

Richard Feynman meets Albert Einstein for tea

Nerves shake the chalk in my hand
Scratching equations
before the seminar

Like brownian motion's insistence

To move.

I can feel his breath filling
The room behind me.

If I rub this out
Then it never happened.

He asks—
Young Man
Where are they serving tea?

I continue writing.

I am too polite
to ignore

The greatest living mind in this room.

Martin Mantle