomes superheated.* Emerson said the only thing that resists entropy is the human mind—it becomes more ordered as time progresses. He died of Alzheimer's disease. If you hate a baby long enough, you can put holes in its brain.

Schrodinger didn't have a cat until he got one. Einstein discovered the philosopher's stone and changed his name to Foucault. He tripped acid in Death Valley and patented the process.

Nothing is stable. There are cats in the stables. They try to catch mice, but their paws keep passing through the bodies. Luck is against them. There is no luck.

Jacob Euteneuer lives with his wife and two sons in Akron, Ohio, where he is a candidate in Northeast Ohio's MFA program. He is the Editor-in-Chief of *Rubbertop Review*. His poems and stories have appeared or are forthcoming in *Hobart*, *Front Porch Review*, and *Jersey Devil Press*.