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The Greatest Attraction

Jed Myers

What gravity's done, given the years
it's had to twist its fine wires
tighter to our flesh and frames—
tethered our brows, shoulders, spines,
down, closer to its own
center, where all the lines
the planet's mass makes coalesce
in the white-hot darkness, pressed
as any earthly matter gets,
as utter thoughtlessness, dense
crowd of countless atoms crammed
into a stadium with no exit
signs, a seething blind
theater in the round, sold out
season after season, the greatest
attraction of all time. All
the people have tickets, tucked
inside their most private pockets
of living tissue. What gravity's done is
issue a pass to every body.

Wherever we are, we're in line.
The stuff of us would be fine
if drop chutes opened under our feet.
You and I, Love, as much
as we care to dance, or dare
to leap at a chance, to eat
the earth's fruits, to shine
in one another's eyes by moonlight,
or to make a fire between us
before we sleep, it's clear
our calcium, cobalt, and iron are trying
to go deep, to get into the act
that makes the great heat, to join
the packed ecstatic plasma core,
the molten metal heart of the world.
I can't imagine a better reason
than this—earth-gravity's treasonous
wish—for urging our own spirits,
wingless, weightless, while in the midst
of our one mortal season, to soar.