

## Niels Bohr dips his aebleskivers in honey

and sometimes apricot jam. He hangs around the griddle  
wielding his crochet hook, waiting on my grandma's cue  
for when to turn the doughy ball. His come out fluffy,  
the way my cousins like, but I prefer my uncle's batch:  
crispy bits around the flipping seam, almost burnt.

Niels Bohr's atomic model still stands—maybe  
you remember drawing concentric circles  
of electrons around the nucleus, like rings,  
like orbits—and his heavy full lips low on his face  
are my grandpa's, the fading way I picture them.

But it's more than that, too, it's all the oversized features,  
the sticking-out ears, the gentlest look on his face when he prays.  
The other dimensions in our universe are probably tiny,  
I'm talking nanometers, and fleeting. Our feet are gone  
before we even knew they existed. Niels Bohr lived

next to the Carlsberg Brewery for thirty years. My grandpa  
tells me he used to visit him there and drink pints of pilsner  
from the pipe that ran direct from the brewery to his living room.  
My grandpa says he started going by his middle name Martin  
so people wouldn't get the two Niels' mixed up. My grandpa says

Einstein was spoony about quantum physics until the very end.  
He sits in that orange recliner right there and says that as he reads  
the Omaha World-Herald. I'm telling him about grandma's new teeth  
when the next universe opens and he is gone again. Protons are colliding  
all day long. We bow our heads, and Niels Bohr says grace.

-Maddie Pospisil, graduating MA student in English