



11-15-2009

## The Greatest Attraction

Jed Myers

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### Recommended Citation

Myers, Jed (2009) "The Greatest Attraction," *Westview*: Vol. 29: Iss. 2, Article 16.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol29/iss2/16>

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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.