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Ode to Gravity

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Ode to Gravity

It starts with the slow pull of the scotch tape,
Repulsed by the advances of the cold stone,
Taking chances with the nothing.

This throws down the movie posters, the post-it reminders,
the lighthouse calendar.

Books let go of the shelves in either sympathy or despair,
The pages landing open in a clutter of "she would buy
the flowers herself,"

"All children, except one, grow up,"

And "all that David Copperfield."

The bodiless clothes no longer feel the need to hold the hangers,
No longer wish to dangle like an executed example.

The toaster, coffee pot, ringing phone, and teal vase fall on the tile in
a percussion.

The people pass out with their bottles in hand.

The bricks slide out of the top of the wall,

Dust clouds up from the carpet,

The walls become piles of concrete,

Chunks from the top rolling down,

Crushing the books, the appliances, the photographed faces of
boyfriend and mother.

Beads of water fall from the sky, dampening the pile.

Balls of hail bounce off the house, the earth.

Blackbirds, seagulls, cardinals plummet.

Meteors loom on the horizon.

You lie on your back, hands raised, in an effort to catch it.